The Revolt of the Diminished Man, by Archibald MacLeish

Saturday Review

June 7, 1969 50¢

THE HIDDEN PERILS OF A LUNAR LANDING

By John Lear

AMBASSADOR COLL LIBR
BOX 927
BIG SANDY TX 75755

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A bit of common sense in the Drinking Society.

In our society, too many people who drink, do not enjoy their drinking.

They drink what they drink because they think they ought to. Rather than drinking something else that might give them more pleasure.

Like Dubonnet, for instance—a very pleasurable drink. You drink it whenever you'd like a cocktail.

Its flavor is subtle. It is a quietly civilized drink.

Dubonnet will, however, make sociable occasions slightly more sociable.

We have said of its taste, "A touch of Paris in every drop."

Which, admittedly, is a very romantic thing to say.

But, Dubonnet is a very romantic drink.

As well as a sensible one.

Dubonnet. A touch of Paris in every drop.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

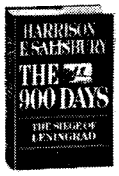
On your coming vacation...
CATCH UP ON YOUR READING

...THROUGH A TRIAL MEMBERSHIP IN THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

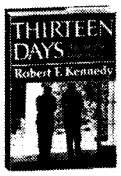
You may choose ANY THREE FOR ONLY $1

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree to buy three Club choices *within a year at the special members' prices*

425. THE SALZBURG CONNECTION *by* HELEN MAC INNES (Ret. price $5.95)



484. THE 900 DAYS: The Siege of Leningrad *by* HARRISON E. SALISBURY. Photos (Ret. price $10)

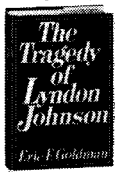


447. THIRTEEN DAYS A Memoir of the Cuban Missile Crisis *by* ROBERT F. KENNEDY (Ret. price $5.50)

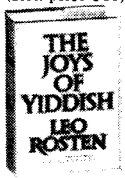
104. MISS CRAIG'S 21-DAY SHAPE-UP PROGRAM: For Men & Women. Illus. (Ret. price $6.95)

259. JENNIE The Life of Lady Randolph Churchill *by* RALPH G. MARTIN Photographs (Ret. price $8.95)

111. ERNEST HEMINGWAY: A Life Story *by* CARLOS BAKER Photographs (Ret. price $10)



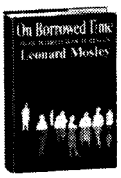
478. THE TRAGEDY OF LYNDON JOHNSON *by* ERIC F. GOLDMAN (Ret. price $8.95)



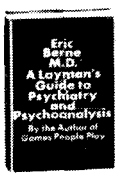
233. THE JOYS OF YIDDISH *by* LEO ROSTEN (Ret. price $10)

207. BULLET PARK *by* JOHN CHEEVER (Ret. price $5.95)

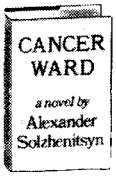
250. THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN *by* MICHAEL CRICHTON (Ret. price $5.95)



137. ON BORROWED TIME: How World War II Began *by* LEONARD MOSLEY (Ret. price $8.95)



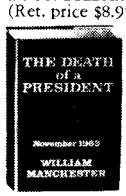
489. A LAYMAN'S GUIDE TO PSYCHIATRY AND PSYCHOANALYSIS *by* ERIC BERNE, M.D. (Retail price $6.95)



470. CANCER WARD *by* ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN BETHELL-BURG translation (Retail price $10)

271. GRANT TAKES COMMAND *by* BRUCE CATTON. Maps (Ret. price $10)

128. AN AMERICAN MELODRAMA *by* CHESTER, HODGSON *and* PAGE (Retail price $10)



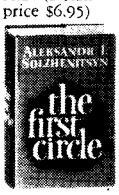
355. THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT *by* WILLIAM MANCHESTER Charts & maps (Ret. price $10)

196. LISTEN TO THE WARM *and* STANYAN STREET & OTHER SORROWS *by* ROD MC KUEN. (Ret. prices total $7.90)

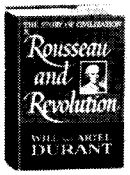
200. HOW CHILDREN LEARN *and* HOW CHILDREN FAIL *by* JOHN HOLT. (Ret. prices total $9.45)

107. THE WAY THINGS WORK An Illustrated Encyclopedia of Technology (Ret. price $8.95)

414. IBERIA Spanish Travels and Reflections *by* JAMES A. MICHENER. Photos (Retail price $10)

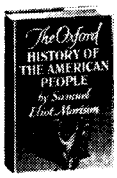


435. THE FIRST CIRCLE *by* ALEKSANDR I. SOLZHENITSYN (Retail price $10)

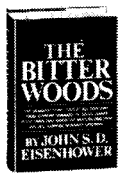


381. ROUSSEAU AND REVOLUTION *by the* DURANTS (Ret. price $15)

431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH *by* WILLIAM L. SHIRER (Ret. price $12.50)

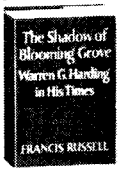


234. THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE *by* SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON. Illus. (Ret. price $12.50)

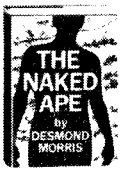


488. THE BITTER WOODS *by* JOHN S. D. EISENHOWER Photos & maps (Retail price $10)

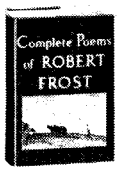
408. COUPLES *by* JOHN UPDIKE (Ret. price $6.95)



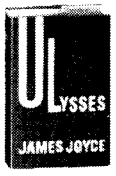
445. THE SHADOW OF BLOOMING GROVE Warren G. Harding in His Times *by* FRANCIS RUSSELL (Ret. price $12.50)



387. THE NAKED APE *by* DESMOND MORRIS (Ret. price $5.95)

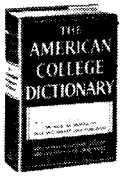


231. COMPLETE POEMS OF ROBERT FROST (Retail price $8)

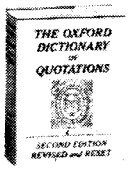


139. ULYSSES *by* JAMES JOYCE Unabridged (Ret. price $7.95)

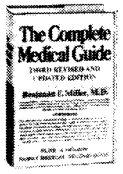
280. THE AGE OF VOLTAIRE *by* WILL *and* ARIEL DURANT (Retail price $12)



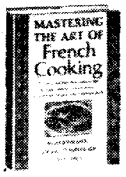
257. AMERICAN COLLEGE DICTIONARY (Ret. price $5.95)



260. THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS (Retail price $11)



140. COMPLETE MEDICAL GUIDE *by* BENJAMIN F. MILLER, M.D. 3rd rev. ed. Illus. (Ret. price $9.95)



580. MASTERING THE ART OF FRENCH COOKING. BECK, BERTHOLLE, CHILD Illustrated (Retail price $10)

BOOK-DIVIDENDS: A library-building plan every reading family should know about

THE EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP suggested here will not only prove, *by your own actual experience*, how effectually membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club can **keep you from missing**, through oversight or overbusyness, books you fully intend to read; it will also demonstrate another important advantage: **Book-Dividends.** Through this unique profit-sharing system members can regularly receive valuable library volumes—at a small fraction of their retail prices—simply by buying books they would buy even if they were not Book-of-the-Month Club members.

If you continue after this experimental membership, you will earn, *for every Book-of-the-Month Club Selection or Alternate you buy*, a Book-Dividend Credit. Each Credit, upon payment of a nominal sum, often only **$1.00 or $1.50** —somewhat more for unusually expensive volumes—will entitle you to a valuable Book-Dividend which you may choose from over a hundred fine library volumes now available.

This is probably the most economical means ever devised for building up a well-rounded personal library. Since its inauguration, the almost incredible sum of **$465,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been earned and received by Book-of-the-Month Club members through this unique plan.**

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.
280 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017 A166-6-1

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the three volumes whose numbers I have indicated in boxes below, billing me $1.00 for all three volumes. I agree to purchase at least three additional monthly Selections or Alternates during the first year I am a member, paying the special members' prices. My membership is cancelable any time after buying these three books. If I continue after this trial, I will earn a Book-Dividend Credit for every Selection—or Alternate—I buy under the system described at left. (A small charge is added to all book shipments to cover postage and mailing expense.) **PLEASE NOTE:** Occasionally the Club offers a Double Selection, two books at *a special combined price*. Such purchases are counted as a single book in fulfilling the membership obligation.

INDICATE BY NUMBER THE THREE BOOKS YOU WANT ☐ ☐ ☐

MR. / MRS. / MISS .....
(Please print plainly)

Address..... 9-55

City ..... *Zone or Zip*.....
& State.....

The trademarks BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB *and* BOOK-DIVIDEND *are registered for Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., in the U.S. Patent Office and in Canada.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Advertisment*)

I first made my way West when the military was having its way with me. Thanks to the fact that there was nothing of conceivable tactical or strategic importance going on there at the time, I found myself installed for a couple of years in California. And, of course, though I came back East, I will never be the same.

The best way West at the moment, for those of us who can't go, is a book like Wallace Stegner's THE SOUND OF MOUNTAIN WATER. Of course that's a foolish statement: there can't be a book "like" his because there is no one like him. Stegner, a fine novelist, an important and inventive teacher, and a highly regarded historian, never made it east of the Missouri until he was twenty-one. He went back. In this new book, "a master of his subject writes out of a rich experience of the land," says Paul Horgan. To which A. B. Guthrie adds, "Very seldom are stout thinkers so engaging."

Stegner begins with a most useful and up-to-date introduction to the geography and demography of the territory and he follows with a brief and beautiful overture, "The Sound of Mountain Water." There are sections on Glen Canyon, a Navajo rodeo, Salt Lake City, and on the people and places along the Colorado and Green Rivers. His pieces on Being a Square, on the writing of history, on Bret Harte, Willa Cather, and, especially, on Bernard DeVoto are worth the price of admission.

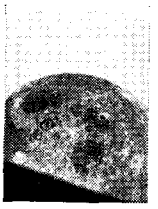
The admission his book prompts me to make is that, at this moment at least, I'd rather be where I could hear the sound of that water.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

THE SOUND OF MOUNTAIN WATER ($5.95), by Wallace Stegner, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 190 Post Street, San Francisco, California 94108.

Saturday Review

June 7, 1969



Cover Story:

The Hidden Perils of a Lunar Landing
by John Lear

(see SCIENCE, page 47)

Cover Courtesy of NASA (Apollo 8).

IDEAS

16 The Revolt of the Diminished Man
by Archibald MacLeish

20 The Sad State of Federal Architecture
by Wolf Von Eckardt

EDITORIAL

22 Books Are Not Expendable

SCIENCE

47 The Hidden Perils of a Lunar Landing
by John Lear

54 What Are the Mascons?
by J. J. Gilvarry

57 Letters to the Science Editor

58 Fluoridation and the Physician
by John Lear

BOOKS

25 Index of Books Reviewed

25 "Conversations with Jorges Luis Borges,"
by Richard Burgin: an essay review by Seldon Rodman.

28 European Literary Scene: Robert J. Clements

THE ARTS

THEATER

24 Henry Hewes reviews "Indians" in Washington and "Edward II" and "Home Monster" at Brandeis.

DANCE

44 Walter Terry is in Stuttgart for "The Taming of the Shrew," "Eugene Onegin," "Romeo and Juliet."

MOVIES

46 Arthur Knight reviews "The Big Bounce," "Sweet Body of Deborah," "The Green Slime," "Fraulein Doktor," and "Those Daring Young Men in Their Jaunty Jalopies."

TRAVEL

40 Ins and Outs of Islands: Michael Berry

COLUMNS

4 Cleveland Amory: First of the Month

11 Goodman Ace: Top of My Head

12 John Ciardi: Manner of Speaking

14 Jerome Beatty, Jr: Trade Winds

23 Letters to the Editor

43 Robert Lewis Shayon: TV-Radio

WORD GAMES

29 Literary Crypt

31 Wit Twister

38 Your Literary I.Q.

68 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1835

Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Harry T. Morris; Director of Advertising Services, Robert A. Burghardt; Circulation Director, George A. Reeves; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. Subscription $9 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. LII, No. 23, June 7, 1969. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

© 1969 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts, cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. For addresses of SR's branch offices see page 14.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to get ahead.

Drive a BMW. And leave the ordinary cars far behind.

You see, BMW's are not what some people think automobiles are all about. To begin with, they're built by men who know and love cars and love to drive them. So we build them lean and tough and full of go. When you put your foot into a BMW, you're going to get some action.

For instance, how many cars do you know that give you a 100 mph cruising speed? And give it to you with phenomenal roadholding, supplied by a unique suspension system, fully-independent on all four wheels, with a multi-jointed rear axle? All this along with great stamina and the kind of craftsmanship you didn't think existed anymore.

How many cars can give you anything like that quality for under $3,000? Frankly, we don't know of any.

Except one. BMW. At Germany's famed Bavarian Motor Works, we've been building fine cars for almost 50 years, and our latest are overtaking everything on the road.

See your BMW dealer. Find out what it's like to drive the car that says you're on your way, and says it *fast*.

Suggested retail prices start at **$2,597** P.O.E. New York. U.S. Importer: **Hoffman** Motors Corporation, 375 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y., 1862 S. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. Dealers coast to coast. Advantageous European Delivery Program. Write for free brochure.

Bavarian Motor Works

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Discover America

BEGIN WITH MARYLAND

so much of America did!

The ruffle of 18th century drums reverberate through Maryland when the re-created "Old Line," of Revolutionary War fame, marches to the tunes of the Regimental Fyfe and Drum Corps at various festivals and historic sites. Since 1634, Maryland has played a major role in the passing parade of history.

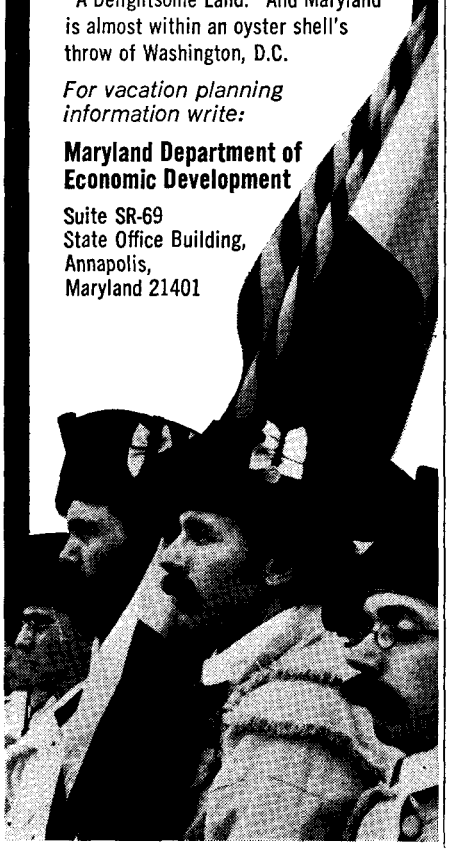
But history is just a part of Maryland's appeal. Here, from our Atlantic Ocean beaches through Chesapeake Bay Country to the Allegheny mountain region, is a vacation playground offering outdoor recreation, relaxation, and a variety of entertainment, too. You can watch a jousting tournament, visit waterside fishing villages, see thoroughbred horse racing and even a crab race. You can charter a cruiser . . . fish in ocean, bay, rivers or lake waters . . . learn to skipper a sail boat . . . browse in antique shops . . . enjoy delicious seafood.

Discover America! Begin with the place Captain John Smith called "A Delightsome Land." And Maryland is almost within an oyster shell's throw of Washington, D.C.

For vacation planning information write:

Maryland Department of Economic Development

Suite SR-69
State Office Building,
Annapolis,
Maryland 21401



First of the Month

Cleveland Amory

May was the month of Fortas and Forman, of Majestic Prince and the moon, of Apollo 10 and Nixon's Eight-Points. The speech of the month, however, came via the *Public Relations Journal*, under anonymous authorship, from the Cooperative Education Conference at Flint, Michigan. Its title: "What's Behind Student Demonstrations?":

> The reason that college students are doing so much demonstrating is that there is no one in class to teach them any more, and the students have nothing else to do.
>
> Many professors are either writing a book, guest lecturing at another university, or taking a year off to write a report for the White House. Therefore, the professor has turned over his course to a graduate assistant who is working on his Ph.D., traveling on a Fulbright Scholarship, or picketing in Memphis. So he has, in turn, turned the class over to one of the brighter students who is never there, because he works on the college newspaper, or is a member of the Student Senate, or is a delegate to his national fraternity.
>
> When the students arrive at class there is no one at the front of the room, so usually a Socialist student takes over the class and tells the students that it's about time they revolted against the System. The students pour out on the campus, heading for the administration building to protest to the chancellor of the university, who, unfortunately, is away trying to raise money for a new business administration building. The vice-chancellor, of course, is at the state capital, testifying on new education bills, and the dean of men is at a convention in Phoenix. The dean of women is addressing a garden club in the next state, and the only one left in the administration building is the chief of campus police who isn't quite sure what the students are yelling about.
>
> He arrests the ringleaders of the group—that's those who are standing in front—and that plays right into the students' hands because now, with the arrests, they have something to demonstrate about.
>
> In the meantime, the chancellor flies home to see if he can settle the matter. The students present him with a petition demanding the release of the arrested demonstrators. The chancellor is about to do this when the board of regents holds an emergency meeting

"Before we can attack poverty we've got to find out what it's like—you're all fired."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM SPAIN WITH LOVE

To those people whose first sip of imported brandy wasn't quite the romantic interlude they expected.

Remember how it was the first time you raised a brandy glass to your ever-waiting and over-eager lips?

Remember how you sniffed at it, your nose twitching with excitement?

And then finally you tasted it.

"?"

Unfortunately, like so many other people in life, you were unprepared for your first experience. You thought that a bottle of imported brandy–with 5 stars and a large V.S.O.P. on the label–just had to have the exotic flavor you were expecting.

What you didn't know was that many of these imported brandies have one big thing in common: stronger taste. Which is fine if you like a stronger taste. (A lot of brandy drinkers do.) But for a gin and tonic, scotch and water person like yourself it turned out to be an experience you never forgot.

Sadly for us however, a lot of people, like yourself, have concluded that all imported brandies must taste the same.

And sadly for us, they've never had a chance at the sweet, gentle taste of Fundador: the brandy from Spain. The brandy made the solera way—which is the way all Spanish sherry is made. (Hence the mild, delicate flavor; Hence the smooth, vibrant aroma; Hence the full romance of brandy.)

So if your first sip of imported brandy was less than you expected–don't let it get you down. Just look for the bottle that bears the Spanish label—and let your second sip make up for the first.

Fundador: from the world famous house of Pedro Domecq.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

80 Proof. Imported from Spain by Somerset Importers, Ltd., N.Y.C.

MARBORO'S Vacation Clearance SALE

BOOKS PRINTS POSTERS

Orig. $6.75 now at low as $1.00

Orig. $11.95 now as low as $1.98

Orig. $15.00 now as low as $2.77

PRICES SLASHED

Order now and save up to 85%

7175. THE IRISH REPUBLIC. By Dorothy Macardle; Preface by Eamon de Valera. First complete, consecutive history of the struggle that started Easter Monday, 1916 through the Republican defeat and 1923 cease fire; covers early Irish resistance, Home Rule efforts, Sinn Fein beginnings, the politics of both sides. 1,045 pp; notes, index & bibliog.
Pub. at $10.00. *Special* **2.98**

7167. APOLLINAIRE: Poet Among The Painters. By Francis Steegmuller. Lively, colorful biography of the famed French poet, inventor of the term "surrealism," suspected thief of the Mona Lisa, author of *Alcools* & *Calligrammes*, Montmartre & St-Germain "mystificateur," and victim of WW I at age 38, just two days before the Armistice. 28 illus. *Pub. at $6.50.* *Only* **2.98**

7064. THOMAS WOLFE: A Biography. By Andrew Turnbull. Definitive biography of the towering American novelist; probes deeply into hitherto unknown facts concerning his violent rebellion, meteoric rise to fame, tragic affair with Aline Bernstein, relations with his mentor Maxwell Perkins, and early, tragic death. Photos. *Pub. at $7.95.* *Only* **2.98**

7072. MAN & HIS SYMBOLS. By Carl Jung, Jolande Jacobi, et al. The meaning of dreams, of the dream-symbols common to all mankind, and of the communications these symbols carry individually to each person; the world-famous Swiss psychologist's last great work, in which he and his closest associates explore the life of the unconscious for the general reader. *Over 500 Illus, 146 Full Color*; 8¼" x 11".
Orig. $14.95. *New complete edition* **5.95**

7015. DRAKE'S VOYAGES. By K. R. Andrews. Both biography and analysis of the rise of English sea power, seen from the vantage point of the most famous sailor of the age, Captain Sir Francis Drake, pirate, global circumnavigator, hero of Cadiz.
Pub. at $4.50. *Only* **1.49**

7005. THE NEW WORLD: The First Pictures of America. Ed. by Stefan Lorant. Extraordinary work conveying the clear freshness of the New World through eyewitness accounts and period illustrations of the early Virginia and Florida colonies (1562-1590), and the Indian tribes of the areas. 166 illus, 65 full color; 9¼" x 12¼". *Pub. at $20.00.* *Only* **9.95**

6961. Trilogy—VAN WYCK BROOKS: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Intro by Malcolm Cowley. Superb autobiography and portrait of 20th century literary America; contains "Scenes & Portraits," "Days Of The Phoenix" & "From The Shadow Of The Mountain"—with portraits of Dreiser, Dos Passos, Mencken, Frost, Steinbeck, Berenson, many more. 667 pp.
Pub. at $10.00. *Now Only* **2.98**

7171. Norman Podhoretz's DOINGS & UNDOINGS: The 50's & After in American Writing. Informed critique, dissent and enthusiasm infuse these critical essays on: Faulkner, Edmund Wilson, O'Hara, McCarthy, Mailer, Bellow, Roth, Updike, the New Nilhilism, Jewish Culture and the Intellectuals, more. *Pub. at $4.95.* *Only* **1.98**

7162. Selected Works Of DJUNA BARNES. First Djuna Barnes collection; includes *Spillway*, a deservedly famous collection of nine short stories, *The Antiphon*, her verse play, revised and corrected, and the superb novel-masterpiece, *Nightwood. Pub. at $5.95.* *Now Only* **1.98**

7050. Alan Moorehead's THE MARCH TO TUNIS: North African War 1940-43. By the author of *Gallipoli* & *The White Nile*. Brilliant, first-hand reportage of every aspect of the desert war: the heroic Rats of Tobruk, El Alamein, Rommel's "undefeatable" Afrika Korps, US landings, Kasserine Pass, portraits of Auchinleck, Montgomery, Ike, Rommel, much more. 65 photos, maps; 592 pp.
Pub. at $8.50. *Only* **2.98**

7044. THE AMERICAN VISION: Paintings 1825-1875. P.E.A. 1968 exhibition. Thoroughly representative exhibition of American 19th century painting, in 111 REPRODUCTIONS, 4 Full Color TipIns: works by Peale, Catlin, Hicks, Whistler, Eakins, Church, Homer, more. Softbound; 8½" x 11".
Pub. at $3.50. *Only* **1.49**

6995. BAROQUE EUROPE. Ed. by Busch & Lohse. Magnificently illustrated survey of Baroque architecture and architectural decor throughout Europe —264 PHOTOGRAPHS ON COATED STOCK present Versailles, the Invalides, Pantheon, Hotel Lambert, Rome's Palazzo Barberini, Scala Regia, Piazza di Spagna, St. John Lateran, Salzburg Cathedral, Sanssouci, Madrid Royal Palace, more.
Pub. at $14.95. *Only* **7.95**

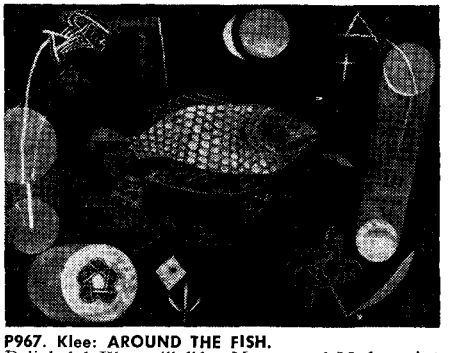
6955. THE RELIGION OF THE GREEKS & ROMANS. By Carl Kerenyi. Impressive, readable literary and visual study of Greek and Roman religion; considers the whole philological, literary and psychological background, and isolates the "styles" which gave reality and identity to the ancient religions. 124 plates on coated stock.
Pub. at $10.00. *Only* **3.98**

6954. THE RAGGED, RUGGED WARRIORS. By Martin Caidin. The truly heroic story of the early air war against Japan in the China-Burma-India Theater and the Pacific from the very beginning of the Sino-Japanese War to Chenault's Flying Tigers, the Australia-New Guinea 22nd Bomb Group, to the Battle of Midway. 79 illus.
Pub. at $6.95. *Now Only* **1.98**

6951. LAWRENCE DURRELL & HENRY MILLER: A PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE. Ed. by G. Wickes. An unrestrainedly exuberant 25-year personal correspondence between two of this century's great writers: simple notes of friendship, masterpieces of evocative writing, all spontaneous, unpolished, and unbowdlerized.
Pub. at $6.95. *Special* **1.98**

6871. PHOTOGRAPHY YEAR BOOK 1968. Ed. by Sanders & Gee. Photography in 1968, the Concorde, Op-Art-Nude, GI's in Germany, High Fashion, Int'l Photography by top artists; much more. *211 photos, 17 full color*; technical data & notes.
Pub. at $6.00. *Now Only* **2.98**

6808. Ernest Hemingway: A MOVEABLE FEAST. Generous legacy of sketches from Hemingway's life in Paris during the 1920's; magic evocations of a stroll along the Seine, a visit with Sylvia Beach, with Gertrude Stein, conversations and days with Ezra Pound, Ford Madox Ford, Scott Fitzgerald, and much more.
Pub. at $4.95. *Special reprint edition* **1.00**



P967. Klee: AROUND THE FISH. Delightful Klee still life; Museum of Modern Art collotype in dark hues of blue, deep red, green, black. 25" x 18¼" image area on heavy art stock.
Only **5.95**

3912. ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE ARTS. Ed. by D. D. Runes and H. G. Schricker. 1064-page compendium of all the arts of all times and places, presented by more than 100 leading authorities. Thousands of definitions of terms and techniques, plus informative biographical and historical summaries.
Orig. $15.00. *Only* **2.77**

1353. A Pictorial Treasury—THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. A magnificent edition exquisitely illustrated in full color by the noted Persian artist Sarkis Katchadourian. Printed on genuine rag paper. Beautifully bound. 7" x 10". *Special* **1.98**

7169. Susan Sontag's DEATH KIT. Dalton ("Diddy") Harron, 33, divorced Manhattanite and p.r. exec confronts death every day, because he has killed (?) a man, because he is helpless, loveless, suicidal, his own walking death kit searching for an end—which he finds (?) in a universal vision.
Pub. at $5.75. *Very Special* **1.00**

7155. LORD READING: The Life of Rufus Isaacs, First Marquess of Reading. By H. Montgomery Hyde. Vivid biography of the first commoner since the Duke of Wellington to become a Marquess, the first Jew in England to rise from advocate and MP to the posts of Attorney General, Lord Chief Justice, Ambassador to the US, and Viceroy of India. 21 illus. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

7104. FODOR GUIDE TO SPAIN 1968. Excellent travel guide to every part of the country from "castles in Spain" to the lovely Costa Brava; full info on hotels, restaurants, entertainment, shopping, historic sights, more. Photos & maps.
Pub. at $5.95. *Only* **1.98**

7086. THE GRAPHIC WORK OF FELICIEN ROPS. Superb collection of graphics by the Belgian erotic fantasist, Felicien Rops, whose work charmed and shocked during *la belle epoque*—247 REPRODUCTIONS, each of which anticipates and surpasses Beardsley in power, in vividness, in irony and satire, and perhaps in decadence; Notes of Rops' life by Lee Revens. 9½" x 13".
Pub. at $20.00. *Only* **12.95**

7041. Samuel Haskins: AFRICAN IMAGE. One of the world's most brilliant photographers with a pictorial survey of native African art in its relation to its creators and their culture—OVER 150 PHOTOGRAPHS—a joyfully exuberant African portrait moving from wooden images to human character studies, from coast to Congo. 8½" x 11".
Pub. at $12.95. *Now Only* **6.88**

7040. Samuel Haskins: NOVEMBER GIRL. Superb treatment of the female nude by one of the world's most creative camera technicians—MORE THAN 100 PHOTOS mingle realism with fantasy in a poignant depiction of a lovely girl's hopeless hoping for the man who will never come. 10½" x 13¾".
Pub. at $9.95. *Now Only* **5.88**

6994. RENAISSANCE EUROPE. Ed. by Busch & Lohse. Beautifully illustrated survey of Renaissance architecture and architectural decor throughout Italy, and its "garbled" forms in the rest of Europe —180 PHOTOGRAPHS ON COATED STOCK present Chambord, St. Peter's in Rome, Medici Mausoleum, Venice's Il Redentore, Florence's Uffizi Palace, Fontainebleau, more. *Pub. at $14.95.* *Only* **7.95**

6948. LODESTONE & EVENING STAR: The Epic Voyages of Discovery 1493 BC to 1896 AD. By Ian Cameron. Impressive and highly enjoyable unfolding of exploration by sea from the ancient Egyptians to the 20th century: the Phoenecian circumnavigation of Africa, Rome to Malabar, pre-Columbus voyages to the New World, Magellan, Cook, Ross, more. 59 illus, 8 full color. *Pub. at $6.95.* *Now Only* **1.98**

6893. CHALIAPIN: An Autobiography as told to MAXIM GORKY. The enthralling career of the world's most celebrated Russian basso from his choirboy start to his famous "Met" roles of Boris, Ivan the Terrible, Prince Igor, Mephistopheles, told largely against the background of the Russian Revolution; with supplementary correspondence & notes. 90 illus. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **4.95**

P968. Picasso: LES DEMOISELLES D'AVIGNON. One of Picasso's most famous cubist works; printed in superb gravure by the Museum of Modern Art; warm flesh tones, ice gray, blue, terra cotta. 22" x 23" image area on heavy art stock.
Only **7.49**

6786. LE MORTE D'ARTHUR. By Sir Thomas Mallory; Introduction by Robert Graves; modern English translation by Keith Baines. Handsome edition of the 15th century classic account of King Arthur, Guinevere, Morgan le Fey, Merlin, Tristan and Isolde, and the Knights of the Round Table.
Orig. $6.00. *New complete edition* **2.98**

6293. Sartre: BEING AND NOTHINGNESS. Trans. & Intro. by Hazel E. Barnes. Jean-Paul Sartre's *magnum opus*, a *sine qua non* for understanding Existentialism and its importance as one of the leading philosophical movements of our time. Over 700 pp.
Orig. $10.00. *Only* **2.98**

4181. ROMAN MYTHOLOGY. By Stewart Perowne. The immensely readable tales of the Roman gods and goddesses: Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, Diana, Hercules, Vesta, Cupid, many others—143 GRAVURE ILLUSTRATIONS, 27 FULL COLOR—with accounts of the Stoics, Mithraism, coming of Christianity, more. 8⅜" x 11¼".
Special Import **2.98**

6183. THE WORLD OF THE EARLY HUNTERS: Medicine-Men, Shamans & Artists. By Andreas Lommel. Richly detailed study of the shaman in early nomadic society drawing extensively on Northern Asian & American material; development & nature of the shaman, the shaman's psychic rebirth, his magic and journeys into the beyond, the shaman as the artistically creative man, more. 95 photos & drawings, 15 Full Color; 8¾" x 10½".
Pub. at $10.50. *Now Only* **4.98**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

7093. FODOR GUIDE TO BRITAIN & IRELAND 1968. Handy vacation guide with full details of what to see for those who stick to the big cities *and* for those intriguing country side-trips; info on guided tours, shopping, hotels, restaurants, museums, much more. Photos & maps. *Pub. at $5.95.* *Only* **1.98**

7085. THE NOBLEST CRY: A History of the American Civil Liberties Union. By C. L. Markmann. 45-year history of the ACLU, a frank and often caustic account of the Union's battle to secure the full measure of Bill of Rights liberties for *every citizen* in the face of wiretaps, illegal search & seizure, religious bigotry, police malpractice, censorship, "security" oaths, and discrimination in all its aspects. 464 pp. *Pub. at $7.95.* *Special* **1.98**

7034. Leon Trotsky's STALIN. Revealing biography by Stalin's most notable political opponent and victim; reveals Stalin's personal characteristics, political methods and maneuverings from Georgia school days to dictatorial powers, plus overall account of Party affairs inside and outside the USSR. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Now Only* **3.98**

7017. SARAH DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH. By David Green. Definitive life of Sarah, wife to John Churchill, First Duke of Marlborough, and for many years principal confidante and advisor to Queen Anne, whose long, exciting life knew favor and disfavor, eminence and exile, and every personage of the British Empire. *35 period illus.* *Pub. at $6.95.* *Only* **2.98**

6993. ROMANESQUE EUROPE. Ed. by Busch & Lohse; 2nd Ed. Superbly illustrated survey of Romanesque, or Norman, architecture throughout Europe—224 PHOTOGRAPHS ON COATED STOCK presenting the finest examples of the style: Worms, Speyer, Gloucester, Durham Cathedrals, Fontevrault, Aigues-Mortes, Dover Castle, many others. *Pub. at $14.95.* *Only* **7.95**

6891. LETTERS OF JAMES JOYCE: 3 Volumes Boxed. Ed. by Stuart Gilbert & Richard Ellmann. The collected correspondence (more than 1500 letters) of James Joyce, author of *Ulysses* and *Finnegan's Wake*, displaying in great variety Joyce's courage, confidence, and cool persistence during a lifetime that altered the direction of literature in English. Over 1,500 pp; 116 illus; indexed. *Pub. at $35.00.* *3 Vols, Boxed, Only* **10.95**

P115. CAT. "Acid" cat in flaming dayglo green against dayglo cerise and orange background. 20¼" x 30". *Only* **1.98**

P117. PINK LADY. Contemporary re-rendering of the famed Mucha illustration in dayglo pinks and burnt orange. 20¼" x 31¼". *Only* **1.98**

6744. PICTORIAL HISTORY OF PSYCHOLOGY & PSYCHIATRY. By Roback & Kiernan. Illuminating picture-&-text history of the psychological sciences from the Greek philosophers to the present—NEARLY 400 ILLUSTRATIONS—covers all schools and specialized branches from animal to educational and abnormal. *Pub. at $12.50.* *Only* **5.95**

6745. NEW LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MYTHOLOGY. Ed. by F. Guirand; Intro by Robert Graves; revised edition 1968. Monumental encyclopedia of the world's mythologies from pre-Biblical Egypt and pre-Homeric Greece to the farthest reaches of Africa, the Orient, the Pacific, and the Americas—NEARLY 600 ILLUSTRATIONS IN GRAVURE, 32 FULL COLOR PLATES. 489 dbl-column pp; 8½" x 11¾". *Pub. at $17.95.* *Special* **9.95**

6722. Vladimir Nabokov: SPEAK, MEMORY—An Autobiography Revisited. Unique, engaging picture of the cultured, eccentric Nabokov family, of adolescent awakenings, flight from Bolshevik terror, education in England, emigre life in Paris and Berlin—a moving, nostalgic account of a vanished world recalled in Nabokov's inimitable style. 18 photos. *Pub. at $6.75.* *Special Reprint Edition* **1.00**

6470. Antietam: THE GLEAM OF BAYONETS. By J. V. Murfin. Comprehensive study of the Battle of Antietam and Lee's 1862 Maryland campaign; covers all the factors, events, and personalities; incl. many firsthand accounts. Illus. *Orig. Pub. at $12.00.* *Now Only* **2.98**

6145. CHRONOLOGY OF THE MODERN WORLD. Compiled by N. Williams. Comprehensive dictionary of significant dates from January 1763 to December 1965; two centuries of historical events, politics, science & technology, the arts, economics, literature, music, law, theatre & film, births & deaths, religion, sports, education, discovery, statistics. 923 pp; indexed. *Pub. at $12.50.* *Now Only* **2.98**

7717. Bulfinch: MYTHOLOGY. The complete *Age of Fable, Age of Chivalry* and *Legends of Charlemagne* in one volume—all the traditional tales of adventure, romance and chivalry from the Trojan War to Robin Hood, from classical to medieval times. 679 pp., index. *Special import* **1.98**

7052. MOUNT ATHOS. By John Cooper, Viscount Norwich & Reresby Sitwell. Rare, stimulating portrait of Mount Athos' 20 "Ruling Monasteries," where no woman, child or eunuch is admitted, and of their dependent communities from small villages to the anchorites' precarious cliff dwellings; recounts a history of the peninsula and a fast-disappearing way of life. *63 superb photos, 34 full color;* 8½" x 11¼". *Pub. at $20.00.* *Special* **5.95**

7108. FODOR GUIDE TO EUROPE 1968: 34 Countries. Complete travel coverage for 34 countries from Portugal to the Soviet Union, Iceland to Cyprus by every means of transportation: all the tips and hints you need for an excitingly successful, fun-filled vacation. Over 900 pp; photos & maps. *Pub. at $7.50.* *Special* **1.98**

7016. PORTS OF CALL: The Great Colonial Seaports. By R. Carse. Absorbing account of the origins and early history of America's great seaports through the War of 1812: Castine, Portsmouth, Boston, Salem, New York, Charleston, New Orleans, and others all ringing with the sounds and men of America's first maritime age. *Over 50 period illus.* *Pub. at $7.95.* *Only* **3.98**

HAROLD MACMILLAN MEMOIRS

7049. WINDS OF CHANGE 1914-1939. Rich, fascinating portrait of the vicissitudes of British life from Queen Victoria's Jubilee through WW I, which saw Macmillan in action at Loos, Ypres, and at the Somme, then the darkening thirties in Parliament with Lloyd George, Churchill & Eden—and Munich. 584 pp; 25 photos. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Very Special* **1.98**

7048. THE BLAST OF WAR 1939-1945. Personal, remarkably fresh account of how WW II was fought and won on the political front, with Macmillan front-and-center as Churchill's deputy with FDR, Ike, de Gaulle, Alexander, Tito, in Casablanca, Algiers, Italy, Greece and London. 623 pp; 25 photos. *Pub. at $11.95.* *Very Special* **1.98**

6984. HITLER'S LAST GAMBLE: The Battle of the Bulge. By J. Nobecourt. Fast-moving analysis of Germany's last spectacular, convulsive effort of WW II: the advance of the German columns, crucial siege of isolated Bastogne, feats of the German paratroops, acrimony between Patton and Montgomery, more. 28 photos. *Pub. at $8.95.* *Only* **2.98**

6882. CELTIC FOLK & FAIRY TALES. Ed. by Eric & Nancy Protter. Fast-paced potpourri of fables from Wales, Ireland, Scotland, the Hebrides & Brittany; 25 tales incl. stories of Finn McCool, Cuchulain, Angus of the Bruff, of leprechauns, Shechogues, more. Many drawings. *Pub. at $4.95.* *Only* **1.98**

6685. THE PRAIRIE TRAVELER. By Randolph Marcy. Famous 1859 classic guidebook for wagon-train travelers making the arduous overland passage to the West Coast: trails, landmarks, waterholes, best foods, clothes, wagons, tools, more. *Pub. at $12.50.* *Only* **5.98**

6651. COLLECTED STORIES OF KATHERINE ANNE PORTER. Preface by the author. Wonderful collection containing "Flowering Judas," "Pale Horse, Pale Rider," "The Leaning Tower," and four additional stories—in all, 27 stories by one of America's finest short story writers. 495 pp. *Pub. at $5.95.* *Special* **1.98**

4667. ROGET'S THESAURUS of Words and Phrases. Authorized, revised edition of the indispensable book for everyone who wants to find the right word at the right time. 700 pp., hardbound edition. *Special* **1.98**

4182. SOUTH AMERICAN MYTHOLOGY. By H. Osborne. Nearly 3000 years of Incan and Andean culture and mythology WITH 143 GRAVURE ILLUSTRATIONS, 23 FULL COLOR; investigates the divine origin of the Inca, myths of the Collao, beliefs of the Coastal, Marginal, Forest and Southern Andean Peoples, the Jaguar cults, El Dorado, more. 8¼" x 11¼". *Special Import* **2.98**

7100. FODOR GUIDE TO ITALY 1968. From the "tip of the boot" to the Alps, with all the beauty of Naples, Rome, Florence, Padua, Venice and Milan in between (and with all that you need a guide!); full travel and tour info: hotels, restaurants, flea markets for every budget, much more. Photos & maps. *Pub. at $5.95.* *Only* **1.98**

7073. STEICHEN: A LIFE IN PHOTOGRAPHY. By Edward Steichen. Steichen's own choice of 234 memorable photographs, the dramatic summation of his 69 years in the world of photography and a breathtaking gallery of personalities, still lifes, war pictures, theatre scenes, more. 234 photos in the finest b/w gravure, duotone & full color; 10" x 11½". *Orig. $19.50.* *New complete edition* **9.95**

P116. EARTHQUAKE. Graphic artist's impression of the disastrous 1969 California earthquake; in fine line with browns & yellows. 22" x 24¼" image area. *Only* **1.98**

P993. "ASK NOT . . ." JFK & RFK in a superb photo-lithograph; on heavy board with special hanging device for floating gallery effect. 12" x 18". *Only* **3.98**

6975. TRANCES. By Stewart Wavell, Nina Epton & Dr. Audrey Butt. First-hand reports of authentic trances, and trance-inducing methods, among the Akawaio Amazon Indians, Malay tiger shamans, Sufi mystics, Balinese kris dancers, Algerian religious brotherhoods, Japanese sects, other groups. 36 photos, 16 full color. *Pub. at $7.95.* *Only* **2.98**

7094. FODOR GUIDE TO FRANCE 1968. Explore historic Paris by day, Gay Paree by night, and some of the world's most beautiful sights throughout all of France from Rouen to Monaco; all the info necessary for a carefree vacation by car, plane or train. Photos & maps. *Pub. at $5.95.* *Only* **1.98**

6879. THE MAPLESON MEMOIRS: The Career of an Operatic Impresario—1858-1888. Ed. by Herbert Rosenthal. Intriguing, delightful memoirs from the days when divas commanded their haughty ways before enraptured continents; by "Colonel" Mapleson, director of Her Majesty's and Drury Lane theatres in the day of Patti & Tietjens. 35 period photos. *Pub. at $8.95.* *Special* **2.98**

4785. LENINGRAD: History-Art-Architecture. By Nigel Gosling. Gloriously illustrated panorama of the hereditary capital of the Tsars—250 PHOTOS & ART REPRODUCTIONS, 69 IN FULL COLOR—River Neva, Winter Palace, Peter & Paul Cathedral, Hermitage, Finland Station, ballet, stage, music, culture, more. 9¾" x 12½". *Pub. at $20.00.* *Extra Special* **7.88**

4040. A DICTIONARY OF SYMBOLS. By J. E. Cirlot; preface by Herbert Read. The first reference work to provide a central source for symbolical studies, *with the essential, unvarying* meaning of every symbol known to Oriental and Western man—symbols from art, literature, myth, ritual, magic. 81 illus. *Orig. $12.00.* *Only* **2.98**

4171. THE WORKS OF LEWIS CARROLL. Intro. by R. L. Green. Marvelous Carroll anthology—includes the "Alice" books with the *92 original Tenniel illustrations*, the two *Sylvie and Bruno* stories, *The Hunting of the Snark*, the *complete* short stories, and essays on such subjects as theatre, math, vivisection, plus poems, puzzles, games, letters, more. 1,130 pp. *Special Import* **1.98**

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

marboro Dept. S-173, 131 Varick St., New York, N.Y. 10013

Please send me the bargains circled below. (Please add 50c postage and handling on all orders.) MINIMUM MAIL ORDER $3.

☐ Ship C.O.D.* ☐ Enclosed find $_____

Charge my (check one) ☐ Amer. Exp. ☐ Carte Blanche ☐ First Nat'l City Charge Card ☐ Diners Club ☐ Uni-Card } Limited to orders of $5.00 or more

& write in your account #_____ the amount of $_____

1353 1463 3912 4040 4171 4181 4182 4667 4785 6145 6183 6293 6470 6651
6685 6722 6744 6745 6786 6808 6871 6879 6882 6886 6891 6893 6941 6948
6951 6954 6955 6961 6975 6984 6993 6994 6995 7005 7015 7016 7017 7034
7040 7041 7044 7048 7049 7050 7052 7064 7072 7073 7085 7086 7093 7094
7100 7104 7108 7155 7162 7167 7169 7171 7175 7717
P115 P116 P117 P967 P968 P993

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

☐ **Check here if you receive monthly bargain circular.** New York City residents add 6% sales tax. Other New York State residents add applicable sales tax. *A few cents extra for C.O.D. Same sale bargains at all Marboro Book Shops.

10-DAY SATISFACTION OR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and votes to back up the chancellor who is "meting out punishment to the ringleaders." The faculty, which is made up of visiting professors from other schools, votes to support the students, and the chancellor finds himself in an impossible position. He therefore resigns, and accepts a grant from the Ford Foundation to make a study of higher education.

By this time, the demonstration starts petering out and the students begin wandering back to class hoping there will be somebody there to teach them something. But even that Socialist student who started the demonstration is not there. He's been booked on a lecture tour to talk about free speech at other universities. So everyone decides to go to Washington and picket the White House over its policy on Vietnam.

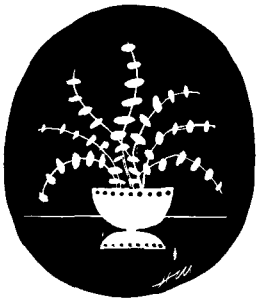
Elsewhere on the student front came, out of England, wonderful news—in fact, something which may well be the answer to all the turmoil in the colleges and schools. Over there, it seems, Dr. J. V. Walker, medical officer of health for Darlington, England, issued a call for a youth control pill. Not a birth control pill, he made clear, but a *youth* control one. "It should not be too difficult," he said, "to develop a hormone preparation to delay adolescence . . . to extend the period of childhood"—a period in which, he said, "children are very happy"—"into their later student days." In a word, and quite simply, Dr. Walker said the kind of pill he had in mind would "delay the onset of sexual maturity until the students have left college and could earn their own livings."

Isn't that terrific? No puberty until final exams! And, for those who fail their exams, well, we suppose, as the old saying goes, beggars can't be choosers. Anyway, there's no sense crossing that bridge until we come to it. In fact, by that time there may be no bridge. With *that* kind of inducement, what kid wouldn't do his best?

The new pill would, Dr. Walker maintained, completely prevent students from being, in his words, either "aggressive" or a "nuisance." And again, we suppose, the ones who still were would just be administered a larger dose—right at, presumably, the administration building.

As if that weren't heady enough stuff, there also emerged, at Columbia during the month, a brand new student "Non-Group." Obviously a satire on all student groups, it called itself the "Pacifist Anarchist Bisexual Psychedelic Conspiracy"—or, for short, the PABPC. About college, the PABPC says simply, "Open it down or shut it up." About ROTC, it demands only that "ROTC members should be made to eat anything they shoot." The PABPC even has demonstrations—but with a difference. Gathering outside the office of Columbia President Andrew Cordier, they gently chanted only the words, "Can Andy come out and play?"

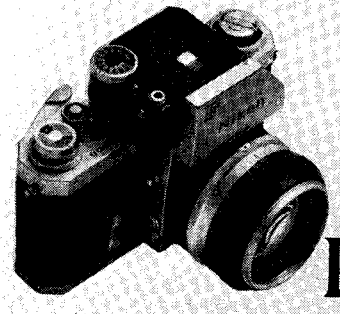
Altogether we thought it was wonderful that, at short last, a few students at least have gotten some humor about it all. The only thing that worried us, though, was—well, we hardly know how to put this—but it did occur to us. You don't suppose—no, it couldn't be—that those Columbia students are *already* on the pill.



During the month, we saw service as a Grand Juror—and we had at least one grand judicial thought for you. It occurred right as we were about to be sworn in—in a courtroom which had, written in gold letters high on the wall, the phrase IN GOD WE TRUST. When we were being sworn in, a man brought a stack of Bibles over and we all took the oath with our hands on one of the Bibles. And then, of course, when we were finally seated on our respective juries, every single witness was asked if he solemnly swore to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth *"so help you God."*

After all that, we got to wondering why the courts were so concerned with keeping God and the Bible and religion in general out of the schools, when in their own courtrooms, God and the Bible and religion were literally everywhere? Was it a miscarriage of justice, or was it, as Sam Goldwyn once said when he lost a case, "a carriage of misjustice?"

Last but not least, we have the sad task of telling you that you are now reading the last of the FIRST OF THE MONTH—our column which has been running in this magazine every month since December 1957. Before you start cheering, however, watch your step. You may be sorry. Starting in June we will take over, on an every-other-week basis, TRADE WINDS—alternating with our friend, Jerry Beatty. So, look at it this way—you can't lose. If FIRST OF THE MONTH wasn't a favorite of yours, it's gone. If it was, you'll now be getting it double. Talk about trying to please everybody these days. *SR* editors are something, aren't they?



Discover Nikon

And discover your true capabilities for pictorial self-expression. Share the power of creative photography with the many greats in photography who are among the most ardent Nikon users.

You owe it to yourself if you are at all in earnest about photography.

Nikon Inc., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc. (In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd.)

Nikon F shown with new Photomic FTN "self-compensating" meter system.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The outside is inside.

You know the great feeling of the great outdoors. High on a mountain. Way up there where the trees stop and the eagle spreads his wings in total freedom. The air is fresh. Clean.

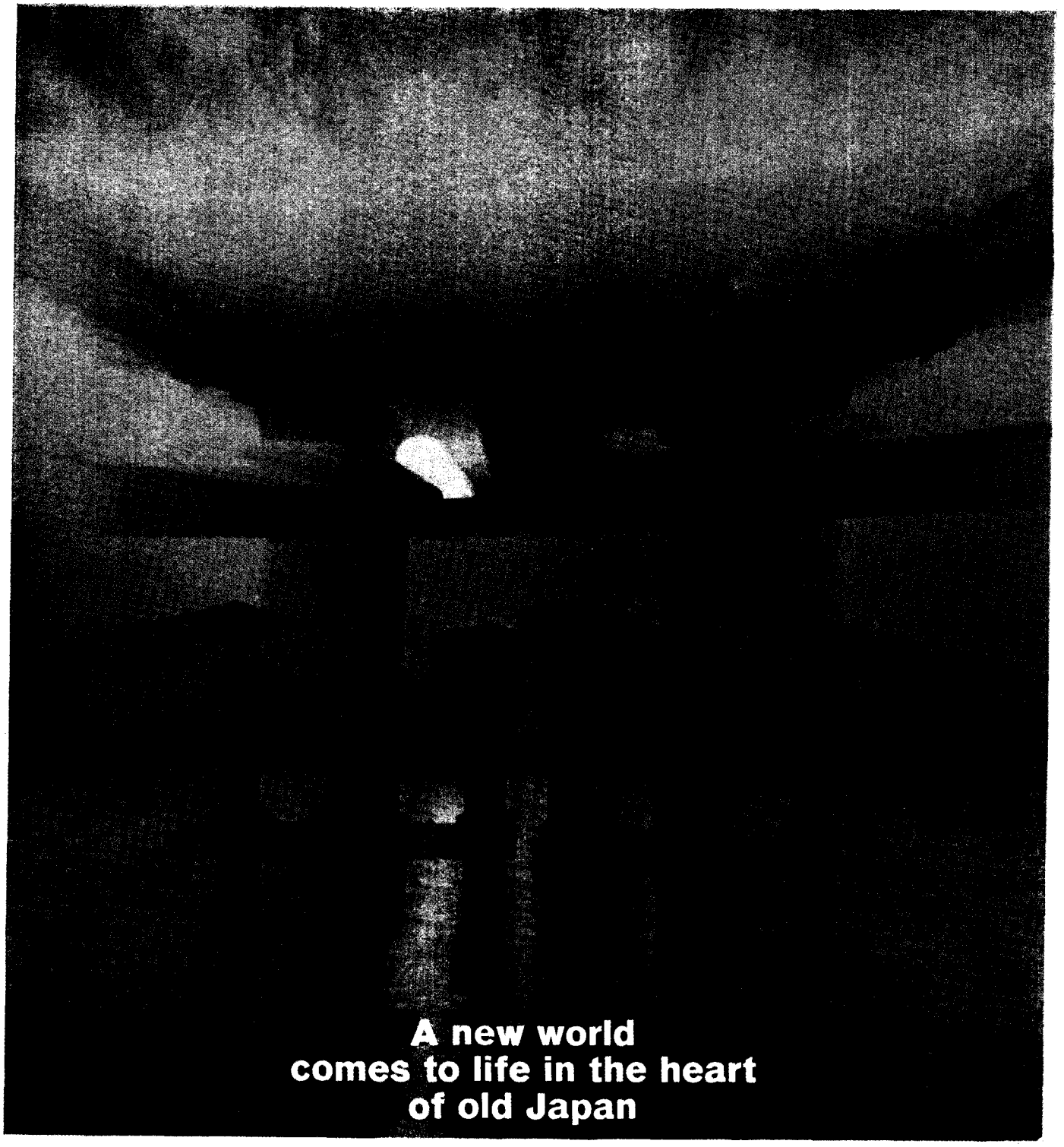
Invigorating. This is the timberline, inspiration for a rugged fragrance —English Leather Timberline. After shave, cologne, soap, deodorants, and gift sets.

English Leather® TIMBERLINE

Until now it was just a feeling.

Product of MEM Company Inc., Northvale, N.J. 07647

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A new world comes to life in the heart of old Japan

This is the great torii at Miyajima on Japan's lovely Inland Sea. Standing here, listening to the whispering gongs calling monks to their devotions, you can discover the tranquility of another age twelve-hundred years old. Refreshed? Then follow the path of the rising sun towards Osaka, a scant few hours away, and an exciting new world at EXPO'70—the first world exposition ever held in the Orient—that opens March 15, 1970. The best of the arts and sciences of more than 70 nations will be on display in the 815-acre grounds of the exposition. Plus the great theater and festivals of Japan. There will be circuses. Ballet companies. (Have you ever seen a 70-foot robot run by computers dance? You will at EXPO'70.) Opera. Theater. And special entertainment from around the world. Air-conditioned moving roads will take you from one part of the exposition to the other. From the 64 acres of Japanese gardens to the 41 acres of Expoland, where you can whoop it up on a roller-coaster that's nearly three miles long. And the whole glorious show is only 20 minutes from your hotel in the heart of Osaka. There will be only one EXPO'70 in our lifetime. Can you afford to miss it, and Japan? See your travel agent or American Express—Exclusive General Agent for EXPO'70 admission tickets in the United States.

EXPO'70
the year of Japan

"Progress and harmony for mankind"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Fools Rush In

OLD JOKE:

Stranger in New York: "Excuse me, sir, how can I get to Carnegie Hall?"

New Yorker: "Practice, practice, practice."

On May 5, 1891, Carnegie Hall opened its doors to the greatest talents in the world. That night Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky conducted his *Marche Solennelle.* On that same program Walter Damrosch conducted the New York premiere of the Berlioz *Te Deum.*

In the fall of that year, a young, golden-haired pianist from Poland, Ignace Jan Paderewski, captivated New York. Ever since then Carnegie Hall has been shaping the cultural destiny of its community with such gifted artists as Josef Hoffmann, Wanda Landowska, Rudolf Serkin, Alma Gluck, Joseph Fuchs, Feodor Chaliapin.

And Dame Myra Hess, Sergei Rachmaninoff, Gregor Piatigorsky, Eugene Ysaye, Leontyne Price, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Artur Schnabel, Karl Muck, Kirsten Flagstad, Paul Robeson, Gary Graffman, Lillie Lehman, Lotte Lehman, Leopold Godowsky, and Will Rogers.

Also Yehudi Menuhin, Michael Rabin, Paginini, Robert Casadesus, Adolph Busch, Eugene List, Vincente Escudero, Arturo Toscanini, the Bolshoi, Marian Anderson, Jan Kubelík, Rafael Kubelík conducting the Boston Symphony, Max Rudolf conducting the Cincinnati Symphony, Jean Martinon conducting the Chicago Symphony, Bill "Bojangles" Robinson, Norman Thomas, Bob Dylan, Patachou, and Margaret Sanger.

As well as Giovanni Martinelli, Italo Campanini, Mike Nichols and Elaine May, Vladimir de Pachman, Birgit Nilsson, Roland Hayes, Emma Calve, Judy Garland, Paul Whiteman, Serge Jaroff, Russel Oberlin, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink.

In addition, Sarah Bernhardt, Maude Powell, Jascha Heifetz, Simon Barere, Rosalyn Tureck, Claudio Arrau, Alexander Brailowski, Pearl Primus, Joseph Szigeti, Igor Stravinsky, David Oistrakh, Nathan Milstein, Benno Moiseivich, Blossom Seeley, Benny Fields, Lucrezia Bori, Paul Draper.

And including George Gershwin, Adolph Brodsky, Lillian Nordica, Gustav Mahler, Josef and Rosina Lhevinne, Leonard Bernstein, Clarence Darrow and Will Durant, Sviatoslav Richter, Emil Gilels, Leonid Kogan, Benny Goodman, Woody Herman, Count Basie, Duke Ellington, Mstislav Rostropovich, Mark Twain, Ella Fitzgerald.

Not to mention Isaac Stern, Isadora Duncan and the Isadorables, Adolf Bolm, Andre Kostelanetz, Modest Altschuler, the Moscow Chamber Orchestra conducted by Igor and David Oistrakh, Raymond Duncan, Jack Benny, Antonia Mercé (La Argentina), Argentinita, the Philharmonia Hungarica with Mitiades Caradis conducting, José Greco, and John Philip Sousa.

Plus Clémentine de Vere, Emma Eames, the Cantata Singers, Thomas Dunn, the Vienna Boys Choir, Fritz Reiner, Lorin Hollander, Wilhelm Backhaus, Philippe Entremont, Glenn Gould, Giovanni Buitoni, Heinrich Heyn, Emil Fischer, Olive Fremstad, Leopold Stokowski, Fats Waller, Licia Albanese, the Katherine Dunham Dancers, and Van Cliburn.

Not forgetting Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony, Miles Davis, Cantor Josef Rosenblatt, Pilar López, Uday Shankar, Devi-Dja, Bhaskar, Sasha, Mahalia Jackson, Stan Kenton, Carmen Amaya, Charlie Parker, Carmen McRae, Richard Dyer-Bennett, Dizzy Gillespie, Artie Shaw, Huddie Ledbetter, Dave Brubeck, the Hall Johnson Choir, Sir Thomas Beecham, Louis Armstrong, Nadia Boulanger, Giulio Gatti-Casazza, Lionel Hampton, Gene Krupa, Sarah Vaughan.

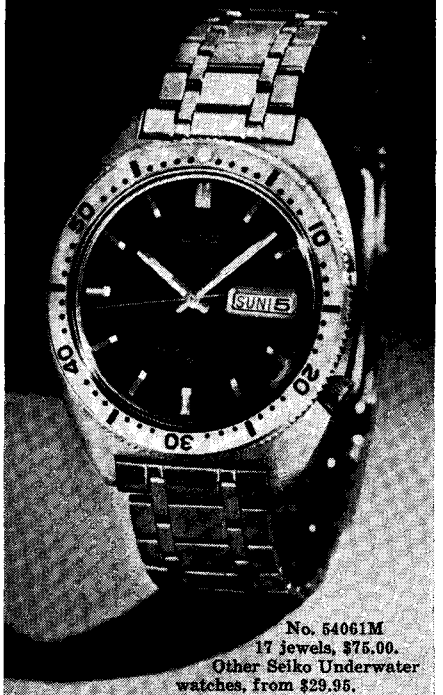
To say nothing of other great artists who, between Carnegie Hall and the Metropolitan Opera House, shaped the cultural destiny of our community: Enrico Caruso, Mary Garden, Vladimir Horowitz, Rosa Ponselle, John McCormack, Amelita Galli-Curci, Mischa Elman, Renata Tebaldi, Al Jolson, Dame Nellie Melba, Artur Rubinstein, Geraldine Farrar, Ruth St. Denis, and Ted Shawn and the the Denishawn Dancers, Pablo Casals, and Luisa Tetrazzini.

NEW JOKE:

Stranger in New York: "Excuse me, sir, why are all those people crowding into Carnegie Hall? What gifted artist is shaping the cultural destiny of our cultural community tonight?"

New Yorker: "Oh, no gifted artist is shaping any culture in Carnegie Hall tonight. This is June 7, 1969, the night the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences is presenting its annual Emmy Awards."

Buy a Seiko underwater watch without going overboard



No. 54061M
17 jewels, $75.00.
Other Seiko Underwater watches, from $29.95.

Now that Seiko makes watches by automation, you don't have to pay much for a watch that will go anywhere in the water with you.

This scuba diver, for example, with its luminous dial and hands, and stainless steel body, will show you the right time, day and date down as deep as 229 ft.

It's a whale of a buy, available only from the largest manufacturer of jeweled-lever watches in the world, Seiko.

For free catalog, send name and address to Dept. SR:

SEIKO

SEIKO TIME CORPORATION
640 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is there a slam in this hand?

Neither side is vulnerable. The dealer is West and you are South. The bidding so far:

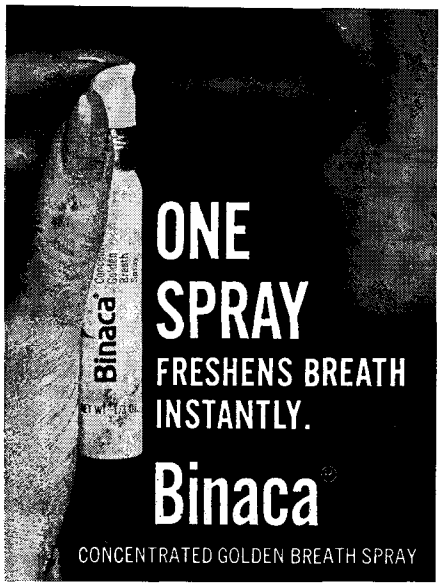
East	South	West	North
1♦	Double	Pass	4♥
Pass	*(your bid)		

Popular BRIDGE readers have faced many problems like this in each issue. By matching bids with top players from Alfred Sheinwold to Omar Sharif, they've enjoyed sharpening their game. Popular BRIDGE is the only magazine edited to make the average player play better. Modern graphic techniques and top player-writers put more fun and skill in your game. ■ Subscribe today and bid confidently tomorrow.

Popular BRIDGE 1S
16250 Ventura Boulevard
Encino, California 91316

*Could it be five hearts—but maybe not. Enclosed is $3.11 for my next seven issues. I want to be sure.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____State_____Zip_____



UNIVERSITY OF CANTERBURY
CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND
SENIOR LECTURER OR LECTURER IN ENGLISH

Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in the Department of English Language and Literature. Salaries are under review. Existing salaries for Lecturers are $NZ3100 x $NZ200 - $NZ4700, $NZ4800 p.a. and for Senior Lecturers $NZ4700 x $NZ200 - $NZ5500 (bar) and thereafter a range to $NZ6600 p.a.

Particulars, including information on travel and removal allowances, study leave, housing and superannuation may be obtained from the undersigned or from registrars of all other universities in New Zealand.

Applications close on 11th. July 1969.

CHRISTCHURCH
NEW ZEALAND

G. G. TURBOTT.
REGISTRAR.

Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

What Is a Dictionary? An open letter to IBM, to the foundations, to Howard Hughes, to the Bell System, and to whoever got G. B. Shaw's money: I have been carrying on for weeks anent the sad state of American lexicography. I see I shall have to go into hock for a set of Oxford's multivolumed "New English Dictionary"— there is a word book a man can browse his soul to, were he willing, that is, to speak nothing but British. In the absence of the "NED," let me say, I have spent happy hours browsing Webster's *Dictionary of Synonyms*, which I find to be useful, lucid, and not at all a bad primer of one sort of expository prose.

The dictionary I dream of, however, has yet to be compiled, and I hereby offer a description of it as a challenge to modern technology, philanthropy, or industry, as the case may be. My dream dictionary could, I believe, become a lucrative sell-lease service of the electronics industry. I am happily willing to have it financed as a public service of the great philanthropic foundations. I submit that the legalizers who broke G. B. Shaw's will and its bequest of millions of pounds to a foundation for the reform of English spelling were offending the obvious intent of an obviously madcap genius, and that the least they could do after having divested the man's money from the probably unredeemable English alphabet, would be to put the cash into the improvement of the English language by means of the ideal dictionary.

I am willing, as I say, to have my ideal dictionary financed by whatever means can be found. Yet, if only on the theory that the hardest task known to man is to turn uncompromised ideals into cash, I should prefer to see my dictionary become an industrial project, on which I should be pleased to settle for a piddling royalty. It is, therefore, to the electronics industry that I address myself, or perhaps to such a freewheeling financial emperor as Howard Hughes. For I do not propose a dictionary on any existing lines: I envisage, rather, nothing less than the ultimate electronic word service.

My ideal dictionary would consist of a teletypewriter and a viewing screen and speaker connected to Word Central. When I want information on a word, I simply type that word as a signal to Word Central, which immediately flashes upon my screen concise information on the etymology and meaning of the word, while the voice from Word Central advises me on the word's pronunciation. If there happen to be plural entries for the word I have typed, the first answer on the screen will enumerate them for me, and the screen will give me more detailed information when I type the number of the entry I want.

I am a sometimes erratic speller. I even suspect a genetic defect: not only did I find my son Benn writing "stage-boating" for "sabotaging," but I understood at once what he meant. For such as I, then, the machine might signal back, perhaps in the voice of Richard Burton (perhaps in Liz's): "Come on, stupid, try again." Better yet, the machine could be programed to recognize spelling errors (feed in the mortal remains of any half dozen English teachers and it will get the idea). Thus, if I type out "concieve" for "conceive," the machine would recognize the error and would flash the proper spelling while the chosen voice recites: "'I' before 'e,' except after 'c' or when pronounced 'a' as in 'neighbor' or 'weigh' —stupid."

If all I want at the moment is a quick rundown on the word, the first answer on the screen might serve my purposes. If, however, I want more etymological information, I need only press the ETY key, the machine being programed to give me more and more information on each subsequent pressing of the key until either I quit or the subject is exhausted. If I want a more detailed discussion of the meanings of the word, I need only press the key marked DEF for "definition," the responses following on the same principle. If I want detailed examples of how the word has been used in various periods of the development of the language, a key marked USE for "usage" would once more give me responses on the same principle.

The challenge would consist of the need to incorporate into Word Central something approaching a total knowledge of the English-American language (or languages, as the case may be) together with exhaustive etymological information, and with illustrations of usage by various authors of various periods gathered in such profusion as only electronic memory banks could contain. Word Central, moreover, would become the final dictionary project of the language, for the constant input of new data would keep it forever current.

As a side benefit, and for a small extra charge, subscribers to Word Cen-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tral could be equipped with a separate panel keyed to those foreign languages, dead or alive, in which they are interested. Upon pressing the appropriate key, subscribers could have the chosen word transposed into the chosen language, and could then pursue it in successively deeper detail by repeated pressings of the appropriate key, always with the same options concerning etymology, current usage, and historical usage.

It would, of course, require an army of lexicographers to compile Word Central's body of basic data. It might well be centuries before the project could approach perfection, yet even a first compilation could be enough for a valuable subscriber service, and thereby for income with which to develop the project further. As a shortcut available to every lexicographer, moreover, the first researchers might simply steal the bulk of their data from existing dictionaries. I don't see why a relatively few million dollars might not be enough to finance this first phase. Nor can I think of a few million as an extravagance at a time when the Government is placing contracts for $1.5 billion for construction of fifteen lunar landing modules.

Word Central could help make that language available. It could also become a profitable industry. Once the basic data has been fed into Word Central, a small body of specialists could carry on the input of refinements and of the changes required to keep abreast of the language. Existing computers could readily handle the data banks, the subscribers' teletypewriters and viewing screens could be built on principles in common use, and the feeder lines between subscribers and Word Central could simply be leased from the Bell System.

Only vision and capital remain to be found. If my piddling royalty weighs too heavily upon the project I will even forego it in return for a free subscription. If necessary, I will even pay for my subscription (you ingrates!). What could be a better toy, tool, and source? What college, library, writer, government center, office of distinction, or office seeking distinction could afford to be without its handsome Word Central screen and control panel?

The principle is clear, the technology available, the cost manageable, and the market ready. What are you waiting for, captains of industry? I, for one, am tired of leafing through huge tomes. Type, in any case, is too slow and too inflexible to keep pace with the language. The fullness of our tongue, however, is something that may yet be counted by transistors—once we have found the men to tell the transistors what to put their powers to.

Exquisitely blended with fine Havana. Your choice of Oxford, a dark brown *natural* sun-cured wrapper, or Cambridge, a super-mild light green *double claro* One of 19 distinctive Shakespeare shapes and sizes. At select tobacconists and the four distinguished Humidors of Alfred Dunhill of London in Seleccion Suprema.

SPECIAL OFFER TO CIGAR CONNOISSEURS

This handsome black Mello-Lite cigar wallet-spectacle case, packed with three Shakespeare Coronas—yours for the price of the cigars alone.

Send $1.00 with your name and address to Gradiaz Annis, Dept. R, P.O. Box 2878, Tampa, Fla. 33601. Please specify wrapper color desired and allow 3 weeks for delivery.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Enjoy New York at
a Prestige Hotel Address
at Moderate Rates...
overlooking Central Park!

The Barbizon-Plaza

AT 106 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH N. Y. C.

...renowned locale of the world's finest hotels. Our superb French Cuisine and personalized service have made us the favorite of travelwise men and women.

WRITE FOR COLOR BROCHURE S
OR CALL: (212) CI 7-7000

**No glass needed.
No water needed.**

JUST
ONE DROP
FRESHENS
BREATH!

Binaca®

CONCENTRATED GOLDEN BREATH DROPS

AN ART OF EDUCATION FOR OUR TIME

A new master's degree program in elementary education aiming to show how teachers, by artistic means, can develop the imaginative as well as intellectual capacities of students, releasing creative abilities and deepening the whole experience of life.

Conducted at the independent Waldorf School (nursery through 12th grade) on the Adelphi University campus. For information write or call **Waldorf Institute, Adelphi University, Garden City, N. Y. 11530. (516)-742-3434.**

BRANCH ADVERTISING OFFICES: Chicago, Richard K. Sullivan, 401 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611; Cleveland, George Dawson, 30559 Pine Tree Road, Cleveland Ohio, 44124; Detroit, Bruce E. Miller, New Center Building, Detroit, Michigan 48202; West Coast Offices: San Francisco, Fletcher S. Udall & L. H. Sanford Heckinger, 417 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California 94104; Los Angeles, Fred Beck, 3850 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 90005; Southeast Office: Ray Rickles & Co., 3783 Pine Tree Drive, Miami Beach, Florida 33140. **Printed by the McCall Printing Company, Dayton, Ohio.**

Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Commencement like it is: Antioch College sent notice to members of the class of 1969 and their parents that although cap and gown would not be required, everyone would have to wear shoes to the graduation exercises.

Does anyone sleep in a Murphy bed any more? I asked February 1 in this space. They do. Not all the old ways of life have gone. New Yorker Fran Sansalone, looking for an apartment in Seattle last fall, says she found them all over that city. Someone who signs himself Thane reports twin Murphy beds in the apartment of friends in Los Angeles. In Long Beach, California, the A. R. Swansons remodeled their home but not the Murphy bed, which is now in the guest room. The Lucerne apartment-hotel in Fort Worth has them, and from New York City's Tudor City, Phil Sheridan cries, "Up Murphy and away!" In Florida, H. Carlinger writes, "The best invention of the World of Slumbers."

My education is such that I thought Murphy beds were created for the old movie comedies so that someone could be folded away in one for laughs. The only person mentioning this use is K. Deborah Hume of Milwaukee, who says there are 146 Murphy beds in Carpenter Tower, girls' residence hall at Marquette University. She reports, "the best part about Murphy beds is that you can give a napping friend a surprise trip." So, whoever Murphy was, his name lives on.

In 1926, Joseph Moncure March quit his job as managing editor of *The New Yorker* after what he calls, "a series of bruising altercations with Harold Ross." He was trying to support himself by writing, but the only thing he sold was a piece of light verse twelve lines long. He lived in Greenwich Village, and was involved in the life of the Twenties. One day during the summer inspiration struck, and March worked day and night on a long narrative verse which, when he finished, he called *The Wild Party*. It was a vivid story of drinking, sex, and violence that—although it sounds comparatively tame today—so aroused John Sumner, head of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, that he threatened to jail anyone who published it. Those who read the long poem — Louis Untermeyer, Richard Simon, and others—praised it. But *The Wild Party* had to be published privately in an edition of 750 copies.

In 1928, March wrote another long verse, *The Set-Up*, the story of an aging Negro prizefighter who is killed because he failed to throw a fight. Like *The Wild Party*, it is a tense, dramatic story with a startling climax. In 1948, *The Set-Up* was made into a motion picture, although the point was lost by changing the Negro to a white man. Robert Ryan played the lead. Now for the first time, both these narratives have been published in one volume by Bond Wheelwright. It also includes "A Certain Wildness," a long introduction in which March describes his experiences of those times. (He now lives in Hollywood. As a screen writer he did such famous films as *Journey's End* and *Hell's Angels*.)

March was the nephew of General Peyton Conway March, Chief of Staff of the United States Army. During World War I, Private March hoped he

wouldn't run into his uncle in France, and he didn't, but he tells of a cousin who did. The cousin was a captain, and one day Uncle Peyton came to review the regiment. Everyone stood at attention, as the General passed swiftly down the ranks. They all knew the captain was his nephew, and they waited to see if any personal note would be struck between the two. When General March reached the spot where the young captain was standing, he halted abruptly, and confronted him.

"Why don't you write your mother?" he demanded sharply, and strode on.

Promotion for the new motion picture *The Green Slime* marches on. (The green slime is a vegetable growth from outer space that threatens the Earth.) Seminars are being conducted throughout the nation by MGM to apprise exhibitors and theater managers of what's coming. They are given press kits containing bumper stickers, lapel buttons, and samples of the slime. At the seminars, luncheon will be served featuring green cocktails, green vegetables (that's all right), and green desserts. Green girls wearing green slime bikinis will distribute promotional materials.

My thirteen-year-old daughter has just seen the movie on a double feature

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with *Romeo and Juliet*, the ending of which made her cry, while *The Green Slime* made her cringe. One of them, she told me, was written by Shakespeare. (What's in a name? That which we call green slime by any other name would smell as terrible.)

Sharps and Flats: One thing we ought to keep in mind about the job of the policeman, if there is trouble he has to run *toward* it.

► This sign was seen on a shop door in Reading, Massachusetts: OUT TO LUNCH. IF NOT BACK BY FIVE, OUT TO DINNER ALSO.

► The first drive-in theater was opened June 6, 1933.

► I won't have to ask, "Whatever happened to clotheslines?" because Helen Mather's charming little book of pictures tells. She drove around the country photographing what was hanging out to dry in America, and the results are published in *Clotheslines U.S.A.* There is very little text, but the photographs are eloquent in themselves.

► In *Pay Now, Die Later* (Penguin), the truth about life insurance, James Gollin reveals that of the approximately 110,000 men and women recruited, hired, and trained each year to sell life insurance, nearly 90 per cent of them leave the business within ninety days, having failed to sell.

► If you're in New England on a disagreeable day, and you want to hear someone repeat Mark Twain's remark about the weather, just wait five minutes.

► Margaret Donaldson wants to know what's up: on the 6-cent stamp commemorating fifty years of the American Legion, the American eagle has had its left wing clipped.

► A bookstore on Third Avenue in New York hung this sign: LET MAMA KNOW THAT YOU CARE; THIS MOTHER'S DAY GIVE HER PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT.

► Edward Echols: Show me a couple of toughs escaping from a Turkish bath, and I'll show you a clean pair of heels.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1834)

(WALTER) KERR:
THIRTY PLAYS HATH NOVEMBER

In a way, comedy is the greatest hypocrite of them all . . .; it points to a blemish and does nipups over having discovered something so utterly unimportant and so utterly delicious. It is, you see, kidding. Its habit is to make merry over what really ought to be reported to the police.

"Do you have a little Squirt for a Father?"

asks Ralph Taylor Phg.

PRESIDENT, CASWELL-MASSEY (AND A FATHER HIMSELF)

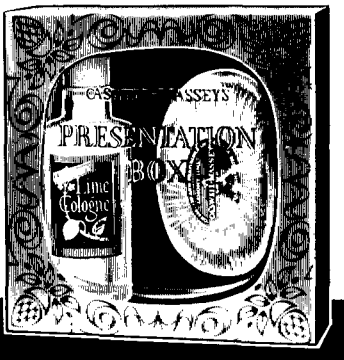
"IT IS NOT MY INTENT TO DISPARAGE the physical proportions of anyone's pater. I merely wish to direct your attention to a little squirt dear to my own heart, and certain to warm his. Namely — **Caswell-Massey's LEMONY-LIME COLOGNE.**

By all odds, this must rank as the most citrusy of scents ever squeezed into one bottle! Indeed I would wager that our LEMONY-LIME is easily twice the fragrance of any other. **Doubly zesty, it is not a solitary scent, but a wedding of two**—prime citrus oils, laboriously coaxed from their skins by hand scraping—not merely an extract, hastily arrived at by immersing rinds in solvents.

We give short cuts short shrift at Caswell-Massey. We permit our LEMONY-LIME to slumber to maturity for weeks. We freeze and clarify each small batch. We fill each glass tincture bottle by hand, just as we did in 1752 when we created America's first cologne for the Father of our country. Such patient processing explains why Caswell-Massey's LEMONY-LIME smells so much more natural and rounded than mass-made merchandise.

A diligent search on your part should uncover our tart, tangy LEMONY-LIME Cologne, soothing After Shave Lotion, concentrated Toilet Water and luxurious Whale Oil Soap at many men's and gift shops and department stores. Prices begin at $4.00 for both Cologne And After Shave: $10.00 for our Toilet Water: $4.75 for 3 hefty soap ovals. If you can't find us, take this fatherly advice and drop me a line. **But before June 15th!"**

CASWELL-MASSEY Co. Ltd. Dept. R3
114 East 25 St., New York, N.Y. 10010



Give him a Citrus Set!

"My suggestion for Father's Day: A Caswell-Massey Presentation Set containing a 3 oz. bottle of the very LEMONY-LIME Cologne aforementioned, plus a giant aromatic green bath oval of our fiercely lathering LEMONY-LIME Whale Oil Soap. Both just $6.00."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review
June 7, 1969

The Revolt Of the Diminished Man

"Why does the generation of the Sixties make itself morally responsible for the war in Vietnam, while the generation of 1917 stood on the Marne and quoted Woodrow Wilson . . . ? Why, for the first time, do university students . . . demand a part in the process?"

By ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

Robert Frost had the universe, not the university, in mind when he wrote his laconic couplet about the secret in the middle, but the image fits the academic world in crisis as well as the mysteries of space.

> We dance around in a ring and suppose
> But the secret sits in the middle and knows.

Indeed, we do. Faculty committees, state legislatures, alumni associations, police departments, and all the rest of us whirl in a circle with our favorite suppositions—which increasingly tend to roll up into one supposition: that the crisis in the university is really only a student crisis, or, more precisely, a crisis precipitated by a small minority of students, which would go away if the students would stop doing whatever it is they are doing or whatever they plan to do next.

Which, needless to say, is not a wholly irrational supposition. Those who have seen a purposeful task force of Harvard students take over University Hall, carry out reluctant deans, break into files, shout down professors are within their logical rights when they conclude that the occupying students were the cause of the crisis thus created. But the supposition remains a supposition notwithstanding for it does not follow—did not follow at Harvard certainly—that the crisis is a student crisis in the critical sense that it can be ended merely by suppressing the students involved. When the students involved were suppressed at Harvard, the crisis (as at other universities) was not reduced but enlarged. Which suggests, if it suggests anything, that the actual crisis is larger than its particular incidents or their perpetrators.

And there are other familiar facts which look in the same direction; as, for example, the fact that it is only when the general opinion of an entire student generation supports, or at least condones, minority disruptions that they can hope to succeed. The notion that the activist tail wags the huge, indifferent student dog is an illusion. Had a minority of the kind involved at Harvard attempted to bring the University to that famous "grinding halt" in the Forties or the Fifties it would have had its trouble for its pains no matter how forceful the police. It succeeded in the Sixties for one reason and for one reason only—because the climate of student opinion as a whole had changed in the Sixties; because there has been a change in the underlying beliefs, the accepted ideas, of an entire academic generation, or the greater part of it.

To look for the cause of crisis, therefore, is to examine, not the demands of the much discussed minorities but something larger—the changes in belief of the generation to which they belong. And there at once a paradox appears. The most striking of these changes far from disturbing the academic world should and does encourage it. There are, of course, romantics in the new generation who talk of destroying the university as a symbol of a defunct civilization, but the great mass of their contemporaries, however little they sometimes seem to understand the nature of the university—the vulnerability, fragility even, of that free and open community of minds which a university is—are nevertheless profoundly concerned with the university's well-being and, specifically, its relation to the world and to themselves.

This is a new thing under the academic sun — and, in itself, a hopeful thing. Down to the decade now closing, demands by any considerable number of American undergraduates for changes in the substance or manner or method or purpose of their instruction were rare indeed. In my day at Yale, back before the First World War, no one concerned himself less with matters of curriculum and teaching and the like than a college undergraduate. We were not, as undergraduates, indifferent to our education, but it never occurred to any of us to think of the curriculum of Yale College as a matter within our concern, or the policies of the university as decisions about which we—we of all creatures living—were entitled to an opinion. Some of my college classmates protested compulsory chapel (largely because of its interference with breakfast), but no one to my knowledge ever protested, even in a letter to the *News*, the pedantic teaching of Shakespeare, from which the college then suffered, or the non-teaching of Karl

This article is adapted from a speech delivered by Mr. MacLeish on Charter Day at the University of California.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marx, who was then on the point of changing the history of the world.

And the same thing was true of the relation between the university and the world outside. We in the class of 1915 spent our senior year in a Yale totally surrounded by the First World War, but we were "inside" and all the rest were "outside," and it was not for us to put the two together—not even for those of us who were to go from New Haven to die on the Marne or in the Argonne under extremely unpleasant circumstances in the most murderous, hypocritical, unnecessary, and generally nasty of all recorded wars, the present one included. Our deaths, as we came to know, would be our own but not their reasons. When I myself was asked by a corporal in my battery what we were there for—"there" being the second battle of the Marne—I quoted President Wilson: "to make the world safe for democracy." It was not my war. President Wilson was running it.

And the generation which fought the next war twenty years later saw things in much the same way. They too were in a sense observers—observers, in their case, of their own heroism. When the war came they fought it with magnificent courage: no citizen army in history ever fought better than theirs after that brutal North African initiation. But until the war came, while it was still in the agonizing process of becoming, it was somebody else's war—President Roosevelt's, as the Chicago *Tribune* kept insinuating, or Winston Churchill's. "America First" was, in part, a campus movement but the terrible question posed by Adolf Hitler—a question of life or death for thousands of young Americans and very possibly for the Republic itself—was little argued by the undergraduates of 1941. The political aspects of fascism they left to their elders at home and the moral agony to their contemporaries in the French Resistance. They themselves merely fought the war and won it—fought it with a kind of gallant indifference, an almost ironic gallantry, which was, and still remains, the hallmark of that incredible generation and its improbable triumph.

It is in this perspective and against this background that the attitudes of the undergraduates of the Sixties must be seen. Here, suddenly and almost without warning, is a generation of undergraduates that reverses everything that has gone before, rejects the traditional undergraduate isolation, refuses the conventional segregation of the university from the troubled world, and not only accepts for itself but demands for itself a measure of responsibility for both—for university *and* world, for life as well as for education.

And the question, if we wish to understand this famous crisis of ours, is: Why? Why has this transformation of ideas—metamorphosis more precisely—taken place? Why does the generation of the Sixties make itself morally responsible for the war in Vietnam, while the generation of 1917 stood on the Marne quoting Woodrow Wilson and the generation of 1941 smashed the invincible Nazi armor from Normandy to the Rhine without a quotation from anybody? Why, for the first time in the remembered history of this Republic, do its college and university students assert a responsibility for their own education, demand a part in the process? Are we really to believe with some of our legislators that the whole thing is the result of a mysterious, country-wide conspiracy among the hairier of the young directed perhaps by a sinister professor somewhere? Or is it open to us to consider that the crisis in the university may actually be what we call it: a crisis *in* the university—a crisis in education itself precipitated by a revolution in ideas, a revolution in the ideas of a new generation of mankind?

There are those who believe we must find the answer to that question where we find the question: in the decade in which we live. Franklin Ford, dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences at Harvard and one of the ablest and most admired of university administrators, attributes this changed mentality in great part to "the particular malaise of the Sixties." Undertaking to explain to his colleagues his view of what we have come to call "student unrest," Dean Ford defined it in terms of concentric circles, the most important of which would include students who had been profoundly hurt by the anguish of these recent years: "The thought-benumbing blows of successive assassinations, the equally tragic though more comprehensible crisis of the cities, the growing bitterness of the poor amid the self-congratulations of affluence, the even greater bitterness of black Americans, rich or poor . . . all these torments of our day have hit thoughtful young people with peculiar force. . . . Youth is a time of extreme vulnerability to grief and frustration, as well as a time of impatient, generous sympathy." And to all this, Dean Ford continues, must be added the war in Vietnam, which

". . . I said, the noise level index of the city now stands at 92 per cent."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he sees as poisoning and exacerbating everything else, contributing "what can only be described as (a sense) of horror."

Most of us—perhaps I should qualify that by saying most of those with whom I talk—would agree. We would agree, that is to say, that the war in Vietnam has poisoned the American mind. We would agree that the affluent society — more precisely the affluent half-society—has turned out to be a sick society, for the affluent half as well as for the other. We would agree that the cancer of the cities, the animal hatred of the races, the bursting pustule of violence has hurt us all and particularly those of us who are young and they in particular *because* they are young, because, being young, they are generous, because, being young and generous, they are vulnerable. We would agree to all this, and we would agree in consequence that there is a relationship between the malaise in the universities and Dean Ford's "particular malaise of the Sixties."

But would we agree, reflecting on those considerations and this conclusion, that it is the tragic events of the decade which, alone, are the root cause—the effective cause—of the unrest of which Dean Ford is speaking? If the bitterness, the brutality, the suffering of the last few years were the effective cause, would the *university* be the principal target of resentment? If Vietnam were the heart of the trouble, would the university curriculum be attacked—the methods of teaching, the teachers themselves? Would the reaction not have expressed itself, as indeed it once did, at the Pentagon?

What is resented, clearly, is not only the present state of the Republic, the present state of the world, but some relation or lack of relation between the state of the Republic, the state of the world, and the process of education—the process of education at its most meaningful point—the process of education in the university.

But what relation or lack of relation? A direct, a one-to-one, relationship? Is the university blamed *because* the war is being fought, *because* the ghettos exist, *because* the affluent society is the vulgar, dull, unbeautiful society we see in our more ostentatious cities? Is the demand of the young a demand that the university should alter its instruction and its practices so as to put an end to this ugliness, these evils—reshape this society?

There are some undergraduates, certainly, who take this position. There are some who would like to bring the weight and influence of the university to bear directly on the solution of economic and social problems through the management of the university's real estate and endowments. There are others who would direct its instruction toward specific evils by establishing courses in African affairs and urban studies. Both attitudes are familiar: they are standard demands of student political organizations. They are also reasonable — reasonable at least in purpose if not always in form. But do they go to the heart of the matter? Is this direct relationship of specific instruction to specific need—of specific land-use program to specific land-use evil—the relation undergraduates have in mind when they complain, as they do, over and over, that their courses are not "relevant," that their education does not "respond to their needs," "preach to their condition"? Is it only "applicability," only immediate pertinence, the generation of the young demands of us? Is the deep, almost undefinable restlessness of the student generation—the dark unhappiness of which Senator Muskie spoke in that unforgettable speech at Chicago—an unhappiness which Centers of Urban Studies, however necessary, can cure?

I do not think so and neither, if you will forgive me for saying it, do you. The distress, the very real and generous suffering and distress of an entire generation of young men and young women is related certainly to the miseries of the Sixties, but it is not founded in them and it will not disappear when they vanish — when, if ever, the war ends and the hot summers find cool shade and the assassinations cease. The "relevance" these students speak of is not relevance to the *Huntley-Brinkley Report*. It is relevance to their own lives, to the living of their lives, to themselves as men and women living. And their resentment, their very real resentment and distress, rises not only from the tragedies and mischances of the last ten years but from a human situation, a total human situation involving human life as human life, which has been three generations in the making, and which this new generation now revolts against—rejects.

At the time of the Sorbonne riots a year ago a French politician spoke in terms of apocalypse: We had come to a point in time like the fall of Rome when civilizations collapse because belief is dead. What was actually happening in Paris and elsewhere was, of course, the precise opposite. Belief, passionate belief, had come alive for the first time in the century and with it rage and violence. The long diminishment, the progressive diminution, of value put upon man, upon the idea of man, in modern society had met the revulsion of a generation of the young who condemned it in all its aspects, left as well as right, Communist as well as capitalist, the indifference of the Marxist bureaucracies as well as the bureaucratic industrial indifference of the West.

This diminishment of the idea of man has been a long time in progress. I will not claim for my generation that we witnessed its beginning, I will assert only that we were the first to record it where alone it could be recorded. The arts with us became aware of a flatness in human life, a loss of depth as though a dimension had somehow dropped from the world—as though our human shadows had de-

"The sweet breezes of flower-petal fragrances should waft gently through this year of the cricket if the family holds fast to its mutual funds and long-term growth stocks, and, in addition, adds to the real estate holdings, eases off slightly on capital investment, and dumps a few short-haul . . ."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

serted us. The great metaphor of the journey of mankind—Ulysses among the mysteries and monsters—reduced itself in our youth to that other Ulysses among the privies and the pubs of Dublin, Ireland. Cleopatra on her flowery barge floated through a Saturday night in the Bloomsbury Twenties. Even death itself was lessened: the multitudes of Dante's damned crossed T. S. Eliot's London Bridge, commuters in the morning fog. Nothing was left remarkable beneath the visiting moon.

And in the next generation—the generation, as we are now beginning to see, of Joyce's secretary and disciple, Samuel Beckett—the testimony of the arts went on. The banality of the age turned to impotence and numbness and paralysis, a total anesthesia of the soul. Leopold Bloom no longer maundered through the musty Dublin streets. He was incapable even of maundering, incapable of motion. He sat to his neck in sand, like a head of rotting celery in an autumn garden, and waited, or did not even wait—just sat there. While as for Cleopatra—Cleopatra was an old man's youthful memory played back upon a worn-out tape.

The arts are honest witnesses in these matters. Pound was right enough, for all the well-known plethora of language, when he wrote in praise of Joyce's *Ulysses* that "it is a summary of pre-war Europe, the blackness and mess and muddle of a 'civilization,'" and that "Bloom very much *is* the mess." The arts, moreover, are honest witnesses in such matters not only when they achieve works of art as with Joyce and Eliot and frequently with Beckett. They testify even when they fail. The unpoem, the nonpainting of our era, the play that does not play, all bear their penny's worth of witness. The naked, half-embarrassed boy displaying his pudenda on an off Off-Broadway stage is not an actor nor is his shivering gesture a dramatic act, but still he testifies. He is the last, sad, lost reincarnation of L. Bloom, the resurrection of the head of celery. Odysseus on his lonely raft in the god-infested sea has come to this.

What was imagined in Greece, reimagined in the Renaissance, carried to a passion of pride in Europe of the Enlightenment and to a passion of hope in the Republic of the New World—John Adams's hope as well as Jefferson's and Whitman's; Lincoln's that he called "the last, best hope"—all this grimaces in pitiful derision of itself in that nude, sad, shivering figure. And we see it or we hear about it and protest. But protest *what*? The nakedness! The morals of the playwright! Undoubtedly the playwright needs correction in his morals and above all in the practice of his art, but in his *vision*? His *perception*? Is he the first to see this? On the contrary, his most obvious failure as playwright is precisely the fact that he is merely one of thousands in a thronging, long contemporary line—a follower of fashion. He testifies as hundreds of his betters have been testifying now for years—for generations—near a century.

"You can't tell the right from the left any more."

Why have they so testified? They cannot tell you. The artist's business is to see and to show, not answer why: to see as no one else can see, and to show as nothing else can show, but not to explain. He knows no more of explanation than another. And yet *we* cannot help but wonder why—why the belief in man has foundered; why it has foundered *now*—precisely *now*—now at the moment of our greatest intellectual triumphs, our never equaled technological mastery, our electronic miracles. Why was man a wonder to the Greeks—to Sophocles of all the Greeks—when he could do little more than work a ship to windward, ride a horse, and plow the earth, while now that he knows the whole of modern science he is a wonder to no one—certainly not to Sophocles' successors and least of all, in any case, to himself?

There is no easy answer, though thoughtful men are beginning to suggest that an answer may be found and that, when it is, it may very well relate precisely to this vast new knowledge. George W. Morgan states the position in his *The Human Predicament*. "The sheer weight of accumulated but uncontrolled knowledge and information, of print, views, discoveries, and interpretations, of methods and techniques, inflicts a paralyzing sense of impotence. The mind is overwhelmed by a constant fear of its ignorance. . . . The individual man, feeling unable to gain a valid perspective of the world and of himself, is forced to regard both as consisting of innumerable isolated parts to be relinquished, for knowledge and control, to a legion of experts." All this, says Mr. Morgan, diminishes human understanding in the very process of augmenting human knowledge. It also, I should wish to add, diminishes something else. It diminishes man. For man, as the whole of science as well as the whole of poetry, will demonstrate, is not what he thinks he knows, but what he thinks he *can* know, can become.

But however much or little we comprehend of the cause of our paradoxical diminishment in our own eyes at the moment of our greatest technological triumphs, we cannot help but understand a little of its consequences and particularly its relation to the crisis in the university. Without the belief in man, the university is a contradiction in terms. The business of the university is education at its highest possible level, and the business of education at its highest possible level is the relation of men to their lives. But how is the university to concern itself with the relation of men to their lives, to the living of their lives, to the world in which their lives are lived, without the bold assumption, the brave, improbable hypothesis, that these lives matter, that these men count—that Odysseus on his battered, drifting raft still stands for a reality we take for real?

And how can a generation of the young, born into the world of the diminished man and in revolt against it—in revolt against its indifference to humanity in its cities and in its wars and in the weapons of its wars—how can a generation of the young help but demand some teaching from the uni-

(*Continued on page* 61)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SAD STATE OF FEDERAL ARCHITECTURE

While the politicos polish apples and fend off esthetes, government designers wrap their buildings in waffle irons.

By WOLF VON ECKARDT

Of all the drab and ugly new buildings in our cities, the drabbest and ugliest are often federal offices. This is unfortunate because somewhere in the government files is a directive, signed by President John F. Kennedy, which says that government buildings should "embody the finest contemporary architectural thought" —the idea being that handsome government buildings would help improve the quality of our cities.

But Kennedy's "Guiding Principles for Federal Architecture" and their cursory reincantation by Lyndon Johnson have served at best only to polish the same old drab and ugly political apples to keep nagging esthetes at bay.

Only the Fine Arts Commission in Washington, chaired by JFK's friend, the painter William Walton, has been concerned with government buildings having as the directive puts it, "an architectural style and form which is distinguished and which will reflect the dignity, enterprise, vigor, and stability of the American national government." With varying degrees of success, the commission has made the bureaucrats and their architects try harder.

For the past year or so there has been no dignity, enterprise, vigor, or stability to reflect, as the cost of the Vietnam war has stopped virtually all government construction. Whether there will be an improvement in architectural thought when funds become available again is still anyone's guess. Whittier, California, where the new President spent his formative years, has hardly the climate to foster esthetic interests.

The new Nixon men in charge of the Government Services Administration, which handles all but military and postal-building designs and construction (about $2 billion in the past ten years), seem to differ from the former Johnson men only in their political party affiliation. They are not chosen to give the public thoughtfully designed public buildings. Their task is to keep government workers in paper clips, and to reconcile the demands of a growing federal bureaucracy with the whims and wishes of Congress. And Congress, it will be remembered, gave the country the Sam Rayburn House Office Building.

One ray of hope is the ebullient Irishman who drafted the Kennedy directive seven years ago. He is Daniel Patrick Moynihan who was a special assistant to then Secretary of Labor Arthur Goldberg when Goldberg urged Kennedy to rebuild Pennsylvania Avenue and, while he was at it, improve the rest of the federal look. Moynihan, of course, is now head of the White House Office of Urban Affairs.

Moynihan cares. But even if he seizes or is given the chance, it will take more than sending a well-intentioned man to GSA to translate noble gab into architecture. The last time the White House tried, its well-intentioned man, Karel Yasko, formerly the Wisconsin state architect, could find only nine copies of the presidential directive in all of GSA when he arrived there six months after it was issued. GSA has 22,000 employees and ten regional offices. Seven of the nine copies were locked up in the files of GSA administrator Bernard Boutin.

A politician from New Hampshire, Boutin would make many a fine speech about good design, peppering them with the names of the leading architects who had been invited to the Kennedy Inauguration. But within a week after the President's assassination, he reportedly commissioned no fewer than nine projects over the objections of Yasko and other design professionals on the GSA staff.

Yasko, nevertheless, went around the country, declaring the guidelines "my creed and my banner," looking for "the architect who soaks himself in the project, goes at it with both fists, knocks himself out cold over creation." A few months later his superiors in GSA knocked *him* out, or almost. They first demoted him from assistant public buildings commissioner to "supervising architect." And then, shortly thereafter, to "special assistant," a title not listed on GSA's organization chart. At this writing, he is still holding on, chasing excellence up and down GSA's labyrinthine corridors.

GSA, meanwhile, builds federal buildings in the same unfathomable, complex ways in which it has always built them—of politics and unbendable red tape as much as of steel, glass, and concrete. No one has seriously charged, let alone proved, outright corruption. Yet the scandal lies in the sensational ugliness of the buildings, such as the new federal building on New York's Foley Square, the biggest yet.

The city had pleaded with GSA to put this monster elsewhere. But the federal bureaucrats persisted and started to dig until several adjacent structures caved in to reveal the unadorned, insipid magnitude of the blunder. The building's totally blank forty-one-story concrete wall does evoke some *Schadenfreude*, at least, but what is really depressing are the other three facades—a checkerboard of granite, limestone, and glass by who cares what architect. They are not even a blunder. They are just tasteless and pompous motel-modern.

In Philadelphia, the federal builders relented a bit. There, for Independence Mall, they proposed a design by J. Roy Carroll—a former president of the American Institute of Architects—and a long list of his partners for a $40-million U.S. courthouse and federal office building. It consisted of a low-slung glass box that was visually crushed by a massive, twenty-story red brick tower with two enormous ears sticking out. The ears were to house the courtrooms. Nearly everybody in Philadelphia agreed with chief city planner Edmund N. Bacon that it was "the worst design ever." But GSA's

Wolf Von Eckardt is architecture critic for the Washington *Post*.

Fetal Thoughts

By Gerald Jonas

I
Im
I Imm
I I Immm
I I I Immmm
I I I I Immmmm
I I I I I Immmmmm
I I I I Immmmm
I I I Immmm
I I Immm
I Imm
Im
m

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

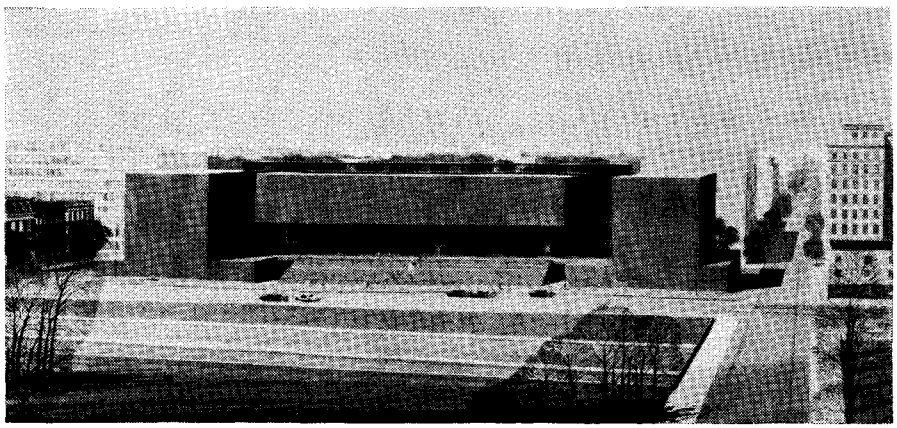
Karel Yasko defended it as the best designed courtroom in the country. In the end GSA reconsidered. The compromise is just that.

Other cities don't argue much about design. The planners may sigh or perhaps even cuss a little about GSA. But federal buildings help business, and most Congressmen, mayors, and city councils don't care what they look like. They are interested in who gets the job of designing and building, not in how well it's designed and built.

There are exceptions. By some miracle, Mies van der Rohe was commissioned to design the new federal building in Chicago. It's one of his best buildings. Elsewhere, Congressman Henry Reuss, Democrat of Wisconsin, created a panel of outstanding architects to guide the design of a new post office in Milwaukee with good results.

But for the rest, from Alaska to Texas, federal judges and clerks work in ever bigger, look-alike concrete boxes usually raised on stilts. The current fad is to wrap the boxes in waffle irons. "The development of an official style must be avoided," reads the Kennedy directive. But there it is, sudden, ubiquitous, and as irritatingly monotonous as Muzak.

One can't legislate good architecture, of course. But Walton's Fine Arts Commission demonstrates that a better way can be found. The commission includes such outstanding designers as architects Gordon Bunshaft, Kevin Roche, and Chloethiel Woodard Smith, art critic Aline B. Saarinen, and landscape architect Hideo Sasaki. It is in effect, a tough, high-minded, and uncompromising school of architecture. The capital's newest public buildings, many of them still on the drawing boards, show promise.



Department of Housing and Urban Development building (above) in Washington, D.C.—a style and form of architecture to reflect dignity and enterprise of government. The U.S. Tax Court building (below) also in Washington, D.C.—handsome government buildings that will improve the quality of American cities.

The hacks—and the District of Columbia Department of Buildings and Grounds has asked far too many of them to design Washington school buildings and firehouses—resent it, of course, when the commission tells them to go home and start all over again. But Victor Lundy, a most talented architect, is glad the commission just laughed him out of its chambers when he submitted his first design for a tax court building. When he came back, a year later, he proudly brought with him what may be the finest building design of his career.

Unfortunately, the Fine Arts Commission's jurisdiction does not extend beyond the capital. GSA officials will tell you that for the rest of the country they have national and regional architectural advisory panels. These panels were appointed three years after the Kennedy directive called for them. Their members are mostly prominent, capable, and busy. They meet once or twice a year to discuss generalities and have virtually nothing to say. They are shown only those building designs GSA chooses to show them, and these are *faits accomplis*. According to one member, "there isn't even anything to whitewash."

The first thing Moynihan and the Nixon Administration could do to improve the image of our national government and many important vistas in our cities is to put teeth into the review boards. As the Kennedy directive ordered, these boards, and not patronage, should select the designers of public buildings. This procedure worked well for the State Department some time ago, resulting in several architecturally outstanding foreign embassies.

President Kennedy had suggested that federal agencies hold open design competitions for important buildings. The city halls in Boston and Toronto, undoubtedly the best examples of recent civic architecture on this continent, emerged from competitions. The Canadian one was international, won by the late Viljo Revell, a Finn. But the U.S. Government, in most instances, has ignored the suggestion.

It also has ignored JFK's calls for generous landscaping and designs that reflect the architectural traditions of the region in which the building is located, not to mention his guideline urging that "the Government should be willing to pay some additional cost to avoid excessive uniformity in design of federal buildings." Better forget that last recommendation. Moynihan has to work with Republicans.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor - Norman Cousins

Publisher - William D. Patterson

Associate Editors
Irving Kolodin • Horace Sutton

Associate Publisher - Richard L. Tobin

Managing Editor
Roland Gelatt

Science Editor
John Lear

Education Editor
James Cass

Book Review Editor
Rochelle Girson

Poetry Editor
John Ciardi

Travel Editor
David Butwin

Art Editor
Katharine Kuh

Copy Editor
Peter Nichols

General Editor
Hallowell Bowser

Layout & Production
Pearl S. Sullivan

Editors-at-Large
Cleveland Amory • Henry Brandon
Harrison Brown • Charles Frankel
Frank G. Jennings • Joseph Wood Krutch
Elmo Roper • Peter Schrag
Theodore C. Sorensen • Paul Woodring

Contributing Editors
Goodman Ace • Hollis Alpert • Jerome Beatty, Jr.
Henry Hewes • Granville Hicks
Arthur Knight • Martin Levin • Rollene W. Saal
Robert Lewis Shayon • Zena Sutherland
Walter Terry • Margaret R. Weiss
John T. Winterich

Books Are Not Expendable

What if a coalition of extremists proclaimed their intention of fire-bombing every school and public library in the country?

The public outcry would, of course, be memorable. Not only would riot police hit the streets in force, but reasonable people everywhere would set up an anguished outcry and take the sternest possible line with the troublemakers. Our schools and libraries are, the cry would go, the backbone of the nation and the arsenal of democracy—who diminishes them diminishes America. And if, in the face of the riot guns and outraged public feeling, the extremists did manage to level a few libraries and classrooms, popular opinion would soon force the government to build ever statelier mansions of learning on the bombed-out sites.

But there is, of course, more than one way to put schools and libraries out of commission. There are ways of doing the job in broad daylight, right under the nose of a somnolent American public. Consider, for instance, the recently announced federal budget allotments for books and educational materials for the coming fiscal year. Where $237 million was made available a year ago, the Nixon Administration has slashed that amount by a cool 87.5 per cent. Yet the public outcry has been, at best, muted.

Spelled out, this wholesale slash means that no federal funds at all will be given to elementary school libraries, and that only minuscule amounts will trickle down to the public and college libraries.

The libraries are, of course, far from being alone in their deprivation. The proposed federal cuts will bring the budget of the Office of Education down from $4.1 billion in 1968 to a lowly $3.2 billion in 1970—a steep, even dizzying decline, and one that is bound to leave wound-stripes on the country's educational bodies for some time to come.

Ironically, Washington's budget-slashers have chosen to hack away at federal grants at a time when their counterparts in the cities and localities are also finding it expedient to skimp and scamp on educational services. The effect of this dual barrage may well prove devastating.

But surely no one in government is *against* education and the reading process? If, as Senators are forever telling us in commencement day speeches, education is the backbone of our country, why would sober, well-meaning budget experts want to bend their country's backbone to the snapping point? The unofficial explanation out of Washington has been that the programs hit were of "low priority" in this "period of inflation and budgetary stringency."

This "explanation" would be moving and persuasive if only the pesky daily papers would stop printing stories that give such explanations the lie. Recent news stories tell, for instance, how the Air Force, sans congressional authorization or appropriations, approached an aircraft company and ordered up fifty-seven monster-sized C-5A transport planes, without having any clear idea of how much the planes would cost. The price will depend, it came out, on how much an earlier order of fifty-eight C-5As costs to build. If the first group of planes turns out to cost more than expected, no sweat: Under its contract with the Air Force, the aircraft company is free to jack up the price of the second group of planes as much as is necessary to insure a tidy profit.

This breathtaking display of the juggler's art has moved Representative Otis Pike, of New York, to exclaim that the Air Force was "playing Mickey Mouse with figures." The contract arrangement is so loose-limbed and amiable, in fact, that no one seems sure just how much money may be involved. Thus, the Air Force says its original understanding was that all the planes would cost some $4,348,000,000 but that of course the estimate has since risen by $1,382,000,000. Yet one Air Force expert concedes that the cost increase will probably run something on the order of $2 billion. This amount could give the United States the finest library facilities and services in the world. Meanwhile, each week we read other reports of massive military waste and sloppy bookkeeping that do little to convince the electorate that the values of the society are in happy balance. Fortunately, various groups and individuals are currently pressing Congress to restore these budget cuts —which is to say, they are trying to restore the nation's educational backbone to its original shape. During this month and July, the Congress will be holding hearings and voting on the 1970 appropriations bill. If every American who feels strongly about these misappropriations of educational funds would visit, write, or call his Representative and Senators, there is every chance that the cuts would be restored. If they are not, the bureaucrats—or, as the Germans call them, "desk-murderers"—will with a pen stroke have done more damage to the life of the mind in this country than a regiment of fanatics and incendiaries could do if they worked around the clock. Books are not expendable.

It is the fashion to think of teachers, librarians, and cultivated people generally as timid, sheeplike, and much too well bred to cry out when they are shorn. Perhaps it is time to remind our fiscal hatchet-wielders of Balzac's saying, "Terrible is the revolt of a sheep." —HALLOWELL BOWSER.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor

Pits in the Lemonade

I WISH TO COMMEND Professor Garrett Hardin for his excellent article "Finding Lemonade in Santa Barbara's Oil" [*SR*, May 10], concerning the application of cost-benefit analysis theory to oil pollution. I would, however, offer one caveat in connection with this approach. Although society has seen fit, in fact, if not in theory, to apply this doctrine to remedy social ills in certain other situations (e.g., workmen's compensation), in many instances society has found it necessary to adjudge the product of an activity to be so invidious as to require prohibition of the activity in its entirety. This type of absolute prohibition goes completely beyond the cost-benefit analysis theory.

In the case of the Santa Barbara channel oil pollution incident and similar situations, I am not convinced that even an appropriately applied cost-benefit analysis would necessarily result in maximizing benefit to the public. Professor Hardin, in discussing whether or not the Santa Barbara channel oil is worth the candle, would rely principally on the internal processes of industry to come to that judgment if the same be warranted by cost-benefit analysis. This is misplaced reliance. The companies drilling in the Santa Barbara channel have the vast majority of their operations elsewhere. For many reasons (market demand, cost of transportation, need for reserves, etc.) they may wish to produce Santa Barbara channel oil even though standing alone it is less than economically attractive. Thus, even if we internalize the pollution detriment, the companies may still be willing to operate (and to pollute and pay for it) to obtain the production, provided that revenues to offset the loss can be obtained elsewhere. So, simply internalizing the costs may not achieve the desired goal. This may well be one of those situations in which society must absolutely prohibit the activity and thus simply declare the Santa Barbara channel off limits to mineral exploitation efforts.

It would be interesting to compare the value of the benefit to be derived from such an absolute prohibition with the value of the resource to be produced, discounting the latter by potential adverse effects. It is not inconceivable that society would benefit more from the prohibition than from the development.

H. GARY KNIGHT,
Assistant Professor of Law,
Louisiana State University,
Baton Rouge, La.

Hope for World's Future

N.C.'S EDITORIAL "Proposal to a Foundation" [*SR*, Apr. 26] deserves wide notice. May I suggest going a step beyond the establishment of a Commission on the World's Future toward a research body—perhaps under the direction of such a commission—with the enduring practical work of determining and reporting the world's use of energy and materials?

JOHN F. BENNETT,
Assistant Professor,
University of Pennsylvania,
Philadelphia, Pa.

THERE CAN BE no more imperative annual report than on the State of Mankind. A global broadcast by satellite, and, of course, by all other available means, must be implicit in N.C.'s proposal. Mr. Paley, and Dr. Stanton—and Senator Symington—particularly, I believe, might have special interest in making such an annual report a reality.

PARKER WHEATLEY,
Director of Public Affairs,
KMOX-TV,
St. Louis, Mo.

AS A START in my own way, I've had five copies made of N.C.'s editorial which I shall pass on to friends; I have also written to my Assemblyman and state Senator.

MRS. ADA GARFINKEL,
Kentfield, Calif.

I WOULD LIKE to suggest a committee of citizens to pursue this type of action before the human race annihilates itself. Contact me for every possible assistance.

R. THAD TAYLOR,
President,
Shakespeare Society of America,
West Hollywood, Calif.

UP WITH THE COMMISSION on the World's Future! If there is to be an earthly future for man, this generation must think some hard thoughts and accept some least disagreeable choices. I am ready. Let the foundation supporting the commission be open to contributions from the world's peoples.

STEVE L. CULVER,
Fort Hays Kansas State College,
Hays, Kan.

Help for the Blind

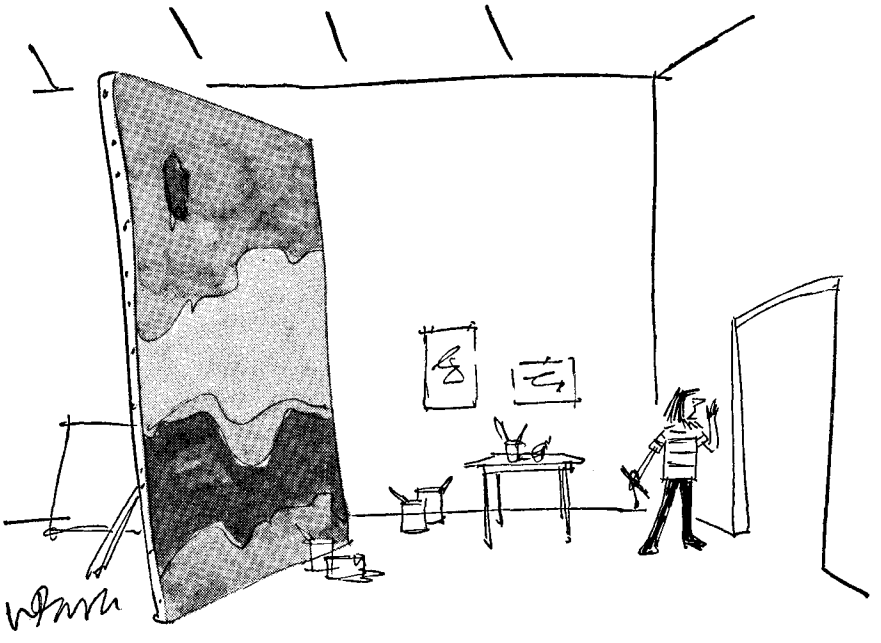
IN HIS TRADE WINDS column (*SR*, Apr. 26) Jerome Beatty, Jr., mentions a new book *The Making of Blind Men* by Dr. Robert A. Scott. I feel that neither the book nor the column reflects accurately how public and private agencies operate to improve the lives of blind people. Mr. Beatty's column indicated that he had little first-hand knowledge of programs for visually handicapped people. With regard to beggars—they comprise only a very small percentage of the blind population.

I can say with assurance that our efforts go toward helping blind persons become as independent as possible. The greatest number of visually handicapped persons who seek our help have serious physical and emotional problems in addition to blindness. Indeed, even if they had no visual problem, they would still require help from a community resource.

It is also not true, as Beatty states, that the largest part of an agency's budget goes toward children and employable blind adults. The greatest percentage of our funds are allotted to our Home for the Aged Blind, where elderly, highly dependent persons can be assured of complete care. Even at the home, we make every effort to keep residents active.

It may be of interest that Dr. Scott's research was done on the basis of reports and directories from various agencies dating back many years. I'm sure if he had seen our instructors teaching a blind person to use the subway, prepare a meal for himself, or operate a sewing machine, he would have been deeply impressed.

HOWARD A. NEWMAN,
President,
Jewish Guild for the Blind,
New York, N.Y.



"Alice! Is it beauty or evil that exists in the eye of the beholder?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Theater

Henry Hewes

The Great White Myth

WASHINGTON, D.C.

NO RESIDENT THEATER in America turns out more flawlessly executed productions of large plays than Arena Stage. Thus, its decision to attempt a production of Arthur Kopit's *Indians*, a ritualistic play which calls for the fullest and most imaginative theatrical realization, is a happy one.

Under Gene Frankel's disciplined direction, and with the colorful designs of Kurt Lundell and Marjorie Slaiman, the proceedings are theatrically splendid. The play begins with the entrance of Buffalo Bill, who brings with him all the excitement of a Wild West show, its garish lights and its exaggerated whoop-it-up horsemanship. But he confesses that he has fallen on hard times and is now reduced to playing twice a day in ghost towns. This suggests that the play is to be the tragedy of a legendary hero reduced to the ignominious fate of being obliged forever to impersonate his mythical self for future generations who will no longer care about the reality behind the myth.

However, if it is the playwright's primary intention to explore the tragifarce of American mythmaking and its consequences, the play in its present state of development fights a losing battle against the audience's predisposition to interpret the events presented as simply an accusation of the guilty whites for their persecution of the noble Indians.

A good portion of the proceedings is devoted to arguments between the Indians and a government commission. In one of these, Sitting Bull tells the commission that he recognizes that the Indians must try to live like white men, and boldly demands that the government which made it impossible for the Indians to live proudly in their own way now provide them with the wherewithal to live proudly in exactly the same way the white men do. Not only is this moving, but it also raises the question of how the white power structure has dealt with other minorities.

But *Indians* is more for ensemble performing than it is for analysis. In the most demanding role of Buffalo Bill, Stacy Keach somehow sustains full energy through a welter of scenes that require him simultaneously to exercise his delusions and to be bewildered by their falsity. Provided with a marvelously flexible "horse" specially devised by Jim Knox, he is incredibly vivid in his Wild West antics. And in his ultimate, pathetic attempt to justify his life by showing the audience some handmade trinkets to prove that the surviving Indians can support themselves by their industrious craftsmanship, Keach is shatteringly helpless.

Manu Tupou as Sitting Bull, Richard Bauer as Chief Joseph, and Barry Primus as Carlisle-educated John Grass all have fine moments. And Kopit has written one broadly funny scene in the White House which permits Barton Heyman to be quite droll as Wild Bill Hickok carrying fiction into reality with the rape of the dumbfounded actress playing the Indian maiden he is supposedly rescuing from violation by the Pawnees.

Indians may be somewhat incoherent, but its success here indicates that large audiences enjoy atoning their guilt for Indian persecution while at the same time they are entertained by a Wild West extravaganza.

WALTHAM, MASS.

THERE IS NO universally agreed upon way in which to measure the health of a university's performing arts department, but the job done at Brandeis over the past three years would seem exceptionally resourceful. An impressive demonstration that the feared domination of drama students by a resident professional company may not be inevitable is provided here by two productions running concurrently.

In the small Laurie Theater, a cast consisting mainly of mature professionals is supporting two graduate students, Rod Loomis and Dale Vivirito, in *Edward II*, a new play by another graduate student, Harry C. Timm. Meanwhile, in the larger Spingold Theater, a cast composed almost entirely of students is performing *Home Monster*, a new play by another student, Stan Thomas. And although *Edward II* emerges as a very respectable attempt to envision a fourteenth-century story through modern eyes, it is outshone by *Home Monster*, which is just about the best student play I can remember ever having seen presented at a university.

Home Monster begins with a TV interview of what appears to be the typical American suburban family. With the greatest assurance and ease, the twenty-four-year-old playwright lets his characters put their feet into it naturally and without malice. Whereas Edward Albee's *Everything In The Garden* showed us suburbanites led into prostitution and murder for economic reasons, *Home Monster* conjures up sexual vices and homicides that seem to be inspired by the boredom of suburbia and by the impersonal jumble of mass media and technology.

During the day, parents Enrique and Justine are typical commuter and mother-wife-lover respectively. But in the evenings, they become sexual fetishists with whips and chains and torture instruments. The pair accept these practices without guilt because they keep an otherwise empty relationship exciting. Their fifteen-year-old twins are called Adolphus and Camus, and we soon learn that these two are stealing and killing in order to put together a Frankenstein monster in their room. The offspring are not vicious, nor even unkind. Rather they are children whose ideas of right and wrong are self-indulgent, and who have acquired much too much knowledge without wisdom. As someone in the play remarks, "Children these days know the secrets of the universe before they register to vote."

But the most interesting character is Byron Swath, a TV commentator, whom the boys butcher to usurp his heart, head, and genitals for their monster. Once reassembled as a mechanical man, he finds he does not resent the transformation and he falls in love with a vacuum cleaner. Near the end, when a small cocktail party is given to show off the boys' invention, his melancholy reaction to the human beings nicely makes the author's point. He asks, "Who are all those people? Their blood streams must be plastic, their dreams all out of glossy magazines, their voices marshmallow, congealing Jell-O words flavoring the air. I miss my vacuum cleaner."

"IF YOU HAVE JUST ONE SHOW TO SEE ON BROADWAY ...MAKE IT THIS ONE."
—Clive Barnes, New York Times

HAIR

THE MUSICAL REVELATION

MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY
Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $11.00; Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $12.00. All Evgs.: Front. Mezz. $11.00; Rear Mezz. $9.00, 8.00, 7.00, 6.00, 5.00. Wed. Mats.: Orch. $7.00; Front Mezz. $7.00; Rear Mezz. $5.00, 4.00, 3.00. Sat. Mats.: Orch. $7.50; Front Mezz. $7.50; Rear Mezz. $6.00, 5.00, 4.00. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and kindly list several alternate dates. Tickets also available at your broker or travel agent.
BILTMORE THEATRE 261 WEST 47 ST., 582-5340

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An essay review of Richard Burgin's "Conversations with Jorge Luis Borges" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 144 pp., $3.95.)

Literary Gold in South America

By Selden Rodman

Belatedly we are discovering not only that major poets and novelists exist in South America but that they seem to be the most inspired anywhere. Richard Burgin's *Conversations with Jorge Luis Borges* provides as good an introduction as any to this exciting new world, but since the Argentinian, whose stories and essays already belong to the ages, maintains a splendid isolation from his contemporaries, perhaps a word first about other burgeoning reputations is in order.

To my knowledge, the only living poet who is admired wherever poetry is read is Pablo Neruda of Chile. But until the triumph of his reading in New York three years ago Neruda was available to us mainly by way of anthologies. Now half a dozen books of his poems have been issued in English and, especially in the versions of Ben Bellit and Alastair Reid, very little is lost in the transition. The same cannot be said for the work of Nicanor Parra, Chile's other internationally influential poet; however, this may be because Parra's "cool" idiom is less susceptible to translation than Neruda's political rhetoric and rich romanticism.

Outstanding poets in the other South American countries are virtually unknown except to those who understand Spanish and Portuguese, or to readers of such scholarly anthologies as the excellent one put out by *TriQuarterly* at Northwestern this year. *Poemas Humanos,* containing the later poems of César Vallejo of Peru, whose reputation in the Spanish-speaking world rivals Neruda's, was published in the United States last year, but this is poetry of an almost inarticulate private anguish that will never be popular, and nothing was done to make its Englishing agreeable to the ear. Important poets like Rafael Pineda of Venezuela, or Carlos Drummond de Andrade and João Cabral de Melo Neto in Brazil, have yet to appear in book form in English.

The novel, naturally, has fared better. João Guimarães Rosa, also of Brazil, is now known and thoroughly appreciated for his stories, as well as his major novel, *The Devil to Pay in the Backlands.* The more popular Brazilian social-realist, Jorge Amado, has been read in English since World War II; and this too is true of Peru's Ciro Alegría and Ecuador's Jorge Icaza, who write with similar indignation about the oppressed Indians in their countries. Mario Vargas Llosa, Peru's angry young man, has had two novels published in America, *The Time of the Hero* and *The Green House,* and both of these Walpurgisnachts of urban dislocation have received critical acclaim.

The two most talked-about novelists in Latin America today, however, are Julio Cortázar of Argentina and Gabriel García Márquez of Colombia. Three titles by Cortázar—*End of the Game and Other Stories, Hopscotch,* and *The Witness*—have already been published in the States, and a second volume of short stories, *Cronopios and Famas,* will be issued later this month. But García Márquez still waits to be savored. To be sure, his short stories, *No One Writes to the Colonel,* were released in translation last year. But when this writer's best novel, *One Hundred Years of Solitude,* is brought out here next December, it is certain to confirm the verdict of those who are hailing the emergence of a comic genius of Chaucerian-Rabelaisian proportions. Though García Márquez lives in Barcelona, his preoccupation with rural Colombia is total. Cortázar also lives abroad (Paris) but his is the familiar detachment of the exile. He is a wordsmith, obsessed with inventing a style and a language to evoke his alienation.

Jorge Luis Borges loses little or nothing in translation. This is in part because he is concerned to make his metaphysical tales of circular time and multiple identity believable, partly be-

SELDEN RODMAN is the author of *The Caribbean, The Peru Traveler,* and a forthcoming book to be entitled *South America of the Poets.*

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

25 **"Conversations with Jorge Luis Borges,"** by Richard Burgin

27 **Book Forum:** Letters from Readers

28 **European Literary Scene,** by Robert J. Clements

29 **"Henry James: The Treacherous Years, 1895-1901,"** by Leon Edel

30 **"The Poet and Her Book: The Life and Work of Edna St. Vincent Millay,"** by Jean Gould

31 **"Ronald Firbank,"** by Miriam J. Benkovitz

32 **"The Birth of God,"** by James Kavanaugh

33 **"The Life and Death of Dietrich Bonhoeffer,"** by Mary Bosanquet

34 **"The Third Eye,"** by Etienne Leroux (Fiction)

35 **"The Remains of a Father,"** by Michael Ramsbotham (Fiction)

35 **"The Black Garden,"** by Christine Arnothy (Fiction)

36 **"National Anthem,"** by Richard Kluger (Fiction)

37 **"Latin American Radicalism: A Documentary Report on Left and Nationalist Movements,"** edited by Irving Louis Horowitz, Josué de Castro and John Gerassi

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cause he is at heart an eighteenth-century gentleman, and partly because he is too humble to want to shock the reader or confuse him with verbal pyrotechnics. His prose is as transparent as rain-water. So, for that matter, is Borges's poetry, which will soon join the six volumes of his prose already available in English. And so too is his conversation.

Richard Burgin's compilation of it is all gold, pure delight. I opened the book with misgivings, having just recorded my conversations with Borges in Argentina last winter. I don't like the tape-recorder method—some of my own best moments with Borges were at intersections, dodging traffic, or in plummeting elevators—and I have always been put off by the undeviating ping-pong, which I saw on every page, of

Borges:————
Burgin:————
Borges:————, etc.

But I was reassured by the introduction, in which Burgin describes the almost religious awe with which he approached his first meeting with Borges—the right approach. And then it became clear that Burgin carried his love but not his awe into their meetings—also the right approach. The stilted method worked; or perhaps it is just impossible to make *any* talk with Borges dull, no matter what method you use. The fact is, though, that Burgin fully entered into the Borgesan world; he asked the right questions, and he got the marvelous answers.

Burgin (who has just discovered that Borges doesn't find death terrifying): What about infinity?

Borges: Infinity, yes, because infinity is an intellectual problem. Death means you stop being, you cease from thinking or feeling or wondering, and at least you're lucky in that you don't have to worry. You might as well worry, as the Latin poet said, about the ages and ages that preceded you when you did not exist. You might as well worry about the endless past as the endless future uninhabited by you. . . . Infinity, yes, that's a problem, but death isn't a problem in that sense. There is no difficulty whatever in imagining that even as I go to sleep every night, I may have a long sleep at the end. I mean it's not an intellectual problem. I don't understand Unamuno, because Unamuno wrote that God, for him, was the provider of immortality, that he couldn't believe in a God who didn't believe in immortality. I don't see that. There might be a God who might not want me to go on living, or who might think that the universe does not need me. After all, it did not need me until 1899, when I was born. I was left out until it did.

Or this, on his blindness:

Borges: I've always been a greater reader than a writer. . . . When I had my eyesight, then if I had to spend say half an hour without doing anything, I would go mad. Because I had to be reading. But now I can be alone for quite a long time, I don't mind long railroad journeys, I don't mind being alone in a hotel or walking down the street, because, well, I won't say that I am thinking all the time because that would be bragging.

Or this, on Lorca:

Borges: Lorca wanted to astonish us. He said to me that he was very much troubled about a very important character in the contemporary world. A character in whom you could see all the tragedy of American life. And then he went on in this way until I asked him who was this character and it turned out the character was Mickey Mouse. I suppose he was trying to be clever. And I thought, that's the kind of thing you might say when you are very young and you want to astonish somebody. But after all, he was a grown man, he had no need, he could have talked in a different way. But when he started in about Mickey Mouse being a symbol of America, there was a friend of mine there and he looked at me and I looked at him and we both walked away because we were both too old for that kind of game, no? Even at the time.

Or this, about people who say, "I enjoyed that tale of yours but what did you mean by it?":

Borges: The answer is I meant nothing whatever, I meant the tale itself. If I could have said it in plainer words, I would have written it otherwise. But the tale itself should be its own reality, no? People never accept that. They like to think that writers are aiming at something, in fact, I think that most people think—of course they won't say so to themselves or to anybody else—they think of literature as being a kind of Aesop's *Fables*, no? Everything is written to prove something—not for the sheer pleasure of writing it, or for the sheer interest a writer may have in the characters or in the situation or in whatever may be, no? I think that people are always looking for some kind of lesson. . . .

One finds out a great deal about Borges the writer in these conversations, less about Borges the man; and

(*Continued on page* 36)

"Relax, son. We're not going to hurt you. Every man Jack on this force is in group therapy."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Rationalization Rejected

IN HIS REVIEW OF Arthur Schlesinger's *The Crisis of Confidence* [*SR*, May 17], John Bunzel too easily depicts the revolt of youth as an "abandonment of rationality as a way to set things right." It is one thing to observe a growing emphasis on feeling and sensory experience among today's young, another to conclude that youth has "discarded the worth and value of rationality."

Rather than turning their backs on rationality, the young reject rationalization—words and explanations that only serve to hide the tragic wrongs of our society. In short, it is the hypocrisy of their elders that turns the young off; a rejuvenation of feeling, of empathy, turns them on.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Bunzel and so many others "over thirty" don't dig a little deeper, at least to observe the millions of disenchanted young who seek to work out a rational order of thought encompassing their values.

EDWARD P. MORGAN,
Cambridge, Mass.

Basis for Successful Society

THE REVIEW OF ROBERT MACIVER'S book, *Politics and Society* [*SR*, May 17], has helped me to understand, more clearly, the position in which we Americans stand today. I lived through the early 1900s and it is amusing to me to see how some of the intellectuals and politicians avoid the basic principles upon which a successful society is formed and focus their attention upon a scattering of technical ventures, which might or might not contribute to the benefit of "people."

GEORGE BOROUGH,
New Albany, Ohio.

Distortions

IN HIS REVIEW OF Herbert Matthews's *Fidel Castro* [*SR*, May 3], Paul Kidd conveys the erroneous impression that for no reason beyond the expression of unpopular opinions one can be packed off to labor in degrading conditions. Speech is not sufficient cause for arrest in Cuba today. Cubans I met on my visit last March who were alienated from the Revolution voiced their views loudly on the street.

I was very much disturbed by the caption ("Cuban forced-labor camp—for beds, strips of sacking between posts") under a picture appearing with the review. Campamento Nuestra America, a voluntary work site on the outskirts of Havana, looks the same as the picture with the same type of beds. I tried one and, though not a Beautyrest, it wasn't uncomfortable. Virtually all of the barracks for *macheteros* (cane-cutters) in Cuba are similarly outfitted.

The numerous individual distortions of Mr. Kidd's review add up to the impression of a people oppressed by their poverty and their government. A more accurate picture of Cuba is illustrated by a conversation in Nuevitas, a town on the north coast. I was asking people why they did long hours of volunteer labor. A black man with gray stubble that didn't seem to be a beard but a shortage of razor blades put his arm around a young boy and said to me, "We are working for our children."

JOEL C. EDELSTEIN,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Far Left Push

MR. KIDD QUOTES MATTHEWS that "all rural children in Cuba are now going to school and being fed and clothed." Was it so when we were exporting our American way of life to them? No revolution benefits all strata of society. That at least the most deprived innocent generation has been acknowledged its birth rights does not augur badly for the country's future, albeit under the horror of communism.

Our hypocritical concern about "bare cupboards" is exposed when we consider the sanctions we impose on Cuba's trade, a point rarely aired by critics. We, in our power, delivered the far-left push.

LENORE TARNOPOLL,
New Milford, N.J.

A Nominative Absolute

THE EDITOR MIGHT WELL have been addled by a reviewer's use of the ablative absolute [Book Forum, May 17], unless Latin were his mother tongue. The construction he used being English, Bernard Grebanier should know it was a *nominative* absolute.

JAMES A. FECHHEIMER,
Glen Head, N.Y.

Forgettable Quotations

I DESPAIR OF EVER FINDING a good reference work on quotations. Although line after line is devoted to obscure Scottish poets, both *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* (13th ed. 1955) and the *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations* (2d ed. 1953-56) contain quotations which are neither familiar nor worthwhile. In fact, both should be entitled "Unfamiliar and Forgettable Quotations."

What I am searching for is a comprehensive collection of quotations which are selected on the basis of either familiarity or intrinsic merit. For example, I would expect such a collection at the very least to include: 1) "Form follows function" (Mies van der Rohe or "Corbu"); 2) "It is worse than a crime, it is a blunder" (Clemenceau), and 3) Any quotation which has been used by the Container Corporation of America in its advertisements "Great Ideas of Western Men."

I find it difficult to believe that architects and politicians, among them the above, never said anything memorable, nor am I convinced that Napoleon and Hitler were as tongue-tied as they appear in most reference works.

MICHAEL A. BUTTERWORTH,
New York, N.Y.

A Real Controversy

MY REVIEW OF Claude Levi-Strauss's *Elementary Structures of Kinship* [*SR*, May 17] contains a reference to "the alleged controversy" between Sartre and Levi-Strauss. The word "alleged" was not in the review I submitted; the controversy is indisputably real, however ethereal in substance.

ROBERT F. MURPHY,
New York, N.Y.

Cozzens Underrated

GRANVILLE HICKS RAISES a valid question in asking why certain novelists were ignored in Nelson Manfred Blake's *Novelists' America* [*SR*, Apr. 5], but vitiates his own thesis by rejecting James Gould Cozzens as a reliable delineator of the American scene and the American experience during the "early twentieth century."

Hicks says: "The truth is, however, that Cozzens's range is narrower than that of most other novelists . . . his characters, usually professional people in small towns or small cities in the East, represent a tiny part of the country's population."

Mr. Cozzens's range is *not* narrower than such "other novelists" as Fitzgerald, Faulkner, Hemingway, Farrell, Marquand and O'Hara, who are cited by Blake and Hicks, to say nothing of such estimable writers as Bellow, Malamud, Salinger, Roth, *et al.* I think this needs no elaboration.

Mr. Cozzens's novels are *not* all laid in small towns of the East. *Guard of Honor* is laid mainly in Florida with a cast from all over; *Men and Brethren* is laid in New York City, *Ask Me Tomorrow* in Europe, and other Cozzens novels are laid in Cuba and on shipboard.

However, the locations of the Cozzens novels are entirely irrelevant. To one raised in the Middle West and unfamiliar with small Eastern cities, the Cozzens characters are as familiar and as true as persons well known in real life. Furthermore, Hicks is in additional error when he states that the Cozzens characters represent "a tiny part of the country's population." These people perhaps are no longer a majority, but they were certainly no "tiny minority" during the "early twentieth century"—take it from one who has lived and visited in all parts of the country.

While most of Mr. Cozzens's protagonists are "professional people," his novels are well populated by hundreds of nonprofessionals who are drawn with equal honesty, accuracy and understanding.

When Hicks implies that only John Fischer believes readers of the future can gain reliable knowledge of life in the United States from the Cozzens novels, he ignores Bernard De Voto, Elmer Davis, Edward Weeks and a host of others who are on record with the same high opinion of Mr. Cozzens's writings.

PAUL W. FERRIS,
Murfreesboro, Tenn.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED.

European Literary Scene

Robert J. Clements

Helen Kazantzakis's moving biography of her husband concluded, you may recall, with her closing of the dying novelist's eyes. She left unwritten several poignant details of the aftermath, which she authorizes me to record here. For the odyssey of Nikos Kazantzakis did not end with his death.

On hearing the news, Aristotle Onassis telegraphed to Freiburg offering to have the writer's body flown back to his native Crete; but somehow in the confusion the telegram remained unopened. Mrs. Kazantzakis went to Paris to obtain money from her husband's account. On legal technicalities it was refused her, and she hurried to Geneva to borrow funds. Returning to Freiburg, she hired a hearse with two German drivers to transport the body over the rough roads to Athens. Upon arrival she requested permission of the Greek archbishop to allow it to rest overnight in a small chapel outside the city. This was denied, and a small mortuary was finally located.

At this point Onassis repeated his offer, and the body was taken by plane to Heraklion, Crete, where, thanks to a directive from Patriarch Athenagoras in Istanbul, Kazantzakis received Christian burial.

Thereafter the tomb was frequently desecrated by the novelist's local political enemies, who as early as 1924 had had him arrested as a "subversive." Ordure was piled on the tomb; oil from votive lamps was poured over it. The famous epitaph, "I hope nothing, I fear nothing, I am free," was chipped away. When the widow protested, officials merely chided her for not providing armed guards herself.

Helen Kazantzakis felt that her husband's body should stay in his native town; but she told officials she was debating three alternatives: removing the body to her family crypt in Athens, taking it back to Freiburg, where people would keep fresh flowers on the grave, or transporting it to Antibes, where flags would fly at half-mast. The desecrations promptly stopped.

The prostitutes of Heraklion plied their trade only a short distance away from that part of the cemetery where Kazantzakis lay. One of them came to Helen Kazantzakis. "Now that your husband has become a saint," she said, "we girls are uncomfortable working here. Also, we fear that the officials are going to forbid us to work here."

The older woman spoke with her typical directness and gentleness. "But you know that Nikos loved whores . . . Don't worry. I shall do all I can to see that you are not moved."

The girls added their votive candles to the grave.

From Flammarion comes the curious *Histoire d'Emile*, by Simone Balazard, the third novel from this Algerian-born professor of philosophy. It is superficially a *novella* collection, a form derived from India and North Africa, and little practiced in France since the days of Marguerite de Navarre. This structure requires a locale throwing together for a certain number of days ten or more people (as in the *Decameron*), killing time by retelling stories on set themes. These are usually licentious but atoned for by a tacked-on moral. In *Emile* five men and five nubile young women foregather every night till 12:00 in a comfortable underground bomb shelter, a *divan* well provided with wines and horizontal cushioned surfaces. This time, however, there is only one narrator, Marin, who is as talkative as Sheherezade (the jacket copy coyly puns about *L'Histoire d'Emile . . . et une nuit*). The captive audience is so eager to change the direction of the conversation that Marin can scarcely get a word in edgewise. In 281 pages he achieves only a minimum of cross-hatchings in his verbal portrait of a mythical Emile. Waiting for Emile is like waiting for Godot.

Nevertheless, through all the interruptions (including the narrator's dropping off to sleep like a dormouse), a clouded figure emerges, sometimes so human that he gets excited at soccer matches, at other times so legendary that his daughter bears centaur-like children. Mme. Balazard helps us out by including a genealogical chart which establishes that Emile is actually the narrator's father. While we feel at the end that we might have appreciated more substance to our Emile, we are not at all resentful at the pleasant *mystification* to which we have been subjected. Simone Balazard's enigmatic smile has captivated us, as have her *novelle*-of-the-absurd and her childlike inmates playing house-party without chaperon.

The 1969 Festival of Two Worlds is drawing nigh (June 27-July 13) and the program is finally assembled. Spoleto's old Theater of Caio Melisso will again ring with voices of important poets reading and discussing their works, poets everybody will talk with in the coffee houses and *trattorie*. Such familiar names as Pound, Neruda, Spender, Ginsberg, Alberti, and Ungaretti will this time be missing, but several younger, committed poets will participate: Pearse Hutchinson from Ireland (reading in English and Gaelic), Zbigniew Herbert from Poland, Jacques Dupin from France, Vasco Popa from Yugoslavia, Eduardo Sanguineti from Italy, and Anthony Hecht from the U.S. Organizer Patrick Creagh has as yet been unable to contact Greece's recently released Yannis Ritsos or Jorgos Seferis, who has been courageously indicting the autarchs of Athens.

Those who cannot make it to this unique town in the Umbrian hills can now at least hear the poetry readings, for since last year they have been available in high-fidelity recordings through a subsidiary of the Festival Foundation, Applause Productions, at 85 Long View Road, Port Washington, N.Y.

Drama always plays an imaginative part at the Festival. Lamberto Puggelli will direct *Sword of Damocles*, a play by the Turkish poet Nazim Hukmet. Roberto Guicciardini will stage Bertolt Brecht's *A Modest Man's Wedding*, and Argentina's popular Experimental Drama Group will present its special version of *Dracula*, performed last year in New York.

From Nymphenburg in Munich comes a new illustrated edition of Alfred Kubin's *Die andere Seite* (The Other Side). Welcome indeed is this revival of Kubin (1877-1959), a revival slowly spreading to France, Italy, Poland, and America. Kubin wrote several fantasy novels (*Seite* of 1909 was the first) and became a fixture of German expressionism. A painter and sketcher as well, he enriched these books with pictorial glimpses into their demon-ridden dream worlds. As a writer he encouraged Kafka, Ernst Jünger, and Hermann Kasak in their fantasies. As a painter and thinker on art he surely influenced Beckmann, Feininger, and Klee.

Kubin's pioneer novel relates the tragedy of Claus Patera, a frail Salzburg schoolboy destined to become a sorcerer and dictator of a land called Pearl Realm somewhere near Tibet. Patera is no kindly Merlin. Wielding power as "*absoluter Herr*," he governs by mere projections of his will. An antagonist appears, sworn to destroy him; he is Hercules Bell, millionaire

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Philadelphia meat-packer. To do away with this capitalist, Patera is ready to go to destruction himself. Hordes of beasts and flying reptiles proving inadequate, Patera resorts to elimination of all matter and the consequence is total collapse of the world. In 1969 *Seite* can be read as prophesying Hitlerism and cataclysmic destruction. Perhaps sensing this vatic quality, Hermann Hesse, author of the strange anachronistic world of the *Glasperlenspiel* (1931-43), called it the most poetic work of its decade.

The student Left of Germany remembers more sagaciously than its American counterpart that books and reading matter are the great enemy. Thus, more than other rebels, its adherents attack newspaper and book editors and publishers. Germany's role as host of the annual Frankfurt Book Fair gives them a great opportunity; last year they made life unhappy for the organizers and participants. Already concerned for the 1969 *Buchmesse* this fall, 150 members of the German Publishers Association met and decided to avoid summoning police, to resign themselves to some more possible turmoil. They also decided, understandably, not to give their annual Peace Prize to the German publisher of Cohn-Bendit. At lunch last month the genial publisher Siegfried Unseld of Suhrkamp predicted to us that 1969's winner will receive as broad approval as can be expected, from left, center, and right. He will be Alexander Mitscherlich, the psychologist, author of *Die Unfähigkeit zu trauern* (The Inability to Mourn).

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1348

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1348 will be found in the next issue.

LQTLSU UEHRS EJY WXKYU VA L CYVCQY, PVE XEU WXOEHYU. WXOEHYU LOY LQTLSU EJY ULDY TJYOYWYO SVH NV.

—LHZOYS DYPYP

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1347

As courage endangers life even so fear preserves it.

—LEONARDO DA VINCI.

Literary Life

HENRY JAMES: The Treacherous Years, 1895-1901

by Leon Edel
Lippincott, 384 pp., $10.

LEON EDEL'S BIOGRAPHY of Henry James began with *Henry James: The Untried Years, 1843-1870,* published in 1953. Volumes II and III—respectively subtitled *The Conquest of London, 1870-1881* and *The Middle Years, 1882-1885*—were awarded the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award in 1963. Following *The Treacherous Years,* and concluding this "serial" biography, will be *The Master, 1901-1916,* currently in preparation.

The Treacherous Years begins with the 1895 London production of James's play *Guy Domville,* when he was hooted from the stage on opening night. At the conclusion, James is established in Lamb House, and, "in the brightening summer that heralded the twentieth century, *The Ambassadors* took its shape."

In the intervening six years, during which he visited France and Italy, James published *The Spoils of Poynton, The Awkward Age,* and *The Sacred Fount,* as well as stories like "The Turn of the Screw" and "What Maisie Knew." Throughout the Dreyfus Case, the Boer War, and the Spanish-American War he felt himself brushed by public affairs or entangled in them, as he had been, years earlier, during the American Civil War.

Old friendships were continued and new ones made. Rudyard Kipling, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Henry Adams seem to form a circle in which James is sometimes at the center and sometimes—we know not where. George Meredith and Alphonse Daudet meet, and James's literary imagination vies with his compassion as he watches the two aged, invalid authors embrace. Finally, William James visits England; and Henry, recognizing that his elder brother is seriously ill, becomes aware that his own years are increasing.

Through letters and notebooks James is permitted to relate a large part of his story himself. Edel, however, adds information gathered from sources inaccessible to James, and analyzes and ties together events, works of art, and emotional experiences, thus giving shape to Henry James's life between 1895 and 1901.

If some are more apt than others, Edel's allusions and conjectures command attention. Part of his technique is to recall the *Guy Domville* fiasco when discussing a disquieting episode

Henry James—"imagination vies with his compassion."

in James's later life or recounting his difficulties with another work. The method is not always effective. In the midst of an otherwise convincing examination of *The Spoils of Poynton,* Edel says that James "seems to have fixed his mind on the ultimate destruction of Poynton; in the end no one is to have anything—as he had been left with nothing when his own artistic work went up in smoke at the St. James's." The idea is attractive, but the reader feels that the emphasis is too strong.

Edel's allusions and conjectures show to better advantage in his treatment of *The Sacred Fount* and of James's unfinished novel, *The Sense of the Past. The Sacred Fount* helped James to earn "the money for the initial payment of Lamb House"; more importantly, the work is "the last of the experimental series which extends from *The Spoils of Poynton* through the tales of little girls and the record of their 'range of bewilderment.' " Writing about *The Sense of the Past,* Edel observes: "*In search of in flight from,* something or other. He did not apply this to himself when he recorded it . . . in his notebooks; yet the statement contained James's essential experience in eerie form." Cogently assessing the reasons that may have prevented James from completing the novel, Edel concludes: "*The Sense of the Past* remains a fragment of what might have been . . . James's ultimate discovery—had that been possible—of how to complete his journey into himself." Unstrained and appropriately

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

allusive, the question engages our imagination without distracting our attention from the design of *The Treacherous Years* itself.

When a few pages further on James is depicted steadily at work on *The Ambassadors*, the discussion of *The Sense of the Past* gains another virtue in retrospect. It arouses interest in the final volume of Edel's biography, which is still to come.

Norman Kelvin

Norman Kelvin, associate professor of English in the City College of New York, has written books on George Meredith and E.M. Forster.

THE POET AND HER BOOK: The Life and Work of Edna St. Vincent Millay

by Jean Gould

Dodd, Mead, 308 pp., $6.50.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY (her intimates called her Vincent) was born on Washington's Birthday, 1892—born, writes her current biographer clairvoyantly, "with Beauty's kiss and with the unmistakable imprint of the Irish leprechaun. Except for the anguished howl with which she came rushing into the world, she seemed a child born with love and laughter on her lips, and a foreknowledge of life's sorrow as well as its joy."

She was the eldest of three sisters and her mother's favorite; her irresponsible father had been divorced when Edna was still young. She attended school in Rockport, Maine, and in the seacoast town of Camden, where she lived until she went to college. There was an herb garden just outside the kitchen door, and here, according to Jean Gould, "was part of the earth lore the poet learned from her mother that gave her lyrics the sweet, strange aroma so characteristic of her song." At nineteen she wrote "Renascence," a poem that begins as casually as a child's counting-out rhyme and ends in a glory of divination. Although she went on to compose many lyrics and sonnets that grace the anthologies, nothing she subsequently wrote surpassed the naïve perception and wonder of that precocious accomplishment.

At twenty-one, thanks to funds from an admiring sponsor, Edna entered Vassar. Somewhat older than her classmates and far more refractory, she flaunted the rules, was continually reprimanded for high-handedness, was suspended indefinitely but finally allowed to take her degree with the rest of her class.

A little later she was ensconced as "the gamine of Greenwich Village." There was a succession of men—Miss Gould likes to call them "suitors" and "beaux"—and Edna wrote poems to most of them, especially to the now-forgotten Arthur Davison Ficke, who exchanged fervent, quasi-Elizabethan sonnets with her for years. But she kept her fancy free. She acted with the Provincetown Players, took the lead in her own playlet, *The Princess Marries the Page*, directed another of her plays, *Two Slatterns and a King*, wrote light fiction under the pseudonym of Nancy Boyd, and, burning her candle at both ends, shocked the ultra-respectable by publishing provocative rhymes that said women could be as nonchalant in love affairs as men. ("I loved you Wednesday—yes—but what/ Is that to me?" "I had a little Sorrow/ Born of a little Sin," etc.) She fell in and out of love, wrote poems that ran the gamut from the merely pert to the genuinely impassioned. A symbolic combination of Don Juan and Bohemia's Joan of Arc, Edna Millay championed promiscuity as something of a ritual as well as a right. She had no desire for marriage. Miss Gould puts the poet's disinclination this way: "She was a celebrant of love for its own sake, but she was not willing to forsake the Singing Mountain of her Muse for the sere plateau of daily domestic cares."

Edmund Wilson, then assistant editor of *Vanity Fair* and one of those who failed to inveigle her into married life, saw to it that she was sent abroad as foreign correspondent. At twenty-nine Millay was in Paris, chatting with the expatriate literati, toying with *un export sec* at the Rotonde, and frequenting the "wicked cafés" of Montmartre, though not for long. There were brief travels in England, Albania, Italy, and Austria. But she was homesick as well as lovesick; not only sick with love but, though she might not confess it, sometimes sick of love. She was always fond of acting, off stage as well as on, and it was inevitable that her work as well as her life was often tinged with theatricality. Actually Millay was more devoted to her poetry and to her mother than she was to any man. In the midst of her tour she brought her mother to Europe. The two spent six weeks together in Paris, visited the south of France, walked through the English countryside, and planned a pilgrimage to Ireland.

The pattern of her life changed when she and her mother returned to America. She was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for "The Ballad of the Harp-Weaver," "A Few Figs from Thistles," and the eight sonnets which, as editor, I had published in *American Poetry: A Miscellany; 1922*—the first time the prize had been won by a woman.

Suddenly the poet, who had always rejected the role of wife, accepted domesticity. Her husband was a widower, Eugen Jan Boissevain, who had been married to Inez Milholland, the Amazonian defender of women's rights. Edna was tired and far from well; after a world cruise, the couple abjured city life and moved to a 700-acre farm in the Berkshires where, as she once remarked, they lived "'like two bachelors." They lived that way for a quarter of a century, while Millay wrote the libretto for *The King's Henchman*, the opera by Deems Taylor; roused a new audience with the controversial "Justice Denied in Massachusetts," five poems protesting the death sentence of Sacco and Vanzetti; and created many sensitive lyrics and sonnets that grew in somber depth.

Afflicted for a long time by constant headaches and spots in front of her eyes, Millay underwent one unsatisfactory diagnosis after another. She had never been in full health since an intestinal operation performed in her thirtieth year. The pains increased; there were hospitalizations including infrared ray treatments and medication with morphine injections, but her health only sporadically improved. She gave intermittent readings, but she could not face the platform without heavy swigs from her husband's ever-ready hip-flask.

Nevertheless, Millay continued to write, a compulsion that made her plow through polemics, propaganda,

Edna St. Vincent Millay—"not only lovesick, but sometimes sick of love."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and "acres of bad poetry," of which she was sickeningly aware. There was a breakdown, then a return to activity but nothing like a complete recovery. Nursed and pampered like a child by Eugen, she grew increasingly neurotic and dangerously depressed. Her condition worsened when her husband died of cancer. Millay was now completely alone. She kept on for about a year, refusing to share the house with anyone. She was fifty-eight when she was found dead at the top of the stairs, killed apparently by a stroke.

All this Miss Gould (whose other biographies include works on Winslow Homer, Paul Laurence Dunbar, and Robert Frost) has recorded with great diligence and without a trace of distinction. Her book opens with this paragraph:

> One day around the turn of the century in a small town in Maine, a spindly-legged little girl with elfin eyes was standing on a mossy hillock, straining to see as far as she could across the cranberry swamp below. She stood perfectly still, silent and still, a small, inscrutable sphinx: only the green-flecked eyes, alive and alert, would have betrayed the agile, singing mobility of her being; but within was the invisible heart, vibrating like a tightly strung harp.

For whom, one wonders, was the book written? Certainly not for anyone at all acquainted with Millay's life and work. It is too cloying for a mature reader, even for the "young adult" halfway between *Seventeen* and *Mademoiselle*. That leaves the teenager, the dreamy girl (no boy would get beyond that first paragraph) wistful with fantasies of a romantically rebellious career. Even that hypothetical girl will have to struggle through a narrative crippled with clichés and a tone that is both sweetly and indignantly idolatrous, sounding as though the author were writing rapturously about last year's beauty queen.

Another barrier to enjoyment is the unfortunate and often repeated comparison to Emily Dickinson. "There was," writes Miss Gould, "a marked similarity of personality between these two . . . Both had extraordinary verve, a brimming curiosity, an eagerness and eye for detail, combined with a spirit that transcended human love of life to the point of mysticism."

A sillier statement has seldom been written. Apart from the fact that no personalities could have been more dissimilar than Emily Dickinson's and Edna St. Vincent Millay's, the fine phrases about extraordinary verve, brimming curiosity, eagerness and eye for detail, etc., might be said of almost every poet that ever lived. But Miss Gould goes further; she ventures the opinion that "if Emily had lived in a later era, or had not been so sheltered by an overprotective father, she might have been more venturesome in living her love"—a wholly gratuitous assumption. Nor does she stop even there: Millay's "Epitaph for the Race of Man" is "a distillation of language equal to Emily Dickinson and the philosophic magnitude of Milton."

I also have minor quibbles concerning things hinted at but not told. Miss Gould suggests that the teen-aged Millay fell in love with a "local swain," an idyll that ended "abruptly and mysteriously in what might have been disaster." Having had mystery and near-disaster dangled before his eyes, the reader has a right to expect details. He does not get them. The reader might also wonder if Miss Gould means what she says when she tells us that the bereaved Millay, reaffirming her joy in the gifts of the good earth, her portion of life's bounty, found it "fulsome."

It would be unfair to call this a bad book, yet it lacks not only luster but also, though it is a life story, life. Miss Gould has provided neither a searching analysis of a person nor a serious study of her place as a poet. What she has offered is a long, breathless adulation. Surely Edna St. Vincent Millay deserves better. She deserves true reappraisal: an impersonal estimate and careful, critical consideration. *The Poet and Her Book* is anything but that.

Louis Untermeyer

Louis Untermeyer has edited numerous poetry anthologies, including "Modern American Poetry" and "Modern British Poetry."

WIT TWISTER #115

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Some _ _ _ _ _ _, in a drunken game,
Once ripped that handsome
_ _ _ _ _ _ there.
But _ _ _ _ _ _! A restorer came
And skillfully disguised the tear.

—Contributed by CLIFTON BLAKE.

(*Answer on page* 36)

RONALD FIRBANK

by Miriam J. Benkovitz
Knopf, 300 pp., $6.95.

BIOGRAPHY IS A DIFFICULT ART under the best of circumstances; and Ronald Firbank is a particularly difficult subject, for he was continually on the move, gadding about, as he said, like St. Theresa. He traveled through much of Europe, North Africa, and the Caribbean, writing his novels and correcting his proofs on strange tables in myriad foreign hotels and *pensions*.

Ronald Firbank is not a definitive biography. Members of the family are still living, and the circumstances that surrounded the shockingly premature deaths of Firbank's brothers and the gossip that victimized his sister Heather are necessarily left vague. In addition, it appears that some private collectors and university libraries refused the author, a pioneer among Firbank scholars, access to material in their possession.

Nevertheless, Miriam Benkovitz has produced a work of art. She shows Firbank romping through the mauve decade, enduring World War I with disapproval but forbearance, and trying to remain enchanted, or at least engaged, with the disenchanting Twenties. He would have admired her sense of drama, her "staging." Most important, Ronald Firbank here emerges as a revolutionary writer, just as Oscar Wilde has come to be recognized as a revolutionary critic.

Firbank came from a wealthy, conventional, and socially ambitious family. Their money had been made by Ronald's grandfather, a barely literate but energetic miner who rose from the Durham coal pits to become one of England's most powerful railway contractors. Urged by his parents to enter the British Diplomatic Service, Firbank went to France in 1903 to perfect his French. He enthusiastically read such authors as Baudelaire, Flaubert, Gautier, Huysmans, and Maeterlinck, who profoundly influenced his own writing. His first published work, "La Princesse aux Soleils" (1904), appeared in a French periodical; it was a prose poem that reflected Firbank's interest in *fin de siècle* literature.

In 1906 Firbank entered Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he led a leisurely existence. He took no examinations, sneered at people who provoked him, and entertained lavishly. He also made frequent excursions to London for the theater, opera, and ballet. Late in 1907, following the pattern established by Wilde, Dowson, Beardsley, and Frederick Rolfe, he was received into the Roman Catholic Church. As a result of a literary and legal controversy involving Lord Alfred Douglas, Firbank left

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cambridge in 1909 without a degree.

Though he had already written numerous poems, plays, and short stories, many of which are still unpublished, Firbank's professional career began with the appearance of *Vainglory* in 1915. His dominating ambition was to realize himself as an artist and to achieve fame. Between 1915 and 1926 Firbank published seven richly comic novels, largely at his own expense and to slight critical acclaim.

The exotic settings of his books reflect his wanderings—pilgrimages, in some cases—to foreign places where his oddity was less conspicuous than in England. *Concerning the Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli* is his "Spanish" novel; *Prancing Nigger* (known in England as *Sorrow in Sunlight*, the title Firbank preferred) is his "Negro" novel, though the scene is Cuba; *Santal* and, to a lesser degree, *The Flower Beneath the Foot* are his "North African" books. He even started a "New York" novel, though he never visited the place; the extant fragments were written in Egypt.

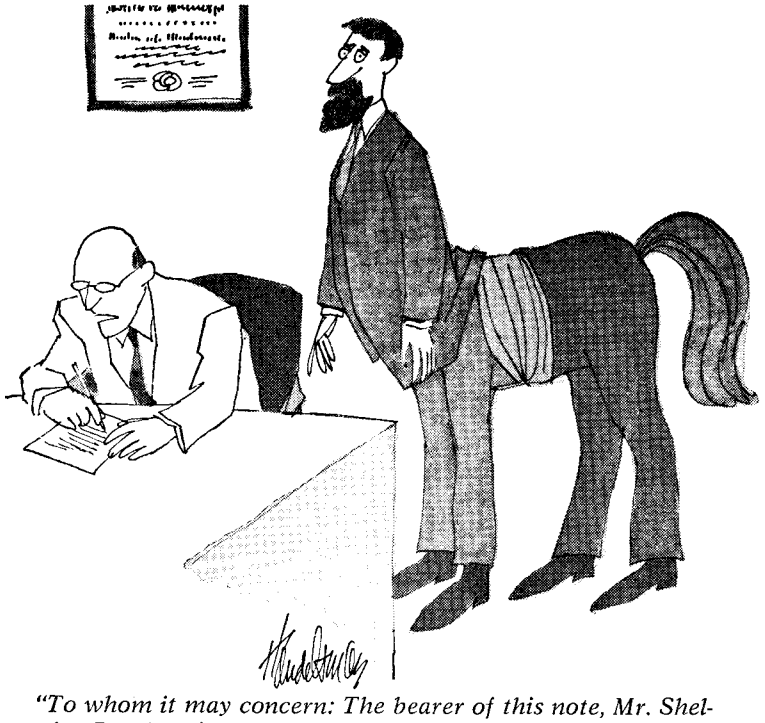
Firbank's central theme is the dilemma of the sensitive individual who wishes to be honest but is isolated and then destroyed by the world. He once told his mother that his writing must "bring discomfort to fools, since it is aggressive, witty, & unrelenting." This was his real evaluation of himself as an artist. If Firbank's fictional world is one of frivolity, perversion, and decay, he always redeems it by gaiety, wit, and elegance. His flippancy is doubtless the flippancy of desperation.

While Firbank's humor was too idiosyncratic to become a literary force, his technical innovations, however elusive and indirect, were absolutely original, painstakingly worked out while the author, trying to ignore World War I, was living in seclusion at Oxford. They were pardonably appropriated by Aldous Huxley, Evelyn Waugh, Anthony Powell, and Ernest Hemingway, all of whom have written about Firbank—sometimes begrudgingly and in strange places. Firbank's best novels—*Valmouth, The Flower Beneath the Foot, Prancing Nigger,* and *Cardinal Pirelli*—teem with brilliant dialogue, compelling vulgarity, and meticulously patterned prose. He used a kind of baroque humor verging upon the insane to define the fragmenting society around him. Distantly related to the Dadaists and the Existentialists, he anticipates, through his demoralizing comedy, outrageous fantasy, and grotesque pathos, the efforts of Beckett, Ionesco, and Genet.

But, as Dr. Benkovitz points out with gentle insistence, Ronald Firbank also created works that have the quality of timelessness. This quality, proceeding from the tough wit that invigorates his prose, will continue to guarantee his reputation among a steadily increasing number of readers who appreciate the most insolent refinements of satire.

Edward M. Potoker

Edward M. Potoker, professor of English and comparative literature at Baruch College, City University of New York, will publish a critical study of Ronald Firbank in the fall.



"To whom it may concern: The bearer of this note, Mr. Sheldon Rossiter, is a centaur. He is under treatment for this condition and is not contagious. A sympathetic approach to his special problems would be appreciated by the undersigned."

Religion

THE BIRTH OF GOD

by James Kavanaugh
Trident, 191 pp., $4.95.

IT IS OUR CONTENTION that we are not only observing the decline of the institutional church but also watching the collapse of the clergy as a historic profession. Such generalizations come alive in the fiery writing of James Kavanaugh, who may be responsible for more than one balcony speech of Pope Paul VI. The Vatican is properly alarmed at the exodus of priests and nuns who are leaving the institutional church in such record numbers. *The National Catholic Reporter* indicates that some 2,200 priests resigned last year in the United States. In major cities personnel organizations have sprung up to meet the employment needs of these former clerics as they move into secular positions.

I first wondered if this volume might be Part II of *A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church.* There is some muckraking in *The Birth of God* over the same grievances, some underlining of earlier complaints and hurts experienced by a young priest in an old system. Yet there is much more in this diary of Kavanaugh's life after leaving the Church, and I have to confess (even though confession is a no-no for the author) that I was not prepared for the flashing new experiences that pour out in such surging style and accelerated pace. This is a combat religion. Kavanaugh is concerned about the trenches of life, not the tennis courts. He jabs at and brawls with the issues that too many establishment clerics have blessed or ignored. Out of this Kavanaugh emerges as an indoor/outdoor theologian who is practicing what he is preaching: the celebration of life as a gift of a loving God.

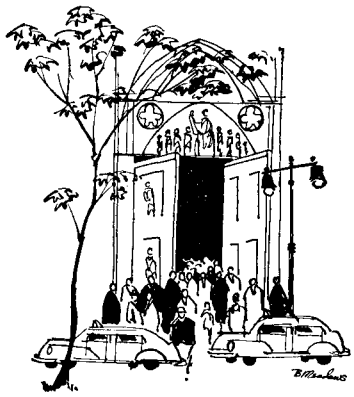
Much of his reasoning is still a rebound against the cast-iron thinking that has not diminished in high places. Does the Vatican adjust the rules for faithful women on the wearing of hats in church? Actions such as this are pure irrelevancies to Kavanaugh.

> Not only is man rejecting the myths of religious authority which oppress him and the obsolete laws which treat him as a child, but he also finds diminishing point to the religious rituals which reflect a dead culture. Once it seemed to make sense to dress ministers and high priests in special robes to symbolize their mystic power. The Book of Exodus describes the vestments that were to be made for Aaron and his sons, the "pectoral, ephod, robe, embroidered tunic, tur-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ban and girdle." Each detail of tailoring was prescribed by law. The religious ceremonies were described in lavish detail; the position of the altar and the offering of incense were not left to chance. And Christianity was equally ritualistic. Even today, bishops appear in public wearing slippers and long white gloves. In our *culture, slippers are for the bedroom* or for the beach, and long white gloves are evening wear for women.

Is the primary message of the Church (Roman Catholic conservatives and Protestant counterparts get the same powder burns on this one) the



threat of hell? This ex-priest recalls some of his sermons that jarred the fillings out of his Sunday audience when he gave them hell in flaming colors:

> The silence in the church was frightening when I concluded. During the remainder of the Mass the guilty were reflecting on their lives. After Mass more than twenty people asked if I would hear their confessions. During the week, I received calls from college students who promised to break up with their girl friends and from young married couples who resolved never again to practice birth control. I had frightened the congregation, terrified some of them, and the response indicated that my sermon had been effective. The "sinners" came to repent, not out of conviction or love, but to avoid an encounter with a sudden death that would drag them screaming into hell.

The book has balance, and sections of it reveal a gentle, caring spirit that is as present in the author's search for God as the bruising attack on old forms and tired religious management. One would hope that Mr. Kavanaugh might subtract about 4,000 "I" references in his next book. And there will be another for he has much to say to a large audience out there, celebrating God's birth.

David Poling

David Poling is president of the Christian Herald, and author of the widely discussed book "The Last Years of the Church."

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF DIETRICH BONHOEFFER

by Mary Bosanquet
Harper & Row, 287 pp., $5.95.

THIS IS THE FIRST, but surely not the last, full-length biography of a theologian and Christian martyr (1904-1943) whose place in history and significance for the contemporary church seem assured. Both Paul Tillich and Karl Barth surpassed him in depth of theological thought and in volume of literary output, but neither of them has so captured the loyalty of this generation as has Dietrich Bonhoeffer.

What is the stuff a martyr is made of? Mary Bosanquet has attempted to find out by sketching the background and life of this sensitive, magnetic, and imaginative young man. Without pretension or preaching, she recounts his upbringing, education, and travels, records the extraordinary impression he made on those who met him, and brings the story to the day of his execution by the Gestapo, April 9, 1945. He was "a child of startling beauty" who grew up into a man of "immense vigor of mind, practical energy, and health so vigorous as to constitute a *natural force." His personal charm* is remembered by everyone who knew him; he was, said one American friend, "the most un-German of Germans," especially in "his irresistible and unfailing sense of humor."

Dietrich Bonhoeffer's father was a psychiatrist; his schoolmates were the children of professors at the University of Berlin, including the celebrated Adolf von Harnack, who was to become Dietrich's teacher. The family was Protestant but not especially devout in any churchly sense. It was from his family that Bonhoeffer received a deep and unselfconscious appreciation of the arts, especially music, a seriousness about life and its purposes, and a sense of *noblesse oblige.* This heritage helped to sustain him in the concentration camp and before the scaffold.

Miss Bosanquet has too much respect for the integrity of her subject and for the reality of his religious faith to explain his martyrdom in purely secular or psychological terms. In the hour of need Bonhoeffer and his colleagues found "the peculiar freedom of heart which the abandonment of all human hopes can give." At its center was the commitment to the person of Jesus Christ and the resolve to live as his disciple; "these demands of Christ, at once gentle and stringent, revolutionary and simple, were becoming for Bonhoeffer himself the increasingly solid basis for his thought and action." This inward power, she finally suggests, "can be seen as the gift of God through the prayer which had become the foundation of Bonhoeffer's life in the years of his success and freedom, and which did not fail him" in prison.

Nor was that power, in her judgment, simply the resource available to anyone who believes in Another that transcends human capacity. On the contrary, in Bonhoeffer, it had a particular quality. Thus he was concerned in a special measure with the question of "how to think with scholarly accuracy and live with Christian grace." But beyond this question, what could be detected in Bonhoeffer was in fact "that freedom of the spirit which has been one of the mysteries of sanctity through all the Christian ages. In the hard years that lay behind him, when he had been learning through prayer and discipline, and through a more and more total gift of his life to God and men, what it meant to be a disciple of Jesus, he had been gaining this freedom." And when he died, it was not a theologian but a quite secular fellow-prisoner who declared: "He was one of the very few men I have ever met to whom his God was real, and ever close to him."

It is all the more ironic, therefore, that Bonhoeffer should have been cast in the role given him in recent discussion. His own career brought him very close to the ideals of monastic spirituality, and when he was able to organize his life by his own standards he adapted the canonical hours, confessional practice, and corporate discipline of the Benedictine tradition. This, in turn, gave him the freedom to recognize that the Christian life consists of the boldness to live "out there" in the world, not "in here" in the cloister.

For that reason he has come to be identified as the patron saint of those who maintain that the authentic meaning of life in Christ can be found only "out there." His own position, as Miss Bonsanquet's postscript makes clear, paid as much attention to specifically Christian identity as it did to the Christian identification with the secular world. "Bonhoeffer is quoted continually as the prophet of identification; that he was equally concerned with the Christian's identity is commonly forgotten." In an age when the identity of particular faith and identification with the world are constantly being set in antithesis, the life and death of Dietrich Bonhoeffer are a reminder, to the non-believer at least as much as to the believer, that what God has joined together man should not put asunder.

Jaroslav Pelikan

Jaroslav Pelikan teaches historical theology at Yale University. The most recent of his several books is "Development of Christian Doctrine: Some Historical Prolegomena."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction

THE THIRD EYE

by Etienne Leroux, translated from the Afrikaans by Amy Starke
Houghton Mifflin, 175 pp., $4.95.

IN 1967, WHEN ETIENNE LEROUX'S novel *Seven Days at the Silbersteins* was published in this country, one quickly detected a different direction from what had been observed in earlier writing by South African whites. It appeared as if Leroux, the leading light of the Afrikaans literary movement known as the *Sestigers* (writers of the Sixties), had severed ties with traditional Afrikaans literature and plunged head first into social protest, albeit allegorized, steeped in mythology, and tortured with symbolism just obscure enough to prevent his works from being banned in a country where title alone has frequently been sufficient to lead to a book's being censored (*Black Beauty, Return of the Native,* etc. The promise shown with Leroux's *Seven Days at the Silbersteins* was further revealed last year with the publication of *One for the Devil,* a sequel to the earlier novel. And now, Leroux's American publisher has brought out the third and final volume in what has come to be known as the Welgevonden trilogy.

With the appearance of *The Third Eye,* however, it is apparent that Leroux is not writing simply about South Africa, nor solely about that country's increasing racial tensions. Indeed, it will not be surprising if many readers fail to regard the three books as a trilogy since there is hardly a reference in *The Third Eye* to South Africa. Once again, though, Leroux forces one to probe deeply below the surface for the allegorical meanings of his tale. And once again Leroux has returned to Greek mythology for the outer shape of his story.

Demosthenes H. de Goede, "newly promoted to the rank of Captain in the Criminal Investigation Department and recently cured of a speech defect," is given the nebulous assignment of stalking the elusive enemy, Boris Gudenov, threat to the general public security. Before Demosthenes begins his search, Brigadier Ornassis E., head of the D-Service, gives him the following cryptic warning: "We must protect the community against spiritual crime, against the degeneration of the self, against the subtle onslaught on order, against the alienation of established personifications, against the danger of disintegration of the symbolic cosmos and the resulting personal disintegration which reveals itself in all sorts of acts of sabotage, in deterioration and the taking over by demoniac and destructive forces."

We are never quite certain what Boris Gudenov's crime has been, nor exactly why Demosthenes H. de Goede is the one placed on his trail. In the process of the hunt, however, the reader learns that Boris Gudenov looks exactly like Demosthenes H. de Goede, and that, essentially, there is little difference between the detective and the criminal, the hunter and the hunted. During the course of bringing the criminal to his fate, Demosthenes sacrifices those people who are closest to him, after which the brigadier announces a change of policy: "the image of Boris Gudenov must be reconstructed."

With *The Third Eye* Leroux has clearly moved beyond the confines of one country, one culture. This novel could be about the United States today. Yet *The Third Eye* is concerned with much more than official policies and unchecked powers of certain branches of errant governments. In brilliant set pieces, reminiscent of the best of Dos Passos, Leroux has caught the essence of the frustrations and fears of living in the Sixties—whether in South Africa, the United States, or much of the rest of the West. To the more serious overtones of his narrative Leroux's humor and satire often add a balanced counterpoint. There is a hilarious section devoted to the rise and fall of a Hollywood sex symbol called Bee-Bee-Doo (Boris Gudenov's onetime mistress) and an equally funny scene in a garish shopping center, controlled by Gudenov's financial interests.

The Third Eye and the two preceding volumes constitute a major piece of writing of the 1960s. Etienne Leroux, who is one of the truly great writers of our time, needs to be read as widely outside of South Africa as he has been within his native country.

Charles R. Larson

Charles R. Larson is general editor of Collier Books' forthcoming African/American Library.

The Pilot

By Lewis Turco

Calais, France, May 18, 1968 (AP)—Low tide yesterday uncovered a plane, presumably of World War II, with the remains of the pilot still at the controls. Its origin could not be determined immediately.

It has been
a long flight. Like flak,
the seagrass exploded
beneath me as I fell
out of light into
an older and a heavier air.

My planing
continued in the tide.
When the cuttlefish had
done with my flesh, I found
that still the stick would
answer, though more slowly than before.

So I flew,
and am flying still, back
to the beginning. In
my marrow direction
lay. Now the sea has
released me, and I have been constant.

But I was
wrong. You see me at death's
controls, in the primal
mud where our flight began,
but it has not been
a fleeing, as we have long supposed.

I see that
now, with these sockets where
fish have swum. You, rising
from the shore, have shown me
what the snail tried to
tell: the journey is the other way.
Turn me around. I am with you still.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REMAINS OF A FATHER

by Michael Ramsbotham
Atheneum, 222 pp., $4.95

IT IS POSSIBLE TO BELIEVE that psychological theory holds the key to all human problems, but the conviction is definitely not enough to make a novel. *The Remains of a Father* tells of three English siblings whose various problems may or may not have been caused by their father, who may or may not have been their real father—and who cares? Not they, very much, and certainly not the reader.

The three are all in their forties. Nicholas is the youngest, and a thoroughgoing rogue. He was always a bad boy, and now he lives with working-class girls, drinks a lot, and refuses to show respect for his father's remains. Harold, the first-born, is exactly the opposite: proper, stiff-lipped, and righteous. Underneath, however, is a seething volcano of repressions, and he finally takes to molesting girls on the subway. Between the two brothers is sister Caroline, neither good nor bad. Her problem is her teen-aged daughter, who reads true detective stories, carries a knife, and writes anonymous letters to her uncle. Caroline's husband, Donald, a successful psychologist, is responsible for most of the muddled theories that Caroline comes up with to explain the actions of her family. Donald has affairs with other women and tells his wife about them.

When a novel begins at the grave of a father, and his offspring are the central characters, and they symbolize the id, the ego, and the superego, one does expect to have lots of flashbacks and eventually to get the whole picture of childhood traumas, significant early relationships, etc. But such references here are oblique and vague, and some key facts seem to be lost, or they are merely intimated and never brought to light, so that even the willing reader-analyst can't put all the pieces together. For example, it is darkly hinted once or twice that Nicholas was the sexual victim of a nurse in his very early years (their mother died when he was two). But this is never confirmed.

There is one flashback of considerable potential drama, when Harold discovers Caroline and Nicholas in adolescent incest. But that is never referred to again either, by characters or author.

Suddenly, in the middle of the book, a new figure is introduced—the aunt who raised the children for fifteen years. She is brought into the story only to gasp out (to write, actually; she's too sick to speak) that their father was impotent all his adult life and that the three were illegitimately fathered by three different men. Then she dies. This revelation makes hardly a ripple in the murky consciousness of the siblings, and none at all in the plot—which is more of a moral than a plot. The message is that there is good in bad people and bad in good people, and eventually it all gets moved around. So don't worry.

Eileen Lottman

Eileen Lottman is a free-lance writer and critic.

THE BLACK GARDEN

By Christine Arnothy
Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 202 pp., $4.95.

IT WOULD BE HARD to imagine more dissimilar characters than Yves Barray and Sigrid Dusz, on whom this new novel by the author of *I Am Fifteen and I Don't Want to Die* centers. Both are middle-aged when they meet in midwinter on a deserted beach at Deauville, but otherwise they are almost entire opposites.

Yves is a habit-ridden, bourgeois Frenchman, a husband faithful to his shrewish, frigid wife, the father of two children whom he bores, and a model civil servant. World War II, in which he took no part, affected him minimally.

Sigrid's whole existence, on the other hand, has been shaped by the war. She feels she never had a normal childhood in wartime Germany, and because her father was a sadistic doctor who "operated" at Dachau she has never allowed herself to have a normal life since. That she was only fourteen when the war ended and knew nothing of her father's work does not, in her opinion, exonerate her.

The Israelis, who believe Sigrid has a list of ex-Nazis from whom she obtains funds, hope she may lead them to, among others, her vanished father; agents trail her everywhere. One of them—the only man she has ever really loved—has tortured her in vain for three days to learn her secrets.

But chiefly Sigrid tortures herself. She tells Yves, "I'm like some of the ghosts of Hiroshima: without being directly involved I'm marked with stigmata. History has made me radioactive. My very presence contaminates a place, disintegrates an atmosphere."

The Black Garden is the story of the few days Sigrid and Yves spend together and the effects of their affair on their lives. It is largely a study of clashing characters, and the reader is left wondering what Christine Arnothy means by it. Is the novel symbolic: timid, habit-ridden France attracted to a Germany that is oppressed with guilt for the past and torn between love and cruelty? The title refers to a garden of Sigrid's mother. Before she died (of disgust, Sigrid says) Frau Dusz poisoned the soil in it so that although the flowers grew vigorously, all of them were black. (Neat trick, incidentally.) Does Miss Arnothy mean that the generation of Germans which fought World War II has made life evil for its children? Many readers won't find it worth struggling through this awkward though occasionally striking prose to try to find out.

Elizabeth Easton

Elizabeth Easton is on the editorial staff of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

"Wait! You forgot the money!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction

NATIONAL ANTHEM

by Richard Kluger

Harper & Row, 334 pp., $6.95.

CHRISTOPHER KWAIT returns from a tenth anniversary reunion of his college graduating class to his Manhattan apartment and takes stock of himself and the other members of the Silent Generation of the Eisenhower non-era: "I am thirty-three years old, a pillar of normality, a dedicated family man, without a trauma to my name, on agreeable (if distant) terms with my kin and most of the people I know on earth, working regular hours for good pay, materially deprived in no way—a paragon of decorum, a consummately civilized man. And dead."

Despite his lovely and loving wife, two fine children, and an undemanding, lucrative junior-executive post with Continental Computron Corp., Kwait feels that he is "hemmed-in, cut-off, strapped-down." He concludes that the first half of his life was a passionless, purposeless waste and "prospects for the second half are less than luminous." It won't even merit, he concedes, "a single paragraph about it on the *Times* obit page."

But, unlike most of his thoughtless peers, Kwait decides that he has "an obligation to go down fighting." He attempts a farcical and fruitless adultery and, when that fails, decides to make his statement via an act of crime. It won't be criminal anyway, he rationalizes, since no one in the world really cares what anyone else has done or why he has done it.

The rest of this frenetic, wildly witty, and imaginative novel is concerned with Kwait's antisocial behavior. As a modern Robin Hood he chooses his victims for their undeserving characters. His robberies of Leonard Lifeline, millionaire Philistine, and a pair of exotic homosexuals are hilarious. His courtship of Connie Capehart Colton, self-professed virgin, is wacky and wonderful. And his climactic attempt to make his presence felt in the world is almost funnier than the robbery scenes.

Unfortunately, this otherwise sophisticated and exhilarating novel dribbles off into inconclusion at the end. If only Richard Kluger could have left Kwait, and all of us, with some hope that resistance is not in vain. But perhaps he is too much of a realist for that.

Joseph Haas

Joseph Haas is an editor and writer for Panorama Magazine of the Chicago Daily News.

"Care to join a small but vocal minority group?"

Borges

Continued from page 26

no doubt Borges prefers it that way. One learns how a chance remark of his father gave him the key to his philosophy; why he writes stories rather than novels; why Perón imprisoned his mother and sister (to try to make them "grateful" for being let out); why Borges prefers Hawthorne, Conrad, Dickens and Stevenson to Dostoevsky, Melville, Joyce and Sartre; why he thinks Henry James superior to Kafka; why he deplores Blake's sweeping statements, Whitman's expansiveness ("I think he thought it was his duty as an American to be happy"), El Greco's inability to paint "an intelligent face," Neruda's expedient politics, Freud's lack of a "wide, hospitable mind." Above all other writers, Borges reveres Shakepeare and Cervantes. "Cervantes is one of the few Spanish authors I can imagine. I know, more or less, what a chat with him would be. I know, for example, how he might apologize for some of the things he's written. How he wouldn't take himself too seriously. . . . I hardly ever get that feeling with Spanish books, or with Italian books. But I get that feeling all the time when I'm reading American or English literature."

When Borges speaks of Cervantes he does reveal himself; just as, when he described Shakespeare's elusive personality in that most moving of his essays, "Everything and Nothing," he showed himself to be a man completely honest, with a sense of humor and a great capacity for enjoying every person, place and thing under the sun without regard for its "importance" in the hierarchies established by politicians, critics and snobs. Perhaps Borges cherishes the past so much and has such an indifference to the future because he never loses sight of the fact that the present is all we have. With so little of it available, there is no time to waste striking poses or expressing hate.

"Do you think you're more gifted in poetry or in prose?" Burgin asks him at one point, and the great writer replies characteristically, "I don't think I'm gifted at all. But I don't think of them as different. . . . I think it's mere chance that a fancy of mine or even an opinion of mine should find its way into prose or into verse. Those things are not essential. You might as well speak about the fact of a book having a gray or red binding."

Answer to Wit Twister, page 31: topers, poster, presto.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LATIN AMERICAN RADICALISM: A Documentary Report on Left and Nationalist Movements

edited by Irving Louis Horowitz, Josué de Castro and John Gerassi
Random House, xiii, 653 pp., $10.

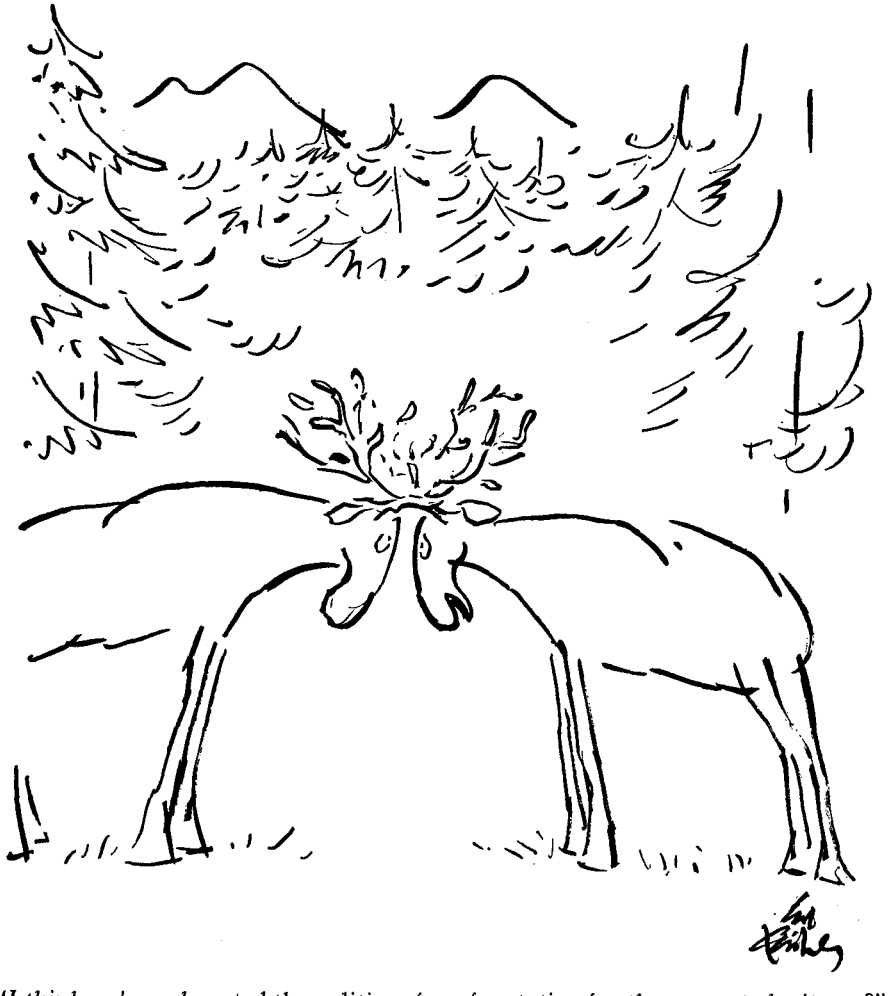
WHAT IS RADICALISM? Semantically, whatever goes to the root of things. But this helps us little in defining the many currents of thought and action that are thus labeled. The issue becomes even more complex when we are faced with a phenomenon like Latin American radicalism today. A book on the subject is timely, especially if it promises to be a documentary report on Left and nationalist movements, as the subtitle of this one indicates. *Latin American Radicalism* is not, however, entirely of a documentary nature: statements of Fidel Castro, Ché Guevara, Eduardo Frei, and perhaps Raúl Prebisch and Celso Furtado are, but for some papers in this collection such a claim cannot very well be made. Various contributors have been associated with radical causes but others have not. That yardstick, therefore, cannot be applied either. Only John Gerassi and his fellow writers in Part III of this volume offer a clean-cut answer: Castroism and nothing else represents true radicalism in Latin America.

Is Castroism also considered the only true Left? At the beginning of the book Irving Louis Horowitz speaks of a pluralization within the Left, but this concept is not followed through in the rest of the book, least of all in Part III. Nationalist movements, in turn, are almost entirely associated with the Left; Right-wing nationalism is quickly brushed off. Despite Josué de Castro's claim that "Really, 'Latin America' does not exist," the book tends to generalize about Latin America. The unifying factors stressed time and again are negative ones: the political predominance, colonial exploitation, and imperialist aggression —the terminology varies somewhat according to the authors' preference— that all of these nations suffer from the United States, and the impediments which they feel this country has put in the path of their economic and social development.

In fact most, but not all, of the book represents a "villain" interpretation of history. I certainly do not mean to deny the existence of villains in the world, or to claim that United States policy in Latin America has been particularly wise, dignified, or consistent. There is a good deal of truth, for example, in the statement by the Brazilian Celso Furtado that "U.S. hegemony in Latin America, by underpinning the anachronistic power structure, constitutes a serious obstacle to development for the majority of countries in the region." But I cannot help feeling that all the villain theories, including those with the most unrestrained language, tend to be an excuse for shirking the resolution of individual problems. Why clean out one's own backyard if some wicked neighbor keeps fouling it up? Instead of a balanced analysis of *all* the roots of existing social evils the reader is offered an assortment of stereotypes in pseudo-revolutionary phraseology. Thus the term imperialism in this book always refers to the U.S. and perhaps Great Britain, too. Never is Soviet expansionism mentioned, let alone the armed intervention of certain Latin American nations in the affairs of others. Just what the United States could do to please this kind of critic, short of committing hara-kiri or adopting *their* ideology and institutions, is rarely made clear.

The three parts of the book, each of which is organized and introduced by its respective editor, differ considerably from one another. Horowitz attempts a systematic sociological analysis of "the norm of illegitimacy" in Latin American politics. Part I (The Socioeconomic Pivot) also includes contributions by Prebisch of Argentina on the social structure of Latin America and the role of foreign capital; by M.I.T. economist Paul N. Rosenstein-Rodan on the Alliance for Progress; by Furtado on the U.S. hegemony; by John Saxe-Fernández of Costa Rica on Pax Americana; by Pablo González-Casanova of Mexico on internal colonialism, and by Professor John J. Johnson of Stanford University on the U.S. and the Latin American Left wings.

Part II (The Nationalist Pivot) starts with a poorly documented introduction by Josué de Castro but continues with high-caliber papers by Gino Germani on mass immigration and modernization in Argentina; by Hélio Jaguaribe on political strategies of development in Brazil, and by President Frei of Chile on "The Alliance That



"I think we've exhausted the politics of confrontation for the present, don't you?"

Reviewer Albert Lauterbach, the author of "Enterprise in Latin America" and many articles in U.S. and Latin American journals, has lived in Chile and spent much time in various other parts of Latin America as university lecturer and researcher.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lost Its Way." This section also includes articles on the U.S. and the Dominican Republic, on foreign exploitation of oil, and on the politics of Mexico and Puerto Rico.

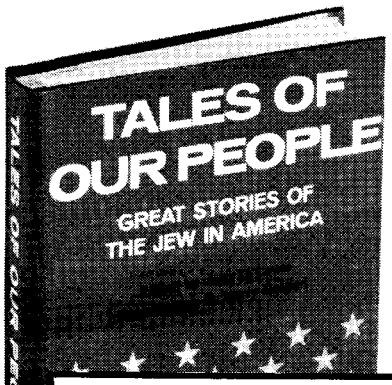
Part III (The Political-Activist Pivot) begins with John Gerassi, former Latin American editor of *Time, Newsweek,* and *Ramparts,* romantically praising guerrillas, peasants, and violence. Every other article in this section is in the same general vein. Gerassi himself reports on the birth of a new International in Havana, August 1967 ("... the huge triple-decked outdoor stage of the plush Tropicana night club suddenly came alive with multicolored waterfalls and luscious mulatto girls as naked as Latin Quarter chorus cuties") and the appearance at that conference of Stokely Carmichael, who spoke on the common enemy, white Western imperialist society. Other statements in this part are by Ché Guevara, Camilo Torres of Colombia, and Fabricio Ojeda of Venezuela, all of whom in the meantime have died for their cause; and by Fidel Castro, Régis Debray of France (now in a Bolivian jail), and Carlos Romeo of Chile and Cuba.

It is clearly impossible to generalize about all these authors. Rosenstein-Rodan and Germani have contributed some scholarly analysis. One wonders, though, how they got into the picture since their discussion has little to do with radicalism. Others are unconcerned with trustworthy empirical evidence for their claims and offer mainly their own interpretations, with quotations from various people as supportive "evidence." Still others, such as Emilio Maspero of the Christian trade-union movement—the only labor organization represented in this volume—contribute programmatic declarations. Puerto Rico is represented solely by a spokesman for the tiny Nationalist group.

For some contributors, Gerassi in particular, "liberalism" is a dirty word ("an honest man today must consider the liberal as the true enemy of mankind"), and Social Democrats and intellectuals are similarly sneered at. To such writers objectivity and documentation are alien. Nor do they consider that levels of productivity have something to do with the condition of people in a given part of the world. It is interesting to compare assertions like Gerassi's with this wise statement by Camilo Torres: "The workers and peasants are experiencing the political and economic crisis in all its harshness. The student, generally isolated from them, believes that a superficial or purely speculative revolutionary attitude is sufficient."

Perhaps one should not nag such a variety of authors about contradictions. It is hard, nevertheless, to reconcile Rodolfo Stavenhagen's doubts as to whether the Latin American economy is, or ever was, feudalistic with Maspero, Debray and Romeo's references to continuing agrarian feudalism. Josué de Castro even claims that "Latin America remains the unique twentieth-century feudal continent."

Among the statements from *fidelista* sources two strands of thought stand out. First, like them, Castro himself relies heavily on the black revolutionary movement in the United States, which, curiously, he sees in terms of an oppressed, rather than an ethnic group: "That's why we must reject—as injurious and slanderous—the attempt to present the Negro movement of the United States as a racial problem." This certainly is at odds with the Black Power ideas of Stokely Carmichael and others. Second, there is emphatic disdain for Moscow-oriented Communists, especially those in Venezuela, who are repeatedly called traitors to the Revolution. What is offered instead as ideological basis might best be classified as agrarian Blanquism mixed with chunks of Marxism, mostly a popular-



Great stories of the Jew in America

Stories sometimes true in fact, always true in spirit . . . wildly funny stories, warm and tender stories, about Zionism, intermarriage, assimilation, the Nazi experience, the search for a Jewish identity, by such authors as Edna Ferber, Arthur Miller, Philip Roth, Jerome Weidman, Meyer Levin, I. B. Singer, and many more.

TALES OF OUR PEOPLE
Edited by JERRY D. LEWIS
Introduction by Harry Golden

$6.95, now at your bookstore, or order direct from publisher. (Please enclose payment plus applicable sales tax with order.)

BERNARD GEIS ASSOCIATES
128 East 56th St., New York, N.Y. 10022

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

SWITCHEROO

Here, thanks to Peter Sisario of Schenectady, N. Y., is a list of books and plays, each with its subtitle, alternative title, or extended title. The trouble is that they have been switched, and it's up to you to reestablish the right connections by placing in each box the number of the main title and the letter of the author. In a pinch, turn to page 44.

1. *Walden: or Under the Spreading Atrophy* ( )
2. *The Road to Miltown: A Story of San Francisco* ( )
3. *Candide: A Pure Woman* ( )
4. *Nostromo: A Horseman of the Plains* ( )
5. *Cry, the Beloved Country: or The New Pilgrim's Progress* ( )
6. *Gulliver's Travels: or The Innocent Voyage* ( )
7. *The Virginian: 2000-1887* ( )
8. *The Innocents Abroad: or A Peep at Polynesian Life* ( )
9. *McTeague: or Optimism* ( )
10. *Tess of the d'Urbervilles: or Bunthorne's Bride* ( )
11. *Looking Backward: In Search of America* ( )
12. *Travels with Charlie: or Travels into Several Remote Nations of the World* ( )
13. *Typee: or Life in the Woods* ( )
14. *A High Wind in Jamaica: A Tale of the Seaboard* ( )
15. *Patience: A Story of Comfort in Desolation* ( )

a. Bellamy
b. Conrad
c. Gilbert
d. Hardy
e. Hughes
f. Melville
g. Norris
h. Paton
i. Perelman
j. Steinbeck
k. Swift
l. Thoreau
m. Twain
n. Voltaire
o. Wister

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ized Leninist version based on a critique of "labor aristocracy." This, however, is heavily modified by reliance on the peasants, rather than the urban workers, as the spearhead of the Revolution, the achievement of which is envisioned solely through violent guerrilla methods. Clearly *fidelista* radicalism has become a prisoner of the Cuban experience. Stavenhagen, though, believes that "progress in Latin America will only take place by means of an alliance between the workers and the peasants, as a result of the identity of interests of these two classes."

Characteristic also of *fidelista* radicalism is black-and-white thinking that is often expressed in phraseology largely derived from bygone phases of intellectual and political history. It is amazing to observe the similarity between the mental processes of the extreme Left in Latin America and the extreme Right in the United States—their propensity to hate, to generalize, to knock down strawmen, and to believe in their own rhetorical abstractions. But on the individual level Left-wingers in Latin America are just as friendly to individual North Americans (those, at least, who have some *cultura*) as any other people there.

All this leaves us with the major question—whether what is pictured in most of this book is the only kind of radicalism that exists in Latin America or that has any hope of succeeding. Is the choice solely between a Castro type of revolution and foreign imperialism with its domestic stooges? The Christian Democrats and Social Democrats, and left-of-center leaders such as Haya de la Torre, Eduardo Frei Montalva, Muñoz-Marín, and José Figueres are ridiculed and despised by many of the contributors to this volume, but that does not commit us to their concept of radicalism. One wishes that the editors of this collection had interpreted their subject more broadly and equitably. Even so, readers interested in the outlook for Latin America (and we better all be) will find this book an important source of information about one kind of Latin American radicalism. And in the last analysis a number of the problems discussed are very real even to dissenters from the stands taken: the oligarchic structure of many Latin American societies, the institutionalized political instability, the economic stagnation, the vagaries of development plans and foreign investment, the misery and alienation of broad masses of the population in rural areas and urban slums, and the schizophrenic attitude of the United States, during these Alliance for Progress years no less than before, toward overdue basic social changes in Latin America.

Albert Lauterbach

CRUCIAL BOOKS FOR A CRITICAL TIME

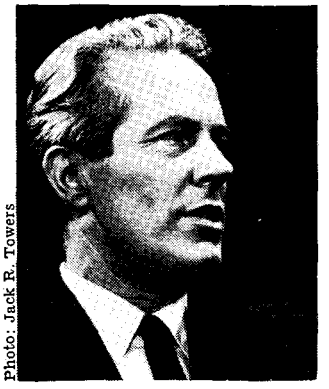


Photo: Jack R. Towers

STUDENTS WITHOUT TEACHERS

The Crisis in the University

Harold Taylor

Former President of Sarah Lawrence, Mr. Taylor speaks out for the student revolutionaries on campus. He sees their outbursts as a measure of our failure, outlines ways in which we can harness their free-floating student power for reforms and innovations in which we, the older generation, believe but cannot implement. $7.95

Photo: Gerald Davis

BEYOND RACISM

Whitney M. Young, Jr.

Author of *To Be Equal*

The division of America into two societies—one white and affluent, one black and poor—is intolerable, writes Mr. Young. Not only because it is unjust and immoral, but because neither society could survive. *There can be change; it can be done,* says the Executive Director of the National Urban League, if each and every one of us will fight for an America beyond racism. $6.95

Photo: Christian Tailandier

THE SPIRIT OF MAY

Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber

Where and why did Charles de Gaulle go wrong? The distinguished editor of L'Express—who denounced Gaullist policies in *The American Challenge*—sees the 1968 revolution as a result of years of wrong-headedness, and the possible dawn of a new France and a new Europe.

$4.95 hardcover / $2.45 paperback

Photo: Rowohlt Verlag

OBSOLETE COMMUNISM:

The Left-Wing Alternative

Daniel and Gabriel Cohn-Bendit

The revolution has swept Paris, Madrid, Tokyo, Los Angeles, New York, Cambridge—and your neighborhood school. The brothers who led the French students explain why the young are in revolt, why they feel betrayed by Right, Left, and Center—and outline what the young intend to do about it. "An important work." —*Saturday Review,* $5.95

bestsellers come from
McGRAW-HILL
Ada / The Joys of Yiddish

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

Ins and Outs of Islands

Islands are a perishable commodity. Someone discovers a dream isle, lovely, sunny, and cheap, and the news is immediately monitored on the international island circuit. Artists come and paint. Poets praise the climate. Travel writers pronounce the place "unspoiled." At first, the natives don't understand any of this, but soon they begin to learn terms like "real estate" and "double occupancy."

Then the chic crowd drops anchor. Someone shoots a movie, and columnists declare the island *"dans le vent."* This is the signal for mass tourism to move in, and suddenly the dream isle is flooded with all-expense vacation clubs from Manchester and Malmö. The distance from Frankfurt shrinks to a few jet hours. By the time Clunktown, U.S.A., hears of the new "In" place (that's what they call it in Clunktown), the tide of prices has risen steeply, and elbow room has become scarce. Scenery and climate are still intact, but the island no longer smiles.

When I visited Palma de Mallorca in 1953, the signs of impending commercialization were clearly visible. I felt like having a change, so I boarded a cattle boat (the passengers shared deck space with mooing cows) and sailed southwest for Ibiza, 72 miles away. It was a sleepy island then, without high-rise hotels, and the traffic during the rush hour consisted largely of donkey carts and bicycles.

The daily rate at the Hotel Ibiza for room, bath, and board was $2, an outrageous figure in the eyes of the absinthe crowd across the street — the artists and writers who lived on 80 cents a day. Life at the hotel, I will admit, was a bit different from the baroque splendor of the Mediterráneo at Palma where I had become accustomed to white-glove dining room service and the white-tie Trio Ibérico playing "In a Persian Temple Garden."

In Ibiza, earthy simplicity was the keynote. Fishermen dried their nets in front of the hotel, and when you climbed up into the old town with its gleaming white houses to watch the sunset, people who had nothing to sell would smile at you and say, *"Buenas!"* There was a complete absence of pressure.

It would be incorrect to say that all members of the foreign colony were artists and writers. There were those who felt that "creative sitting" was also a form of self-expression. They would sit creatively in front of the café across the street and sip 136-proof absinthe. That was in the morning. In the afternoon, they would follow the sun and move to another location. They were a rather close-knit group, mostly English, Swiss, or Scandinavian, and the Ibicencos referred to them generically as *"Los Suecos"*—"the Swedes." A Russian *Sueca* named Tanya had trained all the waiters in town to respond with a double absinthe whenever she ordered, *"Una Tanya, por favor!"*

The Ibicencos, far from resenting the *Suecos*, regarded their presence with cheerful equanimity. After all, foreign invasions were nothing new to these islands. It started with the Phoenicians, the Greeks, and the Romans. The Carthaginians and Moors followed. The Vandals, described in *Die Balearen in Wort und Bild* as "barbaric hordes from the North," made themselves at home and behaved like—well, vandals.

One of the favorite topics on the absinthe terrace was the increasing popularity of the island. "This town is being spoiled by tourist money," I overheard a Canadian *Sueco* say. "Absinthe went from 4 cents to a nickel a shot. I'm moving to San Antonio!"

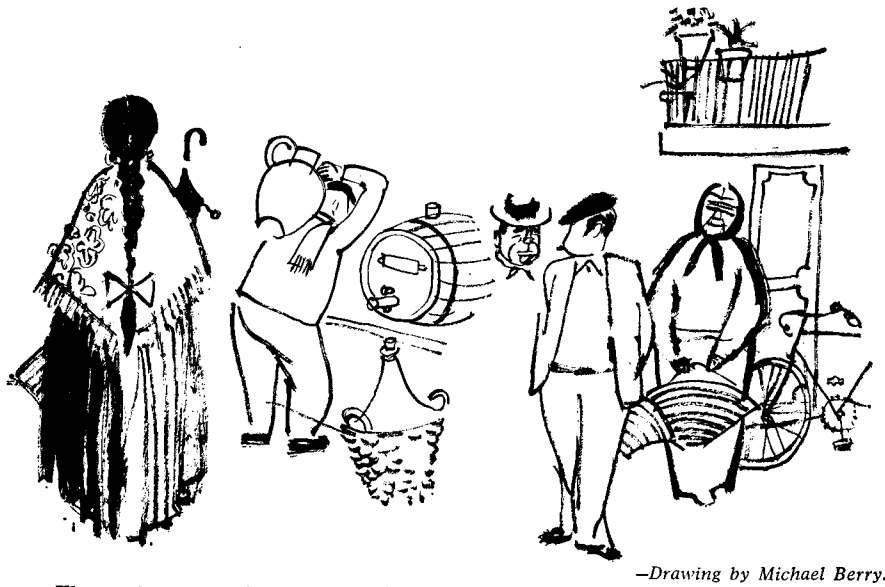
San Antonio Abad, a small fishing village on the other side of the island, had beautiful beaches and a casual charm of its own. Public electricity was available several hours a day, and the unpretentious Hotel Portmany (Portus Magnus was the Roman name of the town) supplied shelter and good, simple food in a cozy atmosphere. There was only a handful of guests, most of them Spanish.

One day a monocled, red-faced man arrived with a troop of middle-class English couples. He was a retired British major who worked as a guide to support an unhappy penchant for the ponies. All the English ladies were armed with knitting needles which protruded from gorgeously embroidered tote bags. Their men walked around in baggy shorts and floppy denim hats with green-plastic visor windows.

One of the residents, a Danish poet named Ib, was horrified. "They're coming! They're taking over the island! Ibiza is doomed! I'm fleeing to Formentera!"

That was in 1953. There are now two-hour jets from England and Germany, and junky little souvenir shops, and the once-sleepy fishing village of San Antonio Abad is wide awake with skyscraper hotels nudging each other for air. Oddly enough, Ibiza itself, the island capital where all the planes and ships land, has changed less than San Antonio. Sometimes the visiting subcultures—the hip, the unhip, and, of all things, the Spanish families—will mingle, but more often they will navigate with great care to avoid each other. One café where they all meet to exchange the gossip of the day is the Alhambra. I wonder if the Americans have succeeded in converting the creative sitters from absinthe to coke. *"Todo va mejor con Coca-Cola!"*

I suppose no one is surprised to observe, next door to the restaurant Los Pasajeros, a sign touting Sam's Hamburgers. What distresses the Europeans is to discover a very un-European please-pay-when-served policy in force



—*Drawing by Michael Berry.*

The natives soon learn terms like "real estate" and "double occupancy."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nice is its own reward.

The only nice that makes any difference is the nice that comes from inside. It doesn't come out for rewards. Not even a million dollars.

To see the nice that comes from inside, we invite you to try Air-India to London. Any 8:30 p.m. from New York.

For 6½ hours, you trade your world for the warm and gracious world of India.

For gentle hostesses in soft silk saris, whispering "namaste" ("welcome") as you come aboard.

For smooth efficiency, such as you find on most other airlines. For a mood of serenity, which is ours and ours alone.

Ask your travel agent for Air-India to London. The airline where nice is your reward.

Air-India has something money can't buy.

The airline that treats you like a maharajah. Over 36 years of flying experience.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1969 edition just out

EUROPE THIS WAY

A Definitive, Up-to-the-Minute Guide to European Travel for the American Student. By JAMES L. STEFFENSEN, JR. and LAWRENCE HANDEL. Includes 20 European countries plus Israel. 617 pp., $7.95, now at your bookstore.

Atheneum

JAMAICA MEANS MORE AT

Half Moon

HOTEL & COTTAGE COLONY
MONTEGO BAY
Heinz E. W. Simonitsch
Managing Director

Glamorous Montego Bay's only complete resort. Our own 18-hole Robert Trent Jones golf course. One of the world's most beautiful beaches. 13 swimming pools, 6 tennis courts, sailing. Luxury accommodations, all beachfront, include 17 private cottages.

See your travel agent.

Represented by
Hetland & Stevens Inc., 211 E. 43rd St., New York, TN 7-1450; Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Miami, Toronto.

George R. Smith Co.: Beverly Hills, Seattle, San Francisco, Sydney.

In Your Pocket

INSTANT BREATH PROTECTION ALL DAY!

Binaca®

CONCENTRATED GOLDEN BREATH DROPS

JOIN WEST INDIES CRUISE

Explore remote Caribbean Isles — Saba, St. Barts, Antigua, Grenadines, Martinique. Aboard beautiful sailing yacht. Small, congenial group now forming. 10 days from $225. Write Windjammer, Dept 119, P.O. Box 120, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

at a certain American-operated night spot. I sat down one night at the bar to see if the policy would make an American feel at home, but after the third drink, paying for each as it was served to me, I began to understand why Ib, the Danish poet, had fled.

Formentera is 11 miles south of Ibiza — seventy-five minutes by boat. It has the healthiest climate in all of Spain, and many magnificent beaches. So I learned from a travel folder aboard the *M/N Joven Dolores*, as I traced Ib's path of retreat. The sea was blue and smooth and translucent, and the passengers, mostly exuberant young people, were chatting excitedly in a variety of tongues.

Even before the boat was tied up at La Sabina, the island's port, the kids were jumping ashore with their shoulder bags and scuba gear, and racing for the waiting bus. Those who found no room started walking inland along the straight, endless road.

Formentera, at first sight, is a disappointment. There is too much sun and there aren't enough trees. If the waterfront at Ibiza looks like a mellowed stage set, its white hilltown forming a splendid backdrop, Formentera gives the impression of an unfinished bit of Off-Broadway scenery with an ailing budget. Everything is a little tentative, without much style. The best you can say for the softly rolling countryside with its low, windbreaking fieldstone walls is that it is pleasant and restful. The irregular pattern of small white houses, occasionally accented by a solitary windmill, lacks the patina of the past that is such an attractive part of Ibiza.

But then you meet the people, and you listen. The word "serenity" recurs again and again, and soon you begin to feel it. "Formentera takes a little while," a Frenchman at the Club des Argonautes said to me, "but it does wonders for people. A friend of mine arrived only three days ago and already his conversation has improved miraculously. That's the wonderful thing about the island. It attracts people with inner resources. It is also an island très snob. We have no vulgarians here!"

"What do you do to discourage them?"

"It's a mean, low-down trick: cheap prices. You can't spend any money here, and what true vulgarian would make a reservation at a place that charges $2.40 a day for room and board?"

He was right. My own tab at the Pensión Pepe was $1.15 a day for room and swimming pool (tax and service included), and the guests were civilized and chic. Across the street, hard by an open-air bar, a far different slice of humanity was huddling under a spreading tree. There were lank-haired girls in flowing silk pajamas, and young men in sleeveless jackets and beaded headbands. On Formentera they are called *"los barbudos."* The owner was serving drinks to some and arguing with others. "They wouldn't dare do this in Valencia," he grumbled. "Owing money and demanding more credit! In Valencia, if you owe money, the creditor has you followed everywhere by a man in a red suit. A man in a red suit walks behind you, and the whole town knows you're a deadbeat."

Leaving the *barbudos*, I strolled past isolated houses toward the beach of Pujols. I encountered no cars and only two bicycles. As I approached the beach I found myself knee-deep in German *Familienleben*. Red-skinned families were sunbathing or engaged in beach athletics, flexing their muscles and counting, *"Eins, zwei, drei, vier."* The water was marvelously clear, and the beach was free of transistors and empty bottles.

On the walk back to my pensión a sign on an old, secluded house caught my eye: GALERIA DE ARTE. A stout woman with short hair and an imperious manner ran the gallery which showed non-objective work by a local Israeli couple. When I commented on some of the pictures, the lady's hau-

see Europe in your own FIAT and save

For free brochure on money-saving Fiat Overseas Delivery Plans contact your FIAT Dealer, your Travel Agent or write
FIAT MOTOR COMPANY, INC. OVERSEAS ASSISTANCE, 375 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

teur mellowed. "I have some people coming in for a *copita* and music. Why don't you stay!"

I sat down and during the next half hour I watched a most unlikely spectacle. Seemingly out of nowhere and obeying an unseen signal, people in twos and threes materialized. They came on foot or on bicycle. A group of four arrived by car. There were more people here than I had seen all day. Finally, about sixty persons, all in smart vacation clothes, were settled inside the gallery and outside on the terrace. Two of the guests poured *vino tinto*. These people, while casually dressed, had a *soigné* look about them that one might see in Capri or Saint-Tropez.

By now, the intense glare of the sun had given way to a soft, golden glow, and, as the afternoon wore on, the shadows became elongated and purple, contributing to an air of surrealism. Marcel, a young Frenchman with a permanent Gauloises glued to his lip, strummed a flamenco guitar. The *vino tinto* was replenished until the sun went down.

An English couple suggested dinner in the village of San Fernando, and, since they had been living here for years, I listened attentively.

"Actually we're fugitives from San Antonio Abad. That place, as you know, has been utterly spoiled. We're not snobs, but the luxury hotels there are attracting a very unluxurious crowd. Here, in Formentera, we find our own kind of luxury—of unmeasured time and space and tiny prices. There's a complete absence of pressure. With only eighty-five motor cars on the island the air is wonderful. There's no noise, and there are no offensive sights. I suppose it doesn't pay to put up advertising signs and such. You see, old boy, Formentera is the best-kept secret of the Mediterranean."

His wife smiled. "Cyril likes to exaggerate. The fact is that on a clear day, when you close your eyes, you can hear the island grow. The British Vice-Consul at Ibiza sells Formentera beach property. The number of visitors doubles every year. They are shipped from Ibiza by excursion boat, and taken back the same day. Soon they will want to stay over, and then there'll be hotels and Wimpy's hamburgers, and Formentera will go the way of all islands."

"I know, I know," said Cyril. "But that's a long way off. When it finally comes, we'll just have to move again. We already have an island in mind."

I asked for the name, but they wouldn't tell. —MICHAEL BERRY.

Mr. Berry is a free-lance writer and illustrator who lives in New York.

TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Idiots' Delight

A RECENT, UNUSUAL Huntley-Brinkley NBC newscast raises the interesting question: What is the best way to beat the grotesquely absurd when we meet it on television? The answer is, to quote a Polish critic, "calling the absurd by its own name; *reductio ad absurdum* to its pure state." Only in this way can we see and be liberated.

Saturday, May 10, was a light news day perhaps. Or perhaps the production unit joined together odd pieces of unused film. Or perhaps they planned it just the way it happened. In any case, the thirty-minute program (Brinkley soloed; Huntley was off) was actually a unified documentary, even an editorial, devoted to the war in Vietnam.

Only one item (brief text without pictures) departed from the military theme—a light touch about the Irish providing an oversize bed for the extra-tall de Gaulle, while he vacationed in their country to escape the political campaign in France.

Dispersed throughout the entire program, however, were seven commercials, promoting the sale of Peter Pan Peanut Butter, S&H Green Stamps, Geritol tonic with iron in it, Sominex pills for sleep, Johnson's foot soap for tired, aching feet, Lanacane for any itching problem ("break that itch cycle!"), and Oceanspray Cranberry Juice Cocktail.

This was the show—a schizophrenic adventure in the bizarre, the cruelly ludicrous, and the fantastically incongruous. For on one track ran the tragedy and the solemnity, the heartbreak of the war, while on the other—darting in and out like a lunatic Toonerville trolley—chortled the monadic, machined happiness of the consumer in a paradise of food and drug products, and bar bells for the paunchy man in the family, courtesy of S&H.

Mr. Brinkley and his colleagues, reporting in from remote locations, drew a somber, moving picture of the impact that the war has had in the last twelve months since the peace talks began in Paris. They covered the political front in Hanoi, Saigon, and Washington. They traced the uninterrupted coming and going of troops (500,000 leaving and the same number returning) through Travis Air Force base in California. They interviewed young GIs in Vietnam on patrol; one shy, candid youth said, "I don't care too much for killing. I'd rather walk all day and come back without finding anything."

There were the depressing figures about the war's continuing heavy cost in money—$2.3 billion a month. Soldiers in training in South Carolina were shown risking courts-martial as they encouraged an anti-war spirit in a coffeehouse near a camp. Wounded veterans in hospitals wondered wistfully why the talk goes on in Paris and no troops move out in American withdrawal.

The climactic story, done in two

NUMBERS, PLEASE!

The numbers and letters on the label that brings Saturday Review your way each week may not mean much to you at first glance. But they are essential in helping our Subscription Department quickly identify your records. That is why it is important to include your address label whenever you write Saturday Review about your subscription.

ATTACH LABEL HERE

CHANGE of ADDRESS

Please let us know at least four weeks before you plan to move. For fastest service, clip or paste your current mailing address in space provided, fill in your name and address, and mail to Saturday Review's Subscriber Service Division.

NEW or RENEWAL SUBSCRIPTION

Check here to enter or extend your subscription:
☐ One year $9 ☐ Three years $21
☐ Two years $16 ☐ Five years $25
Outside U.S. and Canada, add $2 per year
☐ New subscription ☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Renewal ☐ Bill me

Name Address

City State ZIP

Saturday Review

Subscriber Service Division
380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sections, was the case history of a young man, a sergeant, killed in action and returned home to California in a flag-draped coffin. The cameras showed his young widow at the funeral services, and his seven-month-old daughter whom he had never seen. An Army "escort officer" held the infant in his arms outside, while within the mother wept over the coffin. Then the interment—the minister's intoning, "a free nation spending for liberty, justice, and the rights of all"; the volley over the grave; the giving of the rolled-up flag into the hands of the seated widow; and the ceremonial depositing by officers of white flowers before her.

It was impossible not to be overwhelmed; the emotion had been cumulative, unlike that generated in fragments by discontinuous news shows of the standard pattern. The message was unmistakable—the war that almost nobody wanted, yet a year after the beginning of the peace talks, it went on still. And at four linkage points that joined the war to the commercials, the solemnity passed without a misstep into the rhythm of the peanut butter and the aching feet.

It was shocking, but Americans accept similar grotesqueries in newscasts every day. Why? Is a professional viewer aware of such subtleties, because he watches television searchingly? Do the average viewers mentally tune out the commercials and feel no dissonance? Or do they tune out the horrible news and hear only the happy messages, because that's the only way to keep one's sanity? Perhaps, if they were made aware, they, too, would feel outrage.

Ask any viewer: Suppose you stood near, in real life, to a young neighbor as she heard a messenger tell her that her husband had been killed in action in Vietnam. And suppose that as she wilted under the message, the messenger suddenly began to sing and dance to the tune of a jingle eulogizing itching powder. Would you not think that the messenger had gone mad? Why, then, is the very same action on television glossed over, as if the joining of death-in-war and Sominex pills for sleep to one another were perfectly appropriate, as though they were of equal or congruent value?

Only by awakening to perceive the grotesquely absurd on what, in this case, is truly the "idiot box," can we ever escape the price that we pay for suffering it—namely the truth that we ourselves are grotesquely absurd and do not know it.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

The subtitle boxes should read: 2i, 9g, 10d, 7o, 8m, 14e, 11a, 13f, 3n, 15c, 12j, 6k, 11, 4b, 5h.

World of Dance

Walter Terry

—Hannes Kilian.

Richard Cragun and Marcia Haydée, in John Cranko's "The Taming of the Shrew"—"a lusty, bawdy, brawling, electrifying ballet. . . ."

STUTTGART.

BOLSHOI and Royal Ballets of Europe, watch to your American laurels! The Stuttgart Ballet is about to challenge your right to them. It seems incredible that a city of just slightly more than a half-million population could produce a ballet troupe to rival the great state ballets of Europe. It has. To put it succinctly: I came, I saw, and I was conquered. (New York will see the Stuttgart Ballet, under the S. Hurok banner, June 10-29 at the Metropolitan Opera House.)

Before telling you about the composition and background of this remarkable company, let me report the impact I experienced on attending my first performance in the lovely, old Württemberg State Theater. The ballet was *The Taming of the Shrew*, created by the company's director, John Cranko, an Englishman but a *Wunderkind* in any language.

Shrew is a lavishly produced full-length ballet performed to perfection by splendid artists who are not only whizzes at classical ballet, but who are also superb actor-dancers. In *Shrew*, Cranko has created a lusty, bawdy, brawling, electrifying ballet which captures, almost miraculously, the intent and content of the Shakespeare play, while at the same time giving full

Marcia Haydée and Heinz Clauss in Cranko's "Eugene Onegin"—"the secret yearnings of the heart are bared. . . ."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

celebration to the prowess of the dancers.

Cranko is not afraid to use slapstick any more than Shakespeare was, nor is he skittish about the most tender expressions of romance. Sometimes, indeed, he juxtaposes the two, with only seconds separating them. I found myself roaring with laughter, sighing at moments of sweet young love, and applauding exhilarating feats of physical skill—as did my neighbors in the theater—for a work that is not only a great ballet in itself but also an unforgettable interpretation of the Shakespeare comedy. I might even add that it might possibly make you forget the ever-popular musical, *Kiss Me, Kate!*, since here in the ballet even bodies sing.

For the two principals, *Shrew* is, of course, an acting tour de force. Add dancing of high virtuosity to the basic acting assignments and you find a theater experience which will make your jaw drop. The Stuttgart Ballet has as its Katherine and its Petruchio the Brazilian Marcia Haydée and the American Richard Cragun, and they are absolutely marvelous. As they tear each other apart in fury, in amorousness, and in sheer virtuosity, they tear the house down, too.

In this role, tiny Miss Haydée is fiery, fierce, and intense, wildly comical, and yet adorable. As for Cragun, I promise that he will make you forget your favorite swashbuckler, be it Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., or Errol Flynn of earlier eras, or any of today's limited crop. In fact, Cragun is D'Artagnan, Villon, and Rupert of Hentzau rolled into one dashing hero.

The supporting cast—including Stuttgart's own Susanne Hanke (Bianca), and Denmark's Egon Madsen (hysterically funny as Gremio), and all the others—is brilliant. Among the array of scenes to roar at are those in which two blowsy ladies of easy virtue push their fading charms to the fullest, get Petruchio drunk, and strip him before our eyes; or when we are invited to attend the most raucous and chaotic wedding in history; or when we are permitted to witness the terrifying taming of Kate herself. (Miss Haydée told me that she was black-and-blue in rehearsals, but that in performance her muscles and bones are nicely numb.) Wherever you look, there are battles in ballet form, love-making in dance, antics at all times.

Elisabeth Dalton's sets and costumes are sumptuous, and Kurt-Heinz Stolze's score, derived from Scarlatti themes, is at one with the prankishness of the ballet all the way.

Cranko's almost uncanny skill in telling a story through dance action is revealed again in a tragedy, *Eugene Onegin*. It is not necessary to know the Pushkin novel, nor would one have to plow through program notes in order to follow the tale. It is all there on stage, as lived by flesh-and-blood characters. Each reveals the inner self—the torments, the desires, the uncertainties—through dance.

Sometimes, the secret yearnings of the heart are bared in a dreamed duet with the absent loved one; again, it is a personal drama placed in the midst of mass gaiety; or, as in the final dance of the ballet (there is no splashy finale in the usual sense), the end of the story comes with a heartbreakingly lovely dance of utter loneliness.

Here also, John Cranko displays his genuine genius in weaving the craft of storytelling-through-movement into the choreographic fabric of a dance work of art.

Miss Haydée, as Tatiana, makes clear that she is not only the irresistible comedienne of *Shrew* but also a dance tragedienne in the great tradition of Nora Kaye. Heinz Clauss, one of the company's most valuable dancers, is an excellent Onegin, and the incredibly versatile Madsen (an old fop, Mercutio, an unforgettable Albrecht in *Giselle*, the Joker in *Jeu de Cartes*) is a splendid Lenski.

The score, prepared especially for this ballet by Mr. Stolze, the conductor, is not derived from the opera but, rather, from other Tchaikovsky compositions more suitable to Cranko's choreographic needs.

And what shall I tell you of Cranko's *Romeo and Juliet* to the great Prokofiev score? Yes, Lavrovsky did one of the most famous for the Bolshoi Ballet; Ashton created a masterful one for the Royal Danish Ballet; Britain's Royal Ballet has a magnificent one (produced later than Cranko's) by MacMillan; and there are others. Quite simply, in my opinion, Cranko's for the Stuttgart is the finest in a galaxy of memorable *Romeo*s. This does not mean the others are to be forgotten. The street dance of the mandolin players and the dance of the whores in the MacMillan version are better; Romeo's first entrance in the Ashton concept is stronger; but in its total powers, the Cranko *Romeo and Juliet* is unmatched.

The production, with settings and costumes by Jürgen Rose, is stunning, with the mobility of the scene changes being of particular value to the unbroken flow of this danced play. At the first performance that I attended, Madsen was a dazzling Mercutio; John Neumeier made Paris a being and not a shadow; Jan Stripling was the remorseless, fearless Tybalt; Hella Heim, a great old dance mime in her sixties, was the adoring, protective Nurse; and Heinz Clauss was a Romeo you could never forget. Juliet? It was danced by Miss Hanke with a dewy beauty, inner and outer, which suffused the stage and penetrated the hearts of all of us. I think I can sum up what she, and Cranko, did: I wept unashamedly, and when the curtain fell there was a total hush in the Württemberg State Theater. Slowly, the tribute of silence ended, and the house stood and cheered.

This was ballet at its finest. This was also a man named John Cranko, a new (to many in America) and towering creative figure in the world of dance.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

How Are The Mighty Fallen!

ONE DIDN'T HAVE to be a complete cynic to take with a grain of salt that old slogan, "If it's a Paramount picture, it's the best show in town." There was a time when, good or bad, the films that came from the major studios represented a certain level of quality in production, an acceptable level of taste in script. The studios had pride in those days. The exploitation films, the sexploitation films—these they left to the little fellows, the fly-by-nighters who catered to those grubby, side-street theaters where patrons hid their faces as they bought their tickets.

Not any more. Apparently the scramble for ticket buyers has grown so intense that even the majors are now willing to vie with their lowly competition for the consumer dollar by supplying precisely the same kinds of entertainment. With the compliance of a Production Code that grants an "R" to films that, in all probability, would rate an "X" from less auspicious sources, the big companies are producing and/or releasing pictures that, as little as a year ago, they would not have touched with a ten foot pole (or two Roman Polanskis).

From Warners, for example, comes *The Big Bounce*, an utterly amoral tale about a girl (Leigh Taylor-Young) who, at eighteen, is the mistress-secretary of a wealthy California cucumber magnate (James Daly). Outraged when he suggests that she make herself available to a local politico, she turns to a migrant cucumber picker (Ryan O'Neal) with the suggestion that they rob her employer and run off together. To incite the somewhat taciturn young man, she plays games with him, such as leaping into bed in a house they have broken into, or offering herself to him, nude, atop a slab in a cemetery. In the meantime, O'Neal has also won the affection of an embittered older woman (Lee Grant) who commits suicide when he rejects her.

There is a feeling about every aspect of this production—the characters, their lines, the situations they are maneuvered into—that suggests total concern with the fast buck. The comely Miss Taylor-Young shucks her clothes so freely and frequently that the process becomes more amusing than titillating, as do the repeated views of Mr. O'Neal's manly buttocks. And once Robert Dozier's lumbering script gets the story under way, it seems more intent upon inventing new instances of the heroine's depravity than upon telling the tale itself. The final shot, a classic raised finger salutation from Miss Taylor-Young, seems directed equally to her co-star and to the audience.

Warners also enjoys the dubious distinction of releasing the Italian-made *Sweet Body of Deborah*, in which Carroll Baker—who introduced nudity into major productions with *The Carpetbaggers*—vigorously defends her reputation for having gotten there "fustest with the leastest." Miss Baker leaps upon her (movie) husband, Jean Sorel, in a shower stall within the first few hundred feet of the film, then on a wide assortment of beds and couches as the melodramatic story moves fitfully from place to place in southern France. She appears to be the victim of a plot to drive her out of her mind and into suicide, but plodding direction, slovenly editing, and atrocious dubbing for all the voices (including her own) serve to concentrate the interest on how many times, and how quickly, the star can disrobe. Unfortunately, Carroll Baker in the nude is not enough (or has not enough) to sustain an entire picture.

But sexploitation-type nudity is not the only departure for major studios today. MGM, which used to boast that it had "more stars than there are in heaven," has just released a low-budget, Japanese-made action film with the euphonious title, *The Green Slime*, starring Robert Horton, Luciana Paluzzi, and Richard Jaeckel. (Remember them?) Looking like a paperback edition of *2001*, with papier-mâché models of space craft and warty green space monsters that are all too palpably little men in rubberized monkey suits, the whole thing would be laughably naïve if caught at a Saturday matinee. The laughter stops, though, when one realizes that it comes from once-mighty Metro.

Little better is Paramount's Italo-Yugoslav import, *Fraulein Doktor*. Indeed, the mind boggles at the ramifications of this production—an English actress (Suzy Kendall) playing a German World War I spy, directed by an Italian (Alberto Lattuada), with Yugoslavia (and any number of painted glass shots) standing in for Scapa Flow, Berlin, Lisbon, and the other locales of its wide-ranging plot. Small wonder that the action tends to grow confused from time to time, except in one sequence containing today's *scène obligatoire*, a Lesbian interlude between Miss Kendall and the statuesque Capucine (who portrays, of all things, a French scientist, the inventor of poison gas).

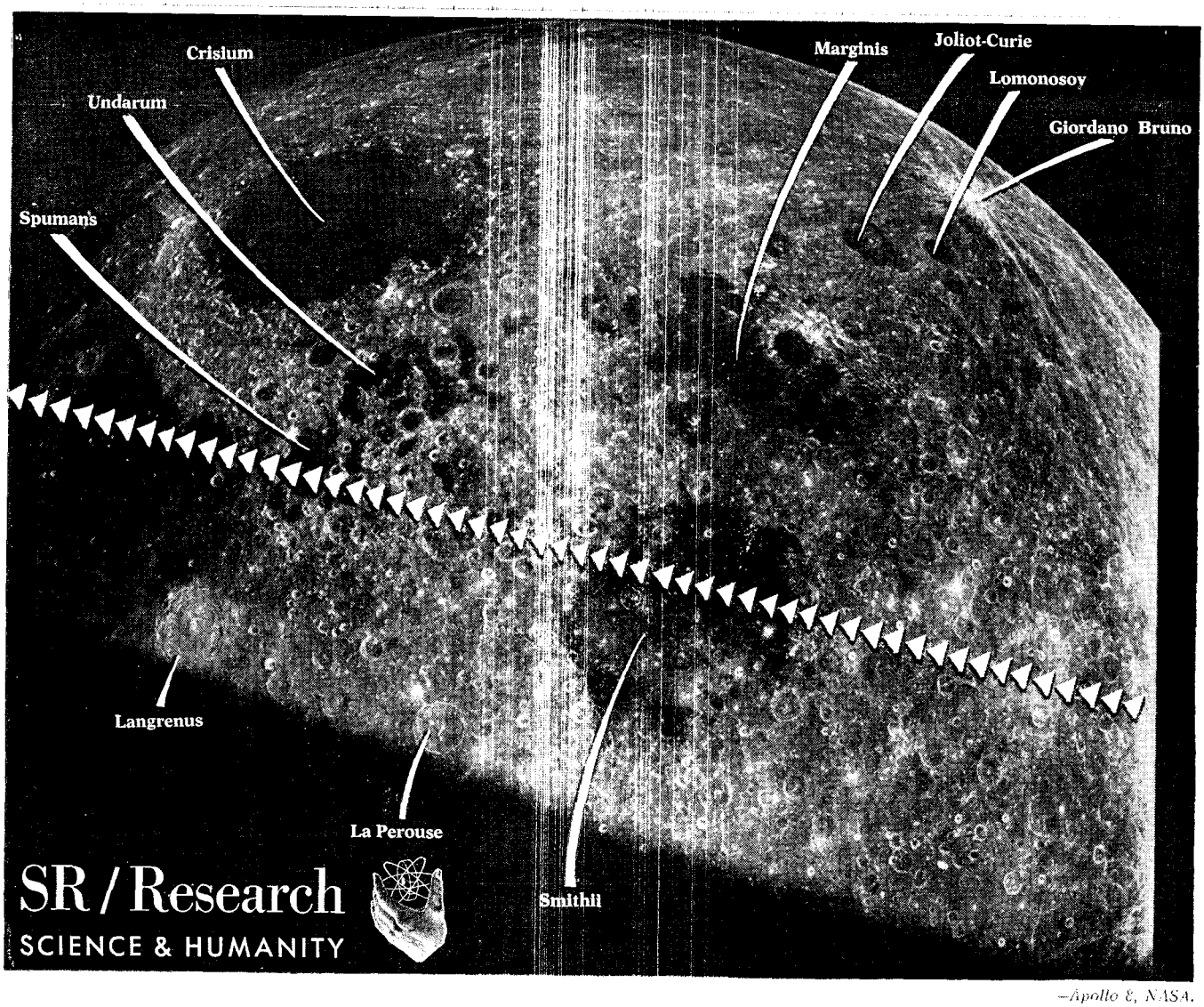
By way of contrast, Paramount's stylish production of *Those Daring Young Men in Their Jaunty Jalopies*, with Tony Curtis and Terry Thomas, is more like the majors used to be. Ken Annakin's direction may strain a bit wringing laughs and thrills from a Monte Carlo Rallye in the Twenties, but after the austerity of budget and paucity of taste in so much of the current product, the film's unstinting effort to entertain at all costs is both welcome and refreshing.

Gift Wrapping

By David Wagoner

Already imagining her
Unwrapping it, I fold the corners,
Putting paper and ribbon between her
And this small box. I could hand it over
Out in the open; why bother to catch her eye
With floss and glitter?
Looking manhandled, it lies there
Like something lost in the mail, the bow
On backwards. And minutes from now,
She will have seen what it is.
But between her guesswork
And the lifting of the lid, I can delay
All disappointments: the give and take
Of love is in the immediate present
Again, though I can't remember myself
What's in it for her.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—*Apollo 8, NASA.*

The last lap of the first voyage to land a man on the moon, now scheduled for mid-July, is marked on the above photo by a procession of colored arrows. The actual landing spot, in the southwestern extremity of Mare Tranquillitatis, lies beyond the left-hand margin of the picture. The rayed crater on the moon's surface at the upper right of the photo lies on the hemisphere of the moon not visible to Earth. The Russians, who took the first photographs of the far side of the moon, named this crater Giordano Bruno, after the famous sixteenth-century Italian scientific martyr. Craters Lomonosov and Joliot-Curie are also on the far side of the moon. Crater Marginis, as its name suggests, lies just west of the eastern margin of the moon's visible face. Crater Smithii straddles the near and the far hemispheres and is the only strong gravity whirlpool (mascon) lying directly on the projected path of Apollo 11 in the lunar region shown.

THE HIDDEN PERILS OF A LUNAR LANDING

Not until the first man to land on the moon actually steps onto the lunar surface will it be known with certainty that the National Aeronautics and Space Administration is ready to put him where he is supposed to go.

That's how closely the limits of precaution are being crowded in the last-minute scramble to meet the late President John F. Kennedy's rhetorical 1970 deadline for the climax of lunar exploration.

The men who rode Apollo 8 around the moon last Christmas were never where they thought they were going to be at any given time. Had they been required to land, they would have been miles off target.

The major mission of Apollo 10 was to precisely locate enough lunar landmarks to prevent the crewmen of Apollo 11 from dropping onto terrain for which they would be unprepared.

Apollo 11 will follow Apollo 10's route meticulously to keep the landmarks lined up with the moonship's timetable, but whether that will be enough to insure on-time arrival at the chosen landing spot in July is still not predictable.

Although NASA isn't hiding this information, it isn't advertising the potential disappointment and danger inherent in the situation, either. Open discussion would be embarrassing, because the uncertainty about landing place and time is due to lack of a fundamental piece of knowledge, the crucial need for which was known before the late President Kennedy issued his famous deadline message just eight years ago.

The missing data is the detailed pattern of the moon's field of gravity. Overall, the gravitational attraction of the moon is one-sixth as great as that of the Earth. But within that global certitude the variations in gravitational pull at different points on the moon are not yet well enough appraised to predict their effects on lunar orbits and landings.

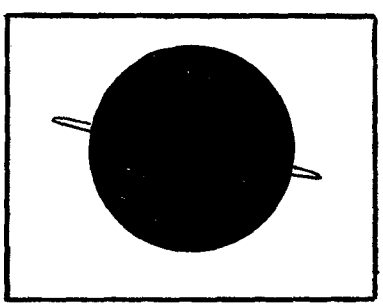
It is not the first time that optimism has been poorly placed in NASA affairs. In this instance, the misguided expectations were encouraged by absence of aberrations in the predicted trajectories of the small robot spaceships that preceded man to the moon. Not until the family of Orbiter satellites began circling the moon methodically, for purposes of photographing the lunar terrain, did anyone wake to

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the presence of a worrisome problem. After all, the NASA tracking system was incredibly sensitive; it had proved its ability to measure modulations of .0002 miles per hour in spaceship speeds of 5,000 miles per hour. (If you enjoy exotic contrasts, note that .0002 miles per hour is a reasonably good speed for a snail.) Two years had been occupied in designing this fantastic system's grasp of the gravity field of the moon. The time and the million dollars worth of computer programing that went into it were rated a worthwhile expenditure when Orbiter I, after reaching the moon's vicinity, emerged from behind the moon into an apparently perfect initial pass across the moon's face at the lunar equator in August 1966.

Within three days of that jubilant occasion, the first Orbiter pictures were ready for a waiting public. Of course, there was a press conference. It included an announcement that the moon was pear-shaped. Orbiter I's behavior had so indicated. A few days later, there was general dismay over the discovery that the next set of data from Orbiter I put the moon into a different shape. For a whole year thereafter, the moon's shape shifted back and forth, beyond anyone's comprehension.

The most consistent pattern that the best satellite shepherds could make out was that orbits of the moon were sub-



ject to "periwiggles." Why periwiggles? Because the orbits "wiggled" when the satellites were at perilune, the point closest to the moon.

What was a periwiggle?

No one seems to have been willing in those days to make what in hindsight looks like the most obvious guess. Instead, there was intense preoccupation with elaborate mathematical equations drawn up to explain everything in a swoop. One manipulation of these grand formulas followed another. New factors were added, old ones subtracted or modified. But no one ever tried to analyze a shorter span of data than the length of three orbits. From that perspective, the periwiggles continued to betray orbit irregularities 1,000 times the size of those expected from lunar gravity theory.

In the summer of 1967, after the discrepancies had gone unexplained for more than a year, two researchers at the California Institute of Technology's Jet Propulsion Laboratory—Jack Lorell and Bill Sjogren—undertook an exhaustive study of more than thirty possible sources of error. Considered as guilty parties were such technological subtleties as the firing of attitudinal gas-jets on the Orbiters (could they nudge the spacecraft momentarily out of alignment?), rotation of the Orbiter antenna and consequent distortion of signals when the spacecraft turned or maneuvered, coupling of effects due to spacecraft electronics and temperature changes, remote influences of the Earth's atmosphere and ionosphere, spurious signals bounding off the moon's surface, and interference from any lunar atmosphere that might exist. One by one, all these possibilities were eliminated. Lorell and Sjogren concluded their analysis with the same impression that had prevailed before the study began: Periwiggles could be due only to unknown aspects of lunar gravity.

Safety requirements for the Apollo moon-landing crews called on Apollo orbit trackers to tell an Apollo's position at all times within a few hundred feet, and the velocity of the spaceship within a small fraction of a mile per hour. But the JPL data on the Orbiters gave positions five miles off the actual ones, and velocities a mile per hour less than the real speeds.

The first month of 1968 arrived. Orbiter V, the last of the family, had been crashed. The last piece of data had been recorded. The periwiggles were still present.

The situation was not considered hopeless at JPL, but it was viewed as distinctly below expectation. Some time earlier, Sjogren had asked to be excused from further pursuit of a line of inquiry he felt held no promise. His request had been granted. He had turned to other JPL projects, and in the course of the shift had acquired a new office mate, a younger JPL mathematician, Paul Muller.

From repeatedly overhearing Sjogren's telephone conversations, Muller learned that the periwiggles were random. There was no pattern to them except their appearance at perilune. Muller needled Sjogren from time to time about the need to be practical. Since the periwiggles looked like mountains and valleys, why weren't the periwiggles just accepted as gravitational consequences of mountains and valleys known to exist on the moon? Muller was joking, of course. Everyone at JPL then assumed that the periwiggles were too large, in a mathematical sense, to be literally due to geological features on the moon.

One day in February 1968, Muller was at lunch with Sjogren, Lorell, and others. During the meal, Muller popped a variant of his customary joke about periwiggles being mountains on the moon. To his surprise, Lorell recalled a computation—he thought it had been done a year or two before, during a quiet spell in one of the long duty periods in the spaceflight control center—which suggested that a periwiggle could be accounted for mathematically by a block of lead a few miles long, a few miles wide, and a few miles thick, lying on or below the lunar surface at a point the orbit passed over.

Lorell could not remember the details of this calculation. Muller guessed that the moon must be covered with natural topographical features at least as big as that hypothetical cube of lead. Maybe his joke wasn't so funny. Maybe there really were anomalies in the composition of the lunar crust that might explain the periwiggles.

Muller's boss at JPL, Don Trask, disagreed. The joke could be only a joke. Muller offered to bet a lunch on the outcome of some back-of-the-envelope figuring. Trask accepted the bet with the proviso that the figuring could be done quickly enough to be finished within an hour. Muller took the hour immediately after lunch, won the bet easily, and with it Trask's permission to pursue periwiggles independently for a few days.

Sjogren expressed interest in Muller's calculations that same day. On the following morning, he came into the office with a brand new perspective. Sjogren told Muller of having spent part of the prior night in JPL's vast library of computer tapes of lunar orbits. As noted earlier, most of those tapes included data covering at least three orbits. Sjogren had picked a rare one. It came closer than any other he could find to a single orbit of the moon.

This tape covered one and a half orbits, about three hours of data from Orbiter III. It was a historic choice for several reasons. To begin with, Orbiter III was the last of the Orbiters to travel around the lunar equator. That meant that the data on the tape would be a clear, continuous record of all the minute undulations in one passage around the moon. The fact that this particular tape was an orbit and a half long enabled Sjogren to see at once that the periwiggles on the latter half of one orbit looked identical to the periwiggles on the latter half of the next orbit.

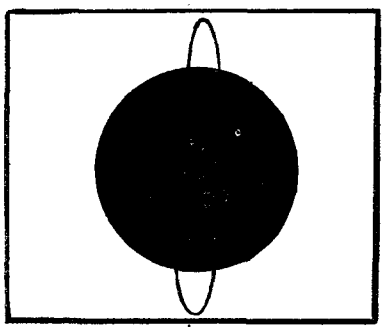
Sjogren pointed out the similarity to Muller, who took it to Trask, who sensed that his lost bet had left him with a precarious tailhold on a conspicuously large bear. Trask put Muller and Sjogren to work together on

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

periwiggles full-time. From the Orbiter tape library they culled a series of single equatorial orbits of the moon and matched them up. Each new one added further corroboration to the now totally serious thesis that lunar topographical features were related to the periwiggles.

In March of 1968, Muller and Sjogren wrote a paper for the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics, alerting the scientific community to what promised to be a major discovery. The exact nature of their find was not yet clear, although it was already evident that the gravitational anomalies did not occur in the lunar highlands as might have been expected by analogy to the Earth.

Now, Orbiters IV and V had departed from the equatorial path that Orbiters I, II, and III had followed. Orbiters IV and V had circled the moon from pole to pole. When Muller and Sjogren shifted their attention to these polar orbits, the causes of the



periwiggles assumed a second dimension. What had been a continuous horizontal line broke up into points with a vertical scatter. It became plain that an entirely new map of the moon was in the making.

For two solid weeks, Muller and Sjogren worked sixteen-hour days, mostly in hand-sorting and collating 12,000 punched cards of computer data. It was the kind of painstaking chore which so often distinguishes the real life of a scientist from the glamorous imagery of science portrayed to the public in movies and on TV.

At midnight on Sunday, July 21, 1968, a detailed gravimetric map of the hemisphere of the moon that is visible to Earth rolled automatically from the JPL computer under Muller's tired eyes. The periwiggles stood out prominently. They bunched at each and every ringed sea on the hemisphere, and nowhere else.

Correlations like this one, between two ostensibly unrelated phenomena, are rare in science. The completeness of the fit surprised its discoverers.

At that point, the gravimetric map consisted exclusively of numbers. These were Muller's and Sjogren's indices of the relative velocity of the Orbiters. Whenever one of the robot photographers of the moon began to pass over a ringed sea (long known to astronomers as *mare*, the Latin word for sea), the vehicle would pick up speed. After the sea was past, the Orbiter would slow down.

On Monday, July 22, Muller and Sjogren drew contours around the numbers on their map and advised the JPL public information office to prepare for important news. On Tuesday, they took their findings to JPL chief William Pickering, who approved a report to *Science*, journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. On Wednesday, they telephoned Dr. Philip Abelson, editor of *Science*, in Washington, D.C. Abelson offered to reproduce their map on the cover of *Science*.

Muller and Sjogren now faced a problem of different scale: What would be an appropriately dignified name for the still unexplained lunar crustal phenomena that caused the periwiggles? After days of brainstorming sessions into which they drew all the scientific associates they could gather, the two excited JPL space explorers chose a newly coined word, "mascon." It was a contraction of the phrase "concentration of mass." Strictly accurate it was, as far as it went; for the force of a gravitational field is determined by the size of the attracting mass.

Why the mascons were where they were, and what that meant in the still secret history of the moon's being, were questions that raised an instant flurry of speculation. But NASA's immediate and pressing concern was the contribution that awareness of the mascons might make to landing men on the moon and returning them safely to Earth. All the data extractable from the Muller-Sjogren gravimetric map was cranked into the JPL computers in preparation for the voyage of Apollo 8 last Christmas week. But it fell far short of enabling the precise real-time tracking of Apollo 8 that NASA had hoped for. The realities were reflected ex post facto in the following edited transcript of an exchange between newsmen and Emil S. Schiesser, a staff member of NASA's Mission Planning and Analysis Center at Houston, Texas, during a briefing on April 14, 1969:

SCHIESSER: Well, we use in our computer programs models to represent forces acting on the spacecraft. If we don't know what forces are pushing the spacecraft this way and that, we can't figure out where it is going to go. So, we have to incorporate into the models all the forces—all the important forces that are acting on the spacecraft—and one of these is the gravitational field of the moon.

The [theoretical lunar] shape that we used for Apollo 8 was the equivalent of a flattened basketball stretched along the Earth-moon line. This shape had been in existence for a long time before Apollo 8. During the Apollo 8 mission, we found it resulted in fairly large inaccuracies. If we were to predict ahead all the way around [the moon] and try to say where the spacecraft would be, we would miss by 15,000 feet.

QUESTION: Do you mean your estimate was 15,000 feet short?

SCHIESSER: Yes. Our estimate of the position of the vehicle was behind Apollo 8's real position by 15,000 feet [in one orbit]. So in two revolutions we would be off 30,000 feet or about five nautical miles.

QUESTION: How about altitude?

SCHIESSER: Let's say that we predicted what the pericynthion [closest approach to the moon] would be one revolution, or two hours, later. We would miss that altitude by 1,500 feet roughly, give or take 100 feet. We would predict that Apollo 8 would be higher than the spacecraft actually was. The spacecraft actually would be below where we thought it would be.

Now, if on that flattened basketball shape, we superimpose three belts, we can drop the prediction error from 15,000 feet per revolution to something on the order of 2,500 or 2,000 feet per rev. When we put in these belts, we would be off only 500 feet in altitude.

QUESTION: I am a little vague about these belts. Could you explain?

SCHIESSER: Yes. On top of that description there are also dimples.

QUESTION: Could you draw it on a blackboard?

SCHIESSER: [At the blackboard] This middle belt is where the spacecraft will fly when it goes across the front of the moon. It [the spacecraft] will see a sort of pile-up of mass and then a decrease again.

QUESTION: Do the belts take the place of the mascons?

SCHIESSER: No. This is the gross shape of the moon and the mascons have to be superimposed on that.

QUESTION: The belt is a gross shape then?

SCHIESSER: Yes, it is a gross shape that no ways comes near reflecting the presence of a mascon, which is sort of a local phenomenon.

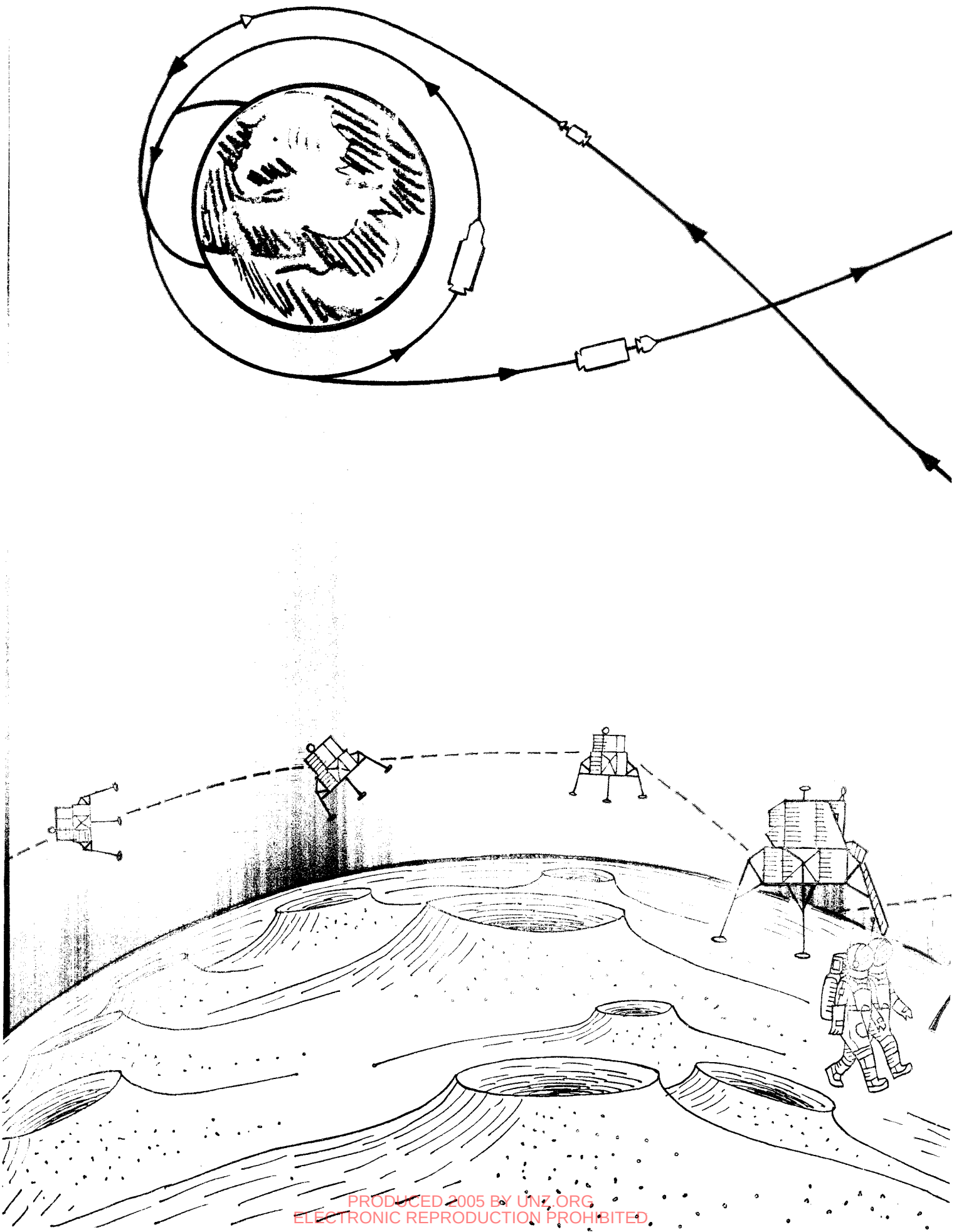
QUESTION: OK. So, the belts are more important than the mascons.

SCHIESSER: Yes.

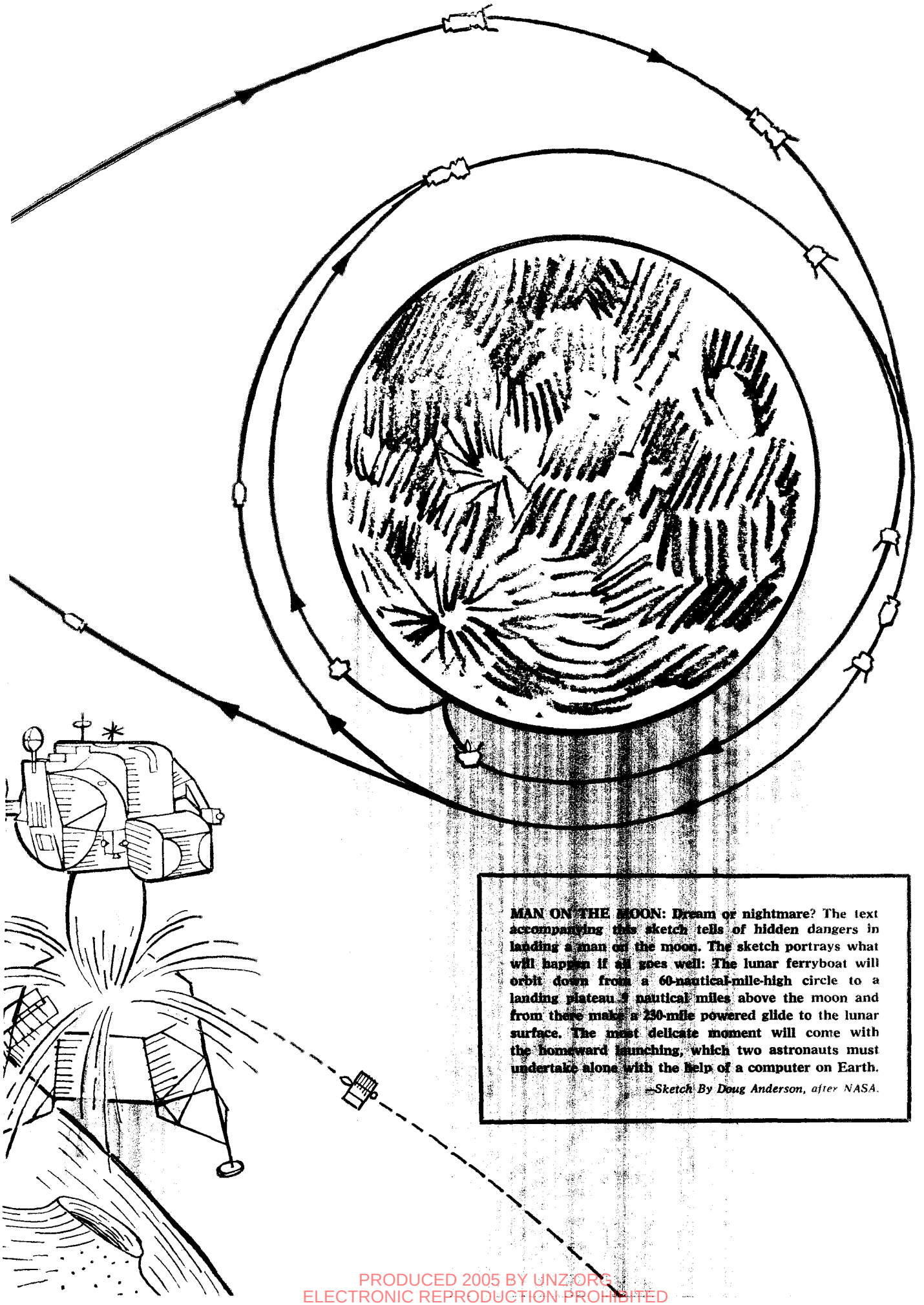
QUESTION: The mascons are the dimples we are talking about?

SCHIESSER: The mascons are a level

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



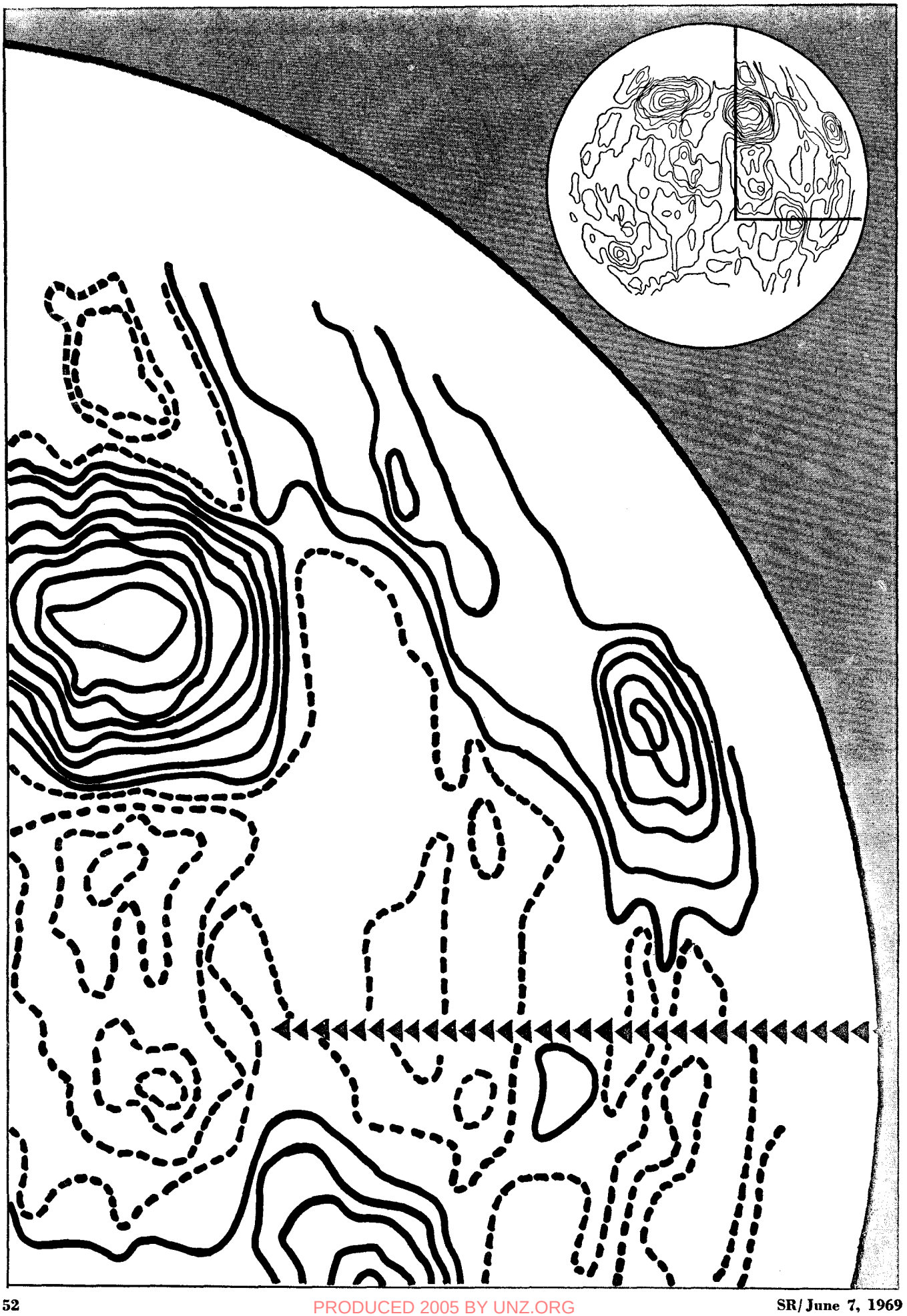
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MAN ON THE MOON: Dream or nightmare? The text accompanying this sketch tells of hidden dangers in landing a man on the moon. The sketch portrays what will happen if all goes well: The lunar ferryboat will orbit down from a 60-nautical-mile-high circle to a landing plateau 9 nautical miles above the moon and from there make a 230-mile powered glide to the lunar surface. The most delicate moment will come with the homeward launching, which two astronauts must undertake alone with the help of a computer on Earth.

—Sketch By Doug Anderson, after NASA.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

below the belts, and below the mascons are the dimples.

QUESTION: How about the dimples?

SCHIESSER: Well, when we flew Apollo 8 across the surface of the moon, the tracking data, being very sensitive, showed small wiggles in spacecraft motion even though we were not going directly over or near any mascons. Those variations in spacecraft motions are due to what we call dimples.

With the next question, the reporters began to zero in on the real significance of the figures Schiesser had been reciting. To plan fuel consumption so as to leave as much reserve in the tanks for unexpected last-minute emergencies, the several firings of the landing rocket must be calculated in sequence, for each one affects the succeeding one. The lunar landing maneuver consists essentially of dropping a small self-propelled ferryboat from the Apollo mothership while the mothership orbits the moon in a circular path. This descent is not a simple glide; it begins with a powered phase just long enough and strong enough to push the ferryboat into a new elongated orbit which at its lowest point will pass within nine nautical miles, or approximately 50,000 feet, of the lunar surface. If problems of sufficient severity should arise as the ferryboat approaches the moon, the ferry could stay in its elliptical path and coast back out beyond the circular orbit of the mothership for later rendezvous.

The 50,000-foot minimum was chosen to facilitate such an escape. Some telescopic estimates of lunar highland altitudes go beyond 20,000 feet. By doubling that figure, and adding space to spare, NASA's orbit designers figured they would be sure to avoid hitting the moon at any point in the approach path.

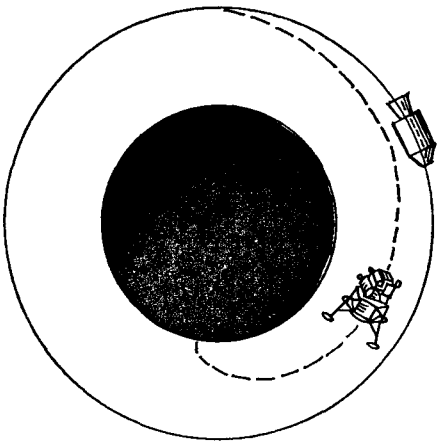
The ferryboat's descent into this precautionary ellipse must begin behind the moon in order to use the moon's gravitational pull to help ease the ferryboat out of the mothership's orbit into the pre-landing ellipse. After pushing itself away from the mothership into the descent orbit, the ferryboat shuts off its engine until the 50,000-foot pericynthion of the landing orbit is reached. Then the ferry engine is started again for the final 230-mile slanting slide to the moon. The last 77 feet of this terminal maneuver is a vertical hover, with the landing site visible to the astronauts for only two minutes before they touch down.

QUESTION: During that 230-mile descent from 50,000 feet to the surface, could you evaluate the importance of mascons since you are getting much closer to them?

SCHIESSER: Well, for one thing, on the next two flights we are not going to be too near a mascon. Mascons are going to be fairly far off. We will see only variations in spacecraft motion due to mass variations less important than mascons most likely. But I kind of feel that even if mascons were there we could probably predict the spacecraft's motion across them fairly well, more accurately than we could do something like take a short arc over a mascon and try to determine the spacecraft's position and velocity there and then try to predict for it. Let me clarify a little. We can determine where the spacecraft is at the time of the tracking data. But when we try to predict future positions of the Apollo, prediction accuracy is poor in case of a mascon.

QUESTION: You said you were 15,000 feet behind after one revolution on Apollo 8, and, I think, 1,500 feet higher than Apollo 8 actually was. You said that with the new model you think you will be about 2,500 feet behind and about 500 feet too high. Would you please delineate the maximum errors allowable for the actual landing—if a landing is to be accomplished in that 230 miles—in other words, if the descent engine isn't to run out of fuel before the landing is accomplished?

SCHIESSER: Let me see if I can remember. In order for us to land, I think the downtrack position [error in predicting] should be less than a mile. We could probably tolerate dispersions bigger than that, but there are other error sources besides the estimate of position and velocity prior to the time of powered descent initiation. In terms of altitude, we can tolerate as much as a half-mile easily enough—probably more. Actually, I am being conservative on these numbers. If we can predict altitude between 3,000 and 4,000 feet and downtrack position within a mile or so, we can get safely down to the surface of the moon. The reason is that the landing radar will sense the relative altitude and take it out.



The radar on the lunar ferryboat was not built to record altitude accurately until the ferry was halfway down from its 50,000-foot orbit, and would not register velocity until the ferry was a third of the way from there to the moon. So, the next question was inevitable.

QUESTION: What does this do to the hover capability if there are rocks or craters that you have to avoid? You have arrived and you only have ten seconds of fuel versus the minute you thought you would have. You say you can allow a mile or half-mile. But doesn't this margin of error degrade what happens when you finally get there and have to set down?

SCHIESSER: The landing site is a surveyed ellipse which is supposed to be very smooth. Anyway, in it they [the Apollo crewmen] have ample opportunity to land on a smooth surface without hovering very long if at all. So, the story is that they can look out their window and have a certain amount of redesignation ability [choice of another landing spot] that they can use before they get to the hover. If they see that they are going to land on the rim of a small crater, they can pull over to the side of it very easily without any problem.

The reassurance implicit in Schiesser's last response lost most of its force as the Houston briefing proceeded. The edited transcript went on:

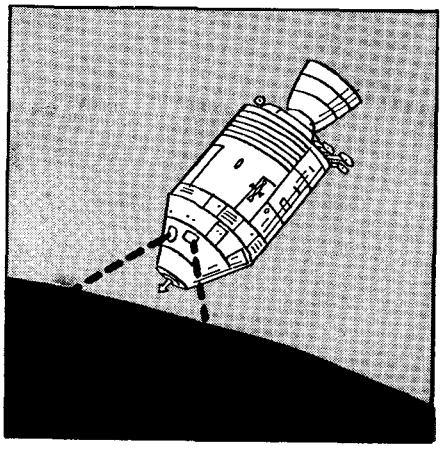
QUESTION: The worst possible effects of the mascons that we know of are at rendezvous and in essential maneuvers at pericynthion. What would these effects be on Apollo 11?

SCHIESSER: It is much more of a worrisome thing on Apollo 11 than on Apollo 10. We do not feel any real concern on Apollo 10, although of course

←The gravimetric map on the opposite page shows the planned path of man's first lunar landing (marked by colored arrows) in relation to the whirlpools of anomalous gravity pull that exist on that segment of the moon. North of the path, just within the eastern rim of the lunar hemisphere visible to Earth, is Mare Crisium. Farther west, still north of the path, is Mare Serenitatis. South of the path, slightly east of the landing spot in Mare Tranquillitatis, is Mare Nectaris. Mare Smithii, shown on the cover and in the photo on page 47, lies off the eastern limit of this map. Broken lines indicate negative gravity anomalies (see text). Small inset map of whole moon shows the six original mascons discovered by Jet Propulsion Laboratory mathematician Paul Muller and engineer William Sjogren. Biggest mascon is Mare Imbrium, 700 miles in diameter.

—Sketch by Doug Anderson, after JPL.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



we want to find out what the effects are.

The focus of questioning never returned to Apollo 11. Further emphasis on the uncertainties would have been redundant after Schiesser described the mission of Apollo 10. There was no deep concern about Apollo 10 because Apollo 10 would not involve a landing —just two swings down to the nine-mile pericynthion of the landing orbit. Nevertheless, four revolutions of Apollo 10 had been set aside for landmark tracking. Schiesser disclosed that one landmark tracked on three successive revolutions of Apollo 8 had been located at three different points on the moon. Apollo 10 was assigned to take a sighting of that same landmark to be checked against what the NASA analysts supposed was the best of the three Apollo 8 readings. The difficulties showed through Schiesser's comment:

> We use the landmarks to verify independently the accuracy with which we can locate the command module. In order to get the location of a crater, we have to know where is the command module, and with our knowledge of where is the command module we will locate the crater. Now, if there is an error in where we locate the command module in each orbit, then the crater will not be in the same place on each orbit. So, the minute we see that, we know right away something is the matter and can work it out.

NASA subsequently confirmed the seriousness of the navigation problem by making the Apollo 10 mission one day longer than the planned voyage of Apollo 11. In a press release issued ten days before the Apollo 10 launch on May 18, the space agency reiterated that "landing and rendezvous operations . . . require accurate predictions of position and velocity several revolutions in advance of the event." In practice, Apollo 10's ferryboat undershot its first pass over Apollo 11's landing site by 100-odd feet, and overshot the second pass by at least a mile.

The simple truth was not mentioned anywhere in NASA's press releases or in press discussion of the lunar landing. It was that any real hope of predicting lunar landing velocity and position accurately on any theoretical basis had virtually disappeared. The visible face of the moon was reasonably well mapped gravimetrically before the Apollo 10 launch. Muller and Sjogren —joined now by JPL computer programmer Peter Gottlieb—had brought from their data six new mascons in addition to the original six. But the far side of the moon remained an almost total enigma.

Most of the crucial orbital maneuvers of the Apollos necessarily begin on the far side. And on that far side three Cornell astronomers — Brian T. O'Leary, Malcolm J. Campbell, and Carl Sagan, using the original Muller-Sjogren data, had discovered signs of the biggest mascon of them all. Bigger probably than the two biggest near-side mascons together, this vaguely defined ringed sea was dubbed "Occultum" by the Cornellians, who warned (a month before the launching of Apollo 8): "Mission planners should make certain that accelerations caused by passes over the Occultum region—unavoidable in equatorial orbiters — do not alter a spacecraft's orbit beyond the mission's constraints. The Occultum mascon could drop the spacecraft about 1 kilometer [.6 mile] closer to the lunar surface for an altitude of about 100 kilometers [60 miles]; successive passes can amplify this effect. Special care should be taken in missions which plan orbits grazing the lunar surface, and in rendezvous of space vehicles in lunar orbit."

An artist's adaptation of the original Muller-Sjogren gravimetric map is reproduced on page 52. The descent path of Apollo 11 from the eastern edge of the moon to the chosen landing site in the southwestern extremity of Mare Tranquillitatis (Sea of Tranquility) is marked with arrows. The relative intensity of gravitational pull over this quadrant of the moon is indicated by the pools of concentric solid lines. In other words, those lines delineate mascons. The concentric broken lines mark negative anomalies which theoretically should exert a buoyant force rather than a downward pull on the moonship. This circumstance is purely accidental; it wasn't planned by NASA. If it helps to land the first human visitors to the moon without mishap—and enables them to return safely from their landing place to Earth—NASA will have muddled through one of the tightest predicaments man has ever got himself into. —JOHN LEAR.

What Are The Mascons?

By J. J. GILVARRY

—SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

I believe the mascons are deposits of sedimentary rock carried into the basins of lunar seas by rivers of water on the moon long ago and then exposed when the seas dried up after the moon's tenuous primordial atmosphere drifted away.

I believe the moon's atmosphere and seas came into being in exactly the same way as the Earth's atmosphere and seas did—by outgassing of crustal rocks under the heat of radioactive disintegration—and that the Earth today would be as barren as the moon if the Earth were as small as the moon: with one-fifth the present terrestrial radius, one-ninetieth the present terrestrial mass, and one-sixth the present terrestrial gravity pull.

It is the pull of gravity that shapes my speculations about the nature of the mascons. The paragraphs that follow will assemble, in chronological order, the scientific evidence supporting my point of view.

Eight years ago next November, *SR* printed a popular version of some ideas I had published earlier in *Nature*, the British scientific journal ["How the Sky Drove the Land from the Bottom of the Sea," *SR*, Nov. 4, 1961]. The circumstances are worth detailing because they illustrate the roundabout routes over which science often travels in arriving at destinations it never chose.

The moon was far from my consciousness when one of my assignments, after World War II, directed me to calculate the most effective method of blasting a hole deep enough to get at buried and heavily shielded submarine pens. The development of nuclear explosives altered the course of this study, which continued for a long while after the war. In 1952, H-bomb test "Mike," part of Operation Ivy, blew the whole islet of Elugelab, on the edge of the lagoon of Eniwetok Atoll in the Marshalls, into oblivion. Where Elugelab had been there remained after the explosion a sea-floor crater one mile in diameter and 175 feet deep. According to everything we knew about violently formed craters on land, including those dug by meteorites colliding with Earth, the hole left by Elugelab's destruction should

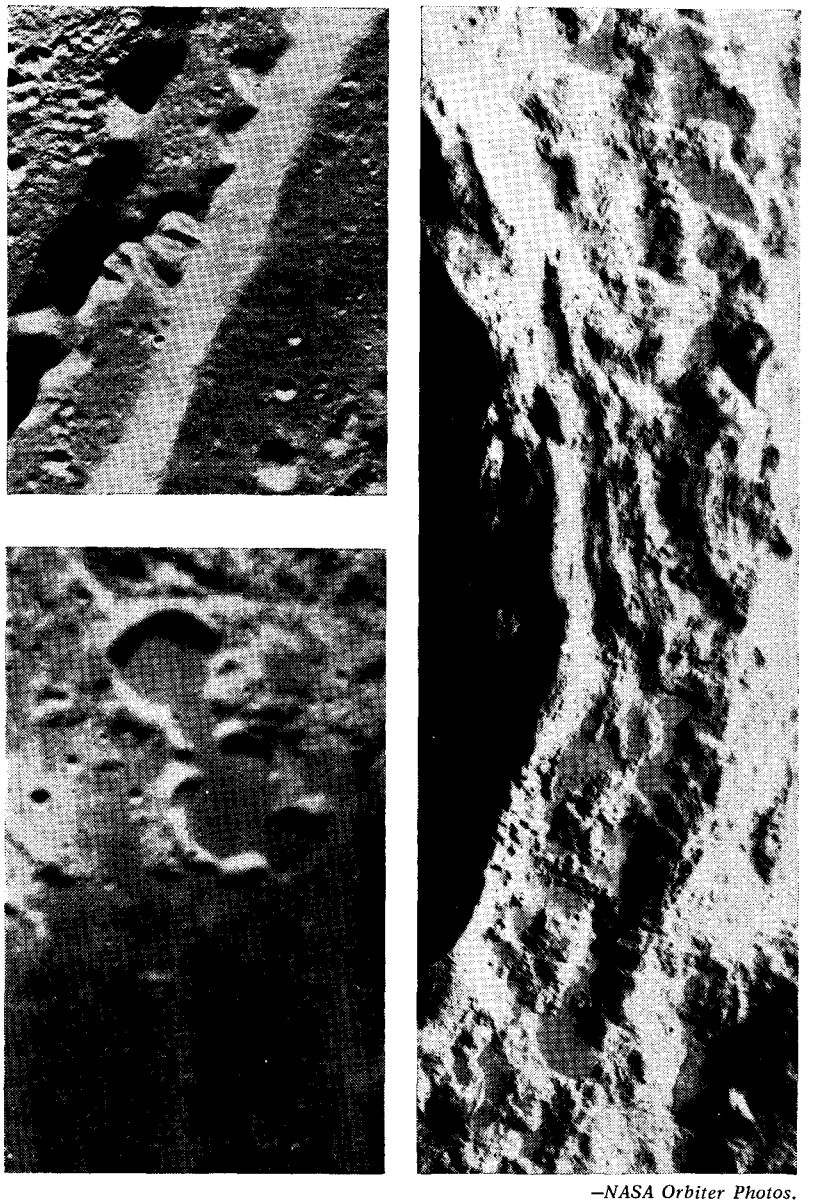
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have been 900 feet deep. It seemed apparent that the shallower actuality resulting from the Mike shot had been due to the presence of the water in the Eniwetok lagoon. Subsequent Atomic Energy Commission research confirmed that conclusion.

Now the most extensive visual history of the cratering process available to us is on that half of the moon that always faces Earth. On it are myriads of basins, depressions, dimples, and pocks of infinitely sized round shape. All scientific formulas relating to craters necessarily take the lunar craters into account. R. W. Baldwin in 1949 drew a statistical curve that has since become standard; it fixes a common scale for craters on the Earth and on the moon: small craters one-fifth as deep as they are wide; large craters one-twentieth. The scale stopped short of the great *maria* on the moon, and, since my study of cratering was originally designed to encompass considerable depths, I especially noticed the omission.

In these pages eight years ago, I pointed out that the lunar *maria* divided into two classes, one irregularly bordered and the other ringed in a nearly perfect circular shape, surrounded by a ring of mountains with an escarpment on their inner wall and a gradual slope on their outer face. The archetype of the ringed class was *Mare Imbrium*, about 700 miles in diameter, enclosed by mountains four miles high.

The floors of the ringed *maria* lay below the level of the surrounding lunar highlands. This circumstance was characteristic of craters formed by meteoric impact. Therefore, the ringed *maria* were assumed to have been formed by meteors striking the moon. But they were marked by a peculiarity —they were only one-two-hundredth as deep as they were wide.



—*NASA Orbiter Photos.*

WATER ON THE MOON? That interpretation has been given to these three Orbiter satellite photos. Above, note oxbow bend in picture's center. Below, did sea (bottom darkness) wash out crater rims? Right: Dried-out reminders of the present-day countryside in Wisconsin and Minnesota lake regions.

Having discovered that craters formed under water on Earth are relatively shallower than those formed on dry land, I simply applied this knowledge to the circular *maria* of the moon and arrived at the speculation that the lunar *maria* were formed under water. From this I concluded that there must have been a time when a considerable quantity of water was present on the moon.

Only three assumptions had to be made to carry this line of thinking: 1) that the moon and the Earth came into being at the same stage of geological time; 2) that the moon and the Earth emerged from the same cloud of gas and dust as produced the sun and the other planets; and 3) that the moon and the Earth would respond in the same way to universal laws.

To grant these assumptions would, by analogy to the Earth, give to the moon a birth of cold accretion, a period of internal warming due to radioactive decay, and a consequent outgassing of its crustal rocks capable of providing an atmosphere and oceans. Still using Earth as a standard, I made some calculations showing that an Earth-like body the size of the moon would have outgassed enough water to inundate the whole lunar surface to a depth of two kilometers or 1.2 miles. That would cover all the lowlands on the moon and encroach upon the margins of the highlands.

The lunar gravity field would be too weak—because of the moon's small mass—to hold an atmosphere anywhere near as long as the Earth has held its atmosphere, but this period would be extended by replenishment of atmospheric gases through evaporation from the lunar seas. After the atmosphere was gone, the water in the seas would continue to evaporate until the seas themselves had disappeared. I estimated that this process might have taken three billion years. I guessed that before that time had expired life had appeared on the moon and had left behind it traces of carbon which today give the ringed *maria* of the moon their dark coloration.

Many of my scientific colleagues disagreed violently with my suggestion that there once had been water on the moon. Several of them declared, in a now famous letter to this magazine

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[*SR*, Apr. 7, 1962], that "There is no evidence whatsoever for erosion by streams on the lunar surface." I pointed out that the truth would soon be known from information obtained directly by robot explorers on the lunar surface. But no reasonable man could have anticipated the rapid accumulation of evidence that has actually occurred in the subsequent years.

First, the Surveyor VII satellite photographed a rock which appeared elongated and smooth on top but which, when overturned, displayed sharply angular surfaces such as those we see on Earth when a rock is displaced in a river bed. Next, the Surveyors discovered evidence in the lunar rocks of the presence of carbon, which I have interpreted ["The Wind-Shaved Moon," *SR*, July 6, 1968] to mean that the floors of the *maria* are made of mudstone, which is left behind by flowing water. Then the Orbiter satellites sent back photographs of winding rills, broad valleys, and oxbow depressions suggestive of river courses on Earth. These markings often broaden as they progress down the mountains to the sea floor, precisely as happens on Earth. Apollo 8 commander Frank Borman reported, in his 1968 Christmas-week circumnavigation of the moon, that the lunar surface sometimes reminded him of the dry "washes," or arroyos, commonly seen in the southwestern United States. Colonel Thomas Stafford and Commander Eugene Cernan, speaking by radio from the Apollo 10 ferryboat just above the moon, said Apollo 11's landing sight looked "like a dry river bed in New Mexico or Arizona."

In their first formal report on the mascons, Jet Propulsion Laboratory mathematician Paul Muller and engineer William Sjogren, in keeping with scientific tradition, cited the one theoretical prediction they could find in the literature that they felt could possibly account for such phenomena as mascons. The author of this theory was Nobelist Harold Urey. His prediction had been that meteorites colliding with the moon during the moon's early history would have left large, originally molten but since hardened, globules of nickel—iron buried 60 miles or so beneath the lunar surface. The literature did not tell Muller and Sjogren that Urey no longer believed in the possibility of deposition of such massive globules. But I knew that he had abandoned the proposition. I had made my own calculations a dozen years earlier (with J. E. Hill) showing that, instead of adding to the mass of the moon, meteorites would hit at such high speed that they would pulverize themselves, shoot the pulverizations off into space, and pare mass from the point where they struck the lunar surface.

So, after reading the first Muller-Sjogren announcement, I telephoned Sjogren from my office at RAND Corporation here to call his attention to the untenable quality of the buried metal globe proposal. At the same time, I pointed out that the observed effect of a mascon could be achieved just as well by a massive flat slab lying on or near the surface of the moon. He was prepared for my statement about the slab because two researchers in the JPL shop, J. E. Conel and G. B. Holstrom, had arrived independently at a conclusion similar to mine and had passed it on. Muller and Sjogren were, therefore, perhaps more open than they might otherwise have been to the remainder of my story. Anyhow, Sjogren invited me to visit Muller and himself in Pasadena.

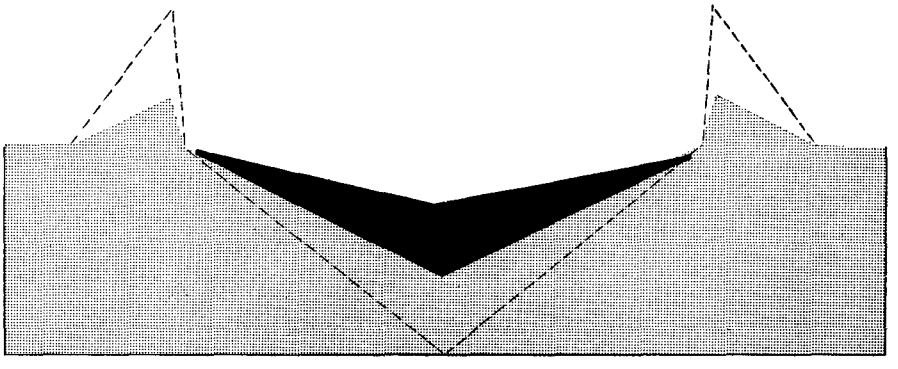
I was able to demonstrate to them mathematically that rock of the lunar density determined by the Surveyor satellites, if distributed over areas and to depths commensurate with the dimensions of the ringed lunar seas, would represent local concentrations of mass within the observed range of the mascons.

The next problem was to explain why these masses were anomalous—that is, why their added weight had not simply pushed the lunar crust downward beneath them, causing the crust roundabout them to rise compensatorily in accordance with the law of displacement that Archimedes discovered when entering his bathtub. An obvious reason for the absence of compensation (on Earth, we call it isostasy) would be that the overburden of rock was put in place after the crust of the moon froze to a depth far below the point where isostasy would operate. In 1967, two robot explorers of interplanetary space agreed in observing that the moon today is frozen to a depth of at least 100 miles.

It was this interruption in isostasy, plus the presence of water on the moon at the time of their formation, that caused the lunar *maria* to be proportionately so much shallower than other craters on the famous Baldwin curve. This, I pointed out to Muller and Sjogren, would represent only a minor revision in my original theory, according to which the moon accreted in a cold state 4.5 billion years ago, for perhaps a million years after that experienced internal heating and outgassing of its rocks, and so acquired an atmosphere and oceans. During that plastic period the moon continued to sweep up cosmic debris similar to the original stuff from which the moon formed, and the impacting bodies dug the huge holes we now recognize as ringed seas. In the plastic state, the lunar crust readjusted itself to accommodate the craters. At the end of the plastic period, the crust cooled to a temperature of roughly 1,300 degrees Fahrenheit. The rocks would be longer flow, but were still hot enough to vent gas. As the cooling continued, the lunar atmosphere, too active to be held down by the pull of the moon's gravity and no longer fed by the rocks, began to dissipate. But the rains fell long after the dissipation started; the water continued to move across the moon's surface in rivers that followed the topography, and sediments were washed into the sea beds and deposited there.

I calculated that somewhere between one billion and three billion years must have passed before all the water would be gone from the moon—ample time for the gathering of sediments sufficient to account for the mascons. Since the lunar crust was frozen after the first million years, the sedimentary concentrations of mass would pile up and ultimately express themselves as positive anomalies in the moon's gravitational potential.

From the beginning of our conversations, Muller and Sjogren liked the simplicity of the sediment theory. However, they were understandably reluctant to go counter to the classical theory that says the lunar seas are



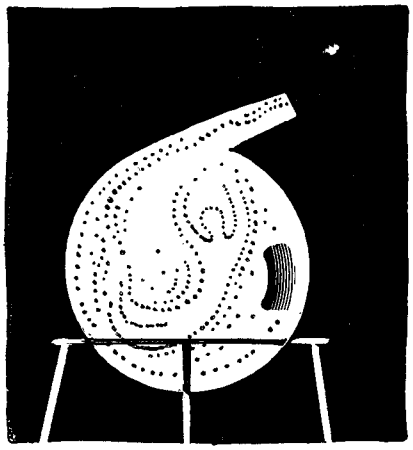
MAKING A MASCON: First, meteorite dug crater (broken line); then isostasy pushed crater bottom up, pulled crater rims down (gray hatching); sedimentary rocks (color) washed into crater after moon's crust froze.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the consequences of lava flows. As our talks continued, it became more difficult for the JPL investigators to accept the lava concept because upwellings of lava would simply redistribute the mass in any given locality and would not leave positive mass anomalies. If lava were to explain the mascons, it would have to flow into the seas over very long distances, and what we see on the moon today does not correspond to the record of movement of lava on Earth. After studying scores of lunar photographs taken by the Surveyor and Orbiter satellites and by the crew of Apollo 8, Muller and Sjogren and a third researcher who joined them, Peter Gottlieb, decided that the sedimentation theory was a more satisfying explanation than any other for the mascons. Muller so declared on behalf of himself, Sjogren, and Gottlieb at last April's meetings of the American Geophysical Union and the American Physical Society in Washington, D.C.

We should soon know the truth from analyses of actual samples of the lunar crust brought to Earth. If things turn out as I expect they will, the element of surprise will no longer accompany the discovery. For since my first report appeared in these pages in 1961, signs of water have been seen telescopically on Earth's neighbor planet, Mars, and also far out among the stars. Not only water but ammonia and formaldehyde have been detected spectroscopically in interstellar space. Since these elements are chemical precursors of life in the test tube, it is now being speculated that the true beginnings of life may not have originated on Earth, but may have drifted in on some stray stardust.

J. J. Gilvarry is a resident consultant on the staff of the RAND Corporation, Santa Monica, California. For three years prior to his assignment with RAND, he served as senior post-doctoral research associate at NASA's Ames Research Center, Moffett Field, California, under a National Academy of Sciences-National Research Council Fellowship. Before then, he worked under contract to the AEC.



Letters to the Science Editor

On Fluoridation

As AN ATTORNEY who represents victims of our highly chemicalized and polluted environment, I was most interested in Dr. Gerald Posen's paper on fluoridation hazards to patients with kidney disease. Unlike Dr. Fredrick J. Stare of Harvard, ["Fluoridation and 'New Facts,'" *SR*, May 3], I did attend the meeting in Washington, D. C., at which Dr. Posen reported on his work.

When I arrived at the Forum Room of the Shoreham Hotel, I was unable to find a seat. The crowd was overflowing the room. Many of those present were members of the American Society of Nephrology (I could tell by their badges) who came to hear Dr. Posen and left after the discussion, which was considerable.

After Dr. Posen finished his report, other doctors asked questions of him. Most expressed concern over the fluoridated water problem he had described. No one ridiculed Dr. Posen, as Dr. Stare suggested in *SR*. Everyone seemed to regard Dr. Posen's paper with respect, if not agreement. I particularly listened for adverse comments, but heard none.

It is interesting to have Dr. Stare, who opposes popular voting on the issue of fluoridated drinking water, favor a system of accepting scientific research reports on the basis of number of people in the audience at the time the reports are delivered. If Dr. Posen is right, he is right if no one hears him. If wrong, he is wrong even if speaking to a packed stadium.

JOHN JOSEPH MATONIS,
Washington, D.C.

IN ARGUING that ingestion of fluoride in public drinking water may strengthen the bones of frail adults, Dr. Fredrick J. Stare referred to an article written by himself and associates and published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* [Oct. 31, 1966]. The burden of that article was that female residents in some North Dakota communities where the public drinking water has a relatively high fluoride content suffered less bone weakening than female residents in North Dakota communities where the fluoride content of public drinking water is relatively low. For his purpose, Dr. Stare classed the towns of Mott and Hettinger among those with a high fluoride content: 5.5 to 5.8 parts of fluoride per one million parts of water for Mott, and 4 to 4.8 ppm for Hettinger (both from artesian wells). The bone studies in these towns were compared with similar studies in what Dr. Stare said were the "low" fluoride neighborhoods of Grafton, Carrington, and New Rockford, where the fluoride concentration was represented to be in the range of only 0.15 to 0.3 ppm.

I have looked up the official United States Public Health Service figures for North Dakota in *Natural Fluoride Content of Communal Water Supplies in the United States* [pages 24 and 25, Publication No. 655 (1959)]. This is how the USPHS figures compare with the figures Dr. Stare published in *JAMA*:

	DR. STARE	USPHS
Mott	5.5 to 5.8	1.2
Hettinger	4 to 4.8	2.2
Grafton	0.15 to 0.3	0.9

If Dr. Stare's use of the wrong figures had been an innocent mistake, he surely would have requested a correction in a subsequent issue of *JAMA*. Instead, he repeats the same incorrect figures and the same invalid conclusion in his *SR* article called "Fluoridation and 'New Facts.'" I wonder about his scientific competence.

J. NORMAN POHL,
Detroit, Mich.

READING the article, "Fluoridation and 'New Facts,'" I thought the critics were too harsh on John Lear. I am interested in the subject and also see a danger that only the beneficial effects are pointed out always.

One of the functions of neutrophil leucocytes [white blood cells easily stained by neutral dyes] is phagocytosis [destruction of bacteria], a defense mechanism [against infection]. It has been known for some time that sodium fluoride slows down phagocytosis. Is this a beneficial effect?

I offer the following references:

"Phagocytosis requires the expenditure of metabolic energy on the part of the leucocyte. In the polymorphonuclear [neutrophil] leucocyte *this energy derives entirely from glycolysis*" [conversion of sugars]. (M. L. Karnovsky, "Metabolic Shifts in Leucocytes During the Phagocytic Event," in *Biological Activity of the Leucocyte*, edited by G. E. W. Wolstenholme and M. O'Connor, Ciba Foundation Study Group No. 10; Little, Brown and Company, p. 73.)

"Very large decreases in the ratio ATP/ADP [adenosine triphosphate/adenosine diphosphate] have been observed after *addition of fluoride, which inhibits the glycolytic* [sugar utilization] *system*, whereas carbon monoxide, cyanide, or dinitrophenol have much less effect." (J. Frei, "Energy Levels in the Human Circulating Leucocyte," in *Biological Activity of the Leucocyte*, pp. 90-91.)

"Using human neutrophil granulocytes [a type of white blood cell], Burger and Leonhardt found that oestradiol [female sex hormone] stimulated the ingestion [use by the white cells] of carmine or trypan blue. Moreover, with this hormone the *known inhibiting effect of sodium fluoride* could be neutralized." (P. T. Gaillard, "The Effect of Sex Hormones on the Phagocytotic Activity of Surviving Human Neutrophil Granulocytes," in *Experimental Cell Research*, Supplement 8, p. 210.)

These facts were found by scientists who were not interested at the time of their studies in the controversy over fluoridation of public drinking water.

I agree with Dr. Joshua Lederberg [*SR*,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

May 3] that more research has to be done on fluoride's effects. It seems to me that there is a lack of communication between the medical research disciplines.

JOHN GABROVSEK,
Cleveland, O.

Genetic Errors

A FEW minor cavils re your report on our microscopic visualization of genes at Oak Ridge National Laboratory ["Spinning the Thread of Life," *SR*, Apr. 5]:

1) I have never worked at the National Institutes of Health. I was a National Cancer Institute post-doctoral fellow during my stay in Dr. J. G. Gall's laboratory at the University of Minnesota.

2) Ribosomes are formed by the joining of two segments of ribosomal RNA fibers spun off the DNA by the gene into the cytoplasm of the cell, as you said. But there is no evidence that the two segments came from the same fiber.

3) It is the embryo of the Oxford mutant—not the egg of the mutant—that has no nucleolar genes. As your report pointed out, the mutant does not live long enough to lay eggs.

4) The mutant was discovered in 1958, not 1963.

5) The correct designation for the sex pair of chromosomes is simply the sex pair (not the sex cell), as indicated in *SR*'s earlier report on genetics last December ["The Child," *SR*, Dec. 7, 1968].

6) It is the nucleoli in the cell—not the molecules—that are typically enlarged in cancer.

Only specialists will have noticed these technical errata. Overall, your report was scientifically sound and certain to stimulate the interest of laymen in an important subject of study.

OSCAR MILLER,
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

Fluoridation and the Physician

The *AMA News*, published weekly by the American Medical Association, calls itself "the newspaper of American medicine." The claim may be somewhat exaggerated, but items published in the *News* undoubtedly do shape the opinion of a large segment of the medical profession. In one of its recent issues, the *News* reported that the United States Public Health Service had issued a public statement "in rebuttal" to *SR* disclosures of damaging side effects of fluoridated water used in artificial kidneys. So it seems appropriate to complete the record for the enlightenment of the country's physicians.

AMA News quoted USPHS as saying that "in most cases" the bloodstream of a regular user of an artificial kidney is exposed to approximately 900 quarts of water per week, "50 to 100 times the amount of fluid consumed by the average person." The implication of the statement was that the intake of fluoride from an artificial kidney bathed in fluoridated water is 50 to 100 times greater than the amount of fluoride ingested during a normal week of exposure to fluoridated drinking water. Pursuing this implication, USPHS concluded that, "The need to process some water supplies before therapeutic use in large quantities in artificial kidneys has no bearing on the ingestion by *anyone* of optimally fluoridated water from community water supplies, recommended by health authorities as a medically safe procedure for the reduction of dental caries."

Now, Dr. Donald Taves, of the University of Rochester Medical School, has reported (*Archives of Internal Medicine*, Feb. 1965) that the amount of fluoride taken into the body from an artificial kidney bathed in fluoridated water declines as the period of time of the kidney's use increases, averaging out to 5 per cent of the fluoride initially present in the artificial kidney bath water. Assuming 900 quarts of water per week and 1 part of fluoride in 1,000,000 parts of water, the aggregate transfer of fluoride from the artificial kidney to the patient would total 42.5 milligrams per week, or 6.1 mg per day.

How closely does this daily dosage of fluoride correspond to the amount of fluoride ingested every day by adults who live in communities where the drinking water is fluoridated?

To make an accurate comparison, it is necessary first to recall that where the public water supply is fluoridated, the fluoride appears not only in the drinking water but in water used for the cooking, canning, and bottling of food and drink. What is the *total* fluoride intake of the body?

Dr. Dyson Rose and John Marier, of the National Research Council of Canada, made actual measurements of total intake of fluoride in a selected sample of the citizenry of Ottawa after Ottawa's water supply was fluoridated in 1965. Rose and Marier found (*Journal of Food Sciences*, Dec. 1966) that the intake ranged from 2 to 5 mg per day among indoor workers.

Notice that the upper of these two figures is close to the 6.1 mg daily exposure from use of the artificial kidney.

But fluoride ingested by mouth goes into the stomach, whence some of it is excreted in the feces while some enters the bloodstream. With normal kidney function, a portion of the fluoride that enters the blood is excreted in the urine; the remainder is retained by the blood and distributed through the body, principally in the bones. How does the ultimate effect compare with the ultimate effect of artificial kidneys, where all the fluoride that enters the body goes immediately into the blood?

By applying data presented in a recent study by Herta Spencer and other scientists at the Hines, Illinois, Veterans Administration Hospital Metabolic Research Unit (*Federation Proceedings*, Mar.-Apr. 1968), it can be calculated that net fluoride retention in the body following oral ingestion of 2 to 5 mg of fluoride a day ranges from 0.8 to 2.0 mg. Therefore, the Ottawa citizens participating in the Rose-Marier experiment retained between one-eighth and one-third as much fluoride as Taves calculated for retention by hemodialysis patients. In other words, the participants in the Rose-Marier study retained in their bodies between 12.5 per cent and 33.3 per cent as much fluoride as was retained in the bodies of the ten artificial kidney patients at Ottawa General Hospital who suffered spontaneous bone fractures because of an unidentified something that happened inside them during one to two-and-a-half years of use of artificial kidneys bathed in fluoridated water.

If the scientific research findings recited here are correct—and there is nothing in the medical literature to refute them—USPHS did not take recent discoveries by fluoride researchers into account when it told the American people that 50 to 100 times more fluoride enters the body through artificial kidneys than enters through the digestive system in communities where public drinking water is fluoridated. The true multiple is somewhere between three and eight times.

SR's science editor feels amply justified in continuing to ask whether the effects of fluoridated drinking water during the useful years of a human lifetime may not parallel the damage observed in the Ottawa General Hospital patients during a year to two-and-a-half years' use of artificial kidneys bathed in fluoridated water.

Suppose the risk is the least allowable by the statistics. Then the longest time span in which the damage might be expected would be eight times two-and-a-half years, or twenty years. Although USPHS claims no dental benefit from fluoride beyond the teen-age span of life, fluoridation of public drinking water doses the whole population—robust and frail, sick and well alike—continuously over a period ranging to and beyond four times twenty years.

—J. L.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANNOUNCING THE

Saturday Review

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Contest

Two Grand Prizes

Color winner:

Round-Trip to Tokyo

Black-and-white winner:

Round-Trip to Dublin

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 3, 1970, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 3rd issue.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norman Cousins—Editor, *Saturday Review.*

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America.

Erich Hartmann—Photographer and visual design consultant for major corporations.

Grace M. Mayer—Curator, Edward J. Steichen Archive, Department of Photography, The Museum of Modern Art.

Margaret R. Weiss—Photography Editor, *Saturday Review.*

The important thing is to read the complete rules and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is September 15, 1969

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and The McCall Publishing Co., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1968, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.

3. Black-and-white photographs
   a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8x10 unmounted.
   b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
   c. Developing and printing may be done by a photofinisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
   d. No negatives should be submitted.
   e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.

4. Color photographs
   a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
   b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
   c. Color prints must be no larger than 8x10 and unmounted.
   d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.
   e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
   f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned only if accompanied by return postage: a minimum of 12 cents, in stamps or coin. **Do not send self-addressed envelopes.**

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or transparencies, but reserves the right to *publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition* any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

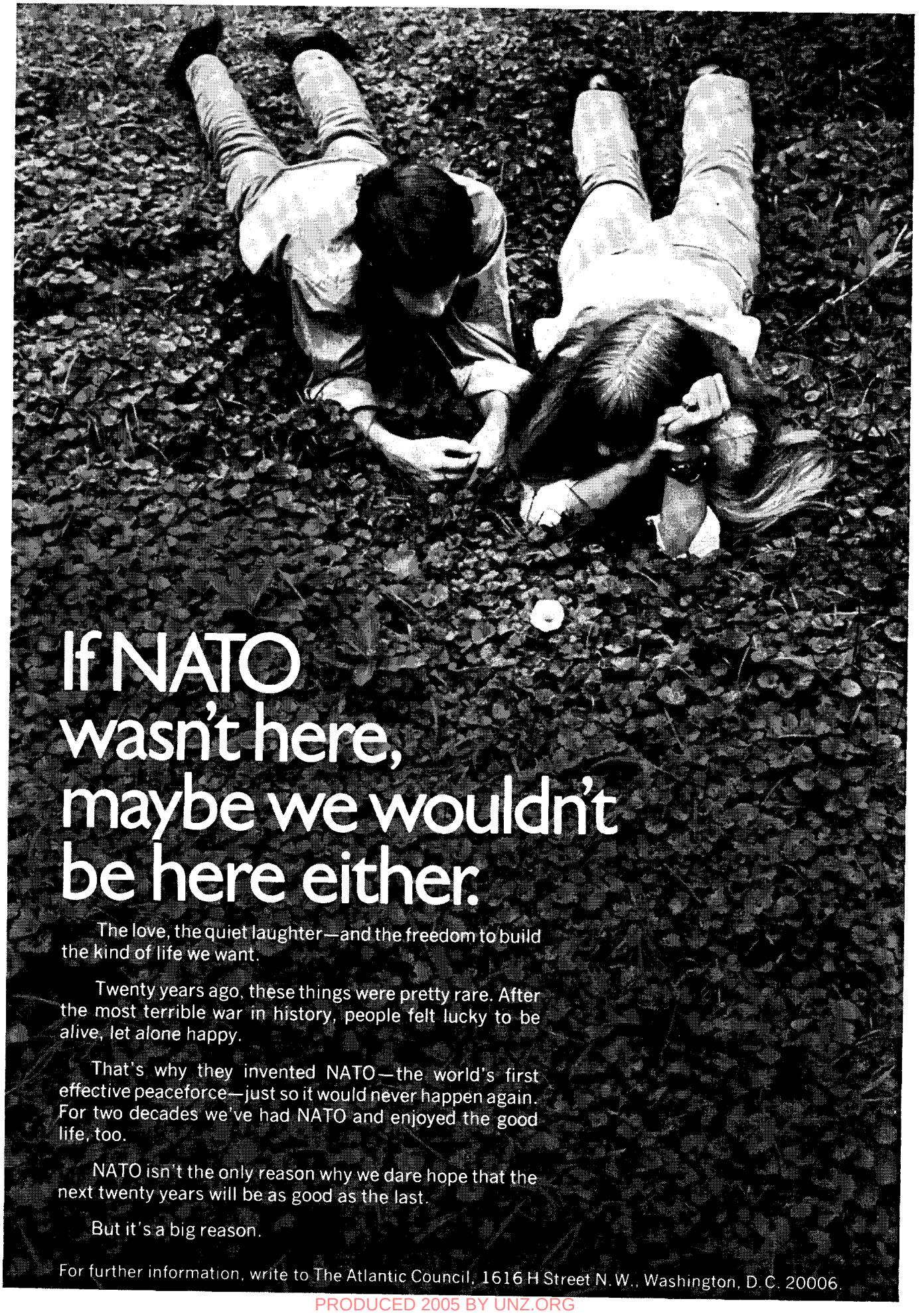
6. To enter the contest, mail no more than one black-and-white or one color picture to this magazine's World Travel Photo Contest. All entries must be postmarked no later than September 15, 1969, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: No more than one picture may be submitted by any one entrant.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. *Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a* **statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture** of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 3, 1970. Saturday Review retains first publication rights on winning pictures and the right to use them for promotional purposes.

DEADLINE SEPTEMBER 15, 1969 *Saturday Review* **380 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


If NATO
wasn't here,
maybe we wouldn't
be here either.
The love, the quiet laughter—and the freedom to build the kind of life we want.
Twenty years ago, these things were pretty rare. After the most terrible war in history, people felt lucky to be alive, let alone happy.
That's why they invented NATO—the world's first effective peaceforce—just so it would never happen again. For two decades we've had NATO and enjoyed the good life, too.
NATO isn't the only reason why we dare hope that the next twenty years will be as good as the last.
But it's a big reason.
For further information, write to The Atlantic Council, 1616 H Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Diminished Man

Continued from page 19

versities which will interpret all this horror and make cause against it?

Centuries ago in a world of gods and mysteries and monsters when man's creativity, his immense creative powers, had been, as Berdyaev put it, "paralyzed by the Middle Ages"—when men had been diminished in their own eyes by the demeaning dogma of the Fall—centuries ago the university conceived an intellectual and spiritual position which released mankind into a new beginning, a rebirth, a Renaissance. What is demanded of us now in a new age of gods and mysteries and monsters, not without dogmas and superstitions of its own, is a second humanism that will free us from our new paralysis of soul as the earlier humanism freed us from that other. If it was human significance which was destroyed by the Middle Ages, it is human significance which we ourselves are now destroying. We are witnessing, as the British critic F. R. Leavis phrases it, the elimination of that "day-by-day creativity of human response which manifests itself in the significances and values without which there is no reality—nothing but emptiness that has to be filled with drink, sex, eating, background music, and . . . the papers and the telly."

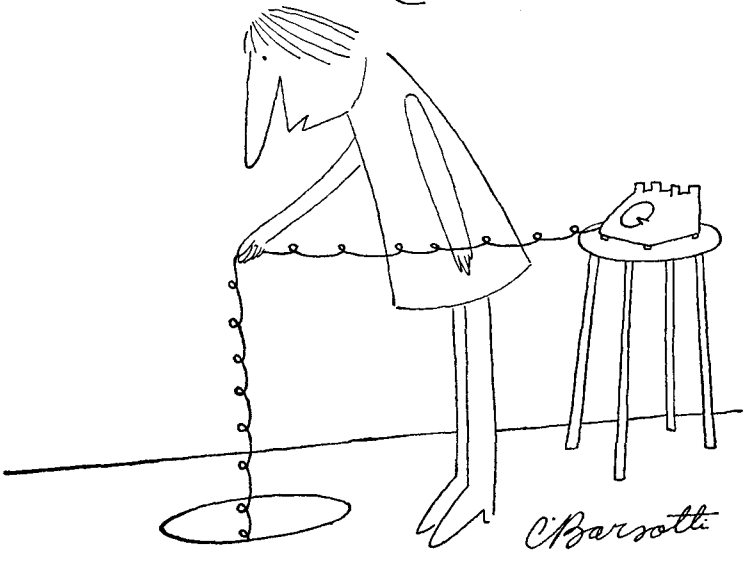
Mr. Leavis, not the most optimistic of dons on any occasion, believes that something might be done to revive "the creative human response that maintains cultural continuity" and that gives human life a meaning. I, with fewer qualifications to speak, would go much further. I would say that a conscious and determined effort to conceive a new humanism which would do for our darkness what that earlier humanism did for the darkness of the Middle Ages is not only a present dream but a present possibility, and that it is a present possibility not despite the generation of the young—the generation of the Sixties—but because of it.

That generation is not perhaps as sophisticated politically as it—or its activist spokesmen—would have us think. Its moral superiority to earlier generations may not, in every instance, be as great as it apparently believes. But one virtue it does possess to a degree not equaled by any generation in this century: It believes in man.

It is an angry generation, yes, but its resentment is not the disgust of the generation for which Beckett speaks. Its resentment is not a resentment *of* our human life but a resentment *on behalf* of human life; not an indignation that we exist on the Earth but that we *permit* ourselves to exist in a selfishness and wretchedness and squalor which we have the means to abolish. Resentment of this kind is founded, can only be founded, on belief in man. And belief in man—a return to a belief in man—is the reality on which a new age can be built.

Thus far, that new belief has been used by the young largely as a weapon—as a justification of an indictment of earlier generations for their exploitation and debasement of human life and earth. When it is allowed to become itself—when the belief in man becomes an affirmative effort to re-create the life of man—the crisis in the university may well become the triumph of the university.

For it is only the university in this technological age which can save us from ourselves. And the university, as we now know, can only function effectively when it functions as a common labor of all its generations dedicated to the highest purpose of them all.



"It's for you, dear."

for newspaper editors and publishers only

2

special features from

Saturday Review

The cultural boom and the educational explosion have created thousands of new readers throughout America for authoritative, incisive, comprehensive news and reviews of all that's new in

Books & Music

Saturday Review's syndicated services for newspapers provide exclusive, original reviews, interviews, personality profiles, news and inside gossip from the worlds of books and music, authors and composers, publishers and performers for your readers every week.

Both exclusive services, written and edited under the supervision of SR Music Editor, Irving Kolodin, and distinguished book critic, John Barkham, are fully illustrated.

Reasonable rates — Territorial exclusivity

More than 40 satisfied newspapers now subscribe.

For details, write, wire or telephone.

Saturday Review Newspaper Syndicate

380 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

Yes, please send, without obligation, sample packet of Syndicate material.

Name_____

Newspaper_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted, personal services, literary or publishing offers unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, $1.00 per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times 88¢ per word each insertion; 26 times 91¢ per word each insertion; 13 times 94¢ per word each insertion; 6 times 97¢ per word each insertion. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 10 East 49th Street, NYC 10017. PLaza 5-1127.

RESEARCH, writing, translations expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Box N-693.

RESEARCH, WRITING, INDEXING for business, professional people. Researchers Associated. Box N-680.

WRITERS UNLIMITED. Complete writing services by experts: sonnets . . . speeches . . . ceremonial verses . . . articles . . . special letters . . . annual reports, etc. P.O. Box 7119, Richmond, Virginia 23221.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS—Intelligent college junior will research. Seisler, 1737 F Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006. 202-347-7635.

WRITERS' WORKSHOP, Manhattan, Brooklyn; Writers' European Holiday Workshop. Pauline Bloom, 60 Plaza, Brooklyn, 11238.

BOOKS

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 1060 Twin Silo Lane, Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania 19006.

FOREIGN PAPERBACKS. Free lists. Books, P.O. Box 767-S, San Leandro, California 94577.

FIRST EDITIONS, rare books: Catalogues for year $1.00 (refundable). Libraries purchased. Minkoff, 28 Wildwood Drive, Great Neck, N.Y. 11024.

ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12th Street, NYC 10003. Catalogues "B" on: Middle East; Far East; Languages.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS SUPPLIED. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

BOOKS—Used, out-of-print. List 10¢. Lakeland, Thornville, Ohio 43076.

"THE MacKINNON YEARS"—Limited edition. Distinguished Unitarian minister's poetry, essays. From personal credo to world views. $4.95 postage paid. 5805 East 56th Street, Indianapolis, Indiana 46220.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP. 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC 10021, where French books are sold exclusively. List sent on request.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE—Many beautiful designs. Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

UNIQUE GIFT for all occasions. Handsome antique or contemporary bookplates. Personal Imprints. Free Catalogue. Berliner-McGinnis, Box 5B, Nevada City, California 95959.

OUT-OF-PRINT

CATALOGUE 3 READY, free. Complete Book Service. Owens' Books, 25 West Main, Madison, Wisconsin 53703.

CINEMA, OLD-NEW. Monthly Catalogue. Del's, 12725-G Flatbush, Norwalk, California 90650.

NAME THE BOOK. We'll get it! Free search service. CHICAGO BOOK MART, P.O. Box 613-B, Chicago Heights, Illinois 60411.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Satisfaction guaranteed. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California 90212.

ART

COLLECT ORIGINAL, SIGNED ETCHINGS and lithographs by America's foremost artists, including Dobkin, Florsheim, Greenwood, Hirsch, Landau, Margulies, Raphael Soyer. From $15. Free catalogue with 47 illustrations. (Mail 25¢ for handling.) Associated American Artists, Studio 8, 663 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10022.

"GETTING STARTED IN STAINED GLASS," 25¢. Whittemore, Box D2065, Hanover, Massachusetts 02339.

WAY OUT TRAVEL POSTER: Earthrise over moon as seen from Apollo 8, and caption: "Visit Earth." 26" x 30", beautifully lithographed. $2.00. Dealers: free sample. Green Cheese-SR4, 1408 East Grand River, East Lansing, Michigan 48823.

HEADSTONE "RUBBINGS" of the supposed "Mother Goose." Brown or black. Ten dollars. Massachusetts residents add 3%. Mocray Part I, Box 8465, Boston, Massachusetts 02114.

RECORD MART

UNPOPULAR NON-CLUB offers LP immortalities at a pittance. "Masterpieces in the Mail" presents major labels and special "finds" in entertaining format. For free subscription write Dept. SRC, The Record Hunter, 507 5th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

FREE 40 PAGE CATALOGUE offers hundreds of recordings of rare Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music. Some records priced as low as $1.00 each! All late recordings in stereo only. MHS RECORDS, Box 932 SR, New York, New York 10023.

"HARPS of the Ancient Temples"—A transcendently beautiful stereo record. $5.95 postpaid (Californians add 5%). Rapture Recordings, 2825-A Hyans, Los Angeles, 90026.

450 RCA RED SEALS. Circa 1915. Near new condition. 83 original Caruso. No duplicates. Write Records, 1731 Washington, Venice, California 90291.

HISTORICAL REISSUES BY HELIODOR—Works conducted by DeSabata, Furtwaengler. Ask for catalogue containing many fine imports. BREMEN HOUSE, 218 East 86th Street, NYC 10028.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y.

JOHN MORLEY English Classical Harpsichords, Clavichords, Antique Pianos/Harps. Safe shipment. Free catalogue. Write 4 Belmont Hill, London, S.E. 13, England.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS—Fantastic tone, modest prices. de Angeli, Box 190, RD 1, Pennsburg, Pennsylvania 18073.

BECHSTEIN—Always scarce. Inquire collect: John Wanamaker Philadelphia, Piano Imports, 215-563-6555.

MUSIC BOOKS! PLAYER piano rolls and parts! Golden Rule, Box 28-E6, Prospect Heights, Illinois 60070.

PIANO INSTRUCTION

LEARN POPULAR PIANO — Short, interesting course. Bernard Spencer, M.A., Steinway Hall, COlumbus 5-1418 NYC.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK DATED MAGAZINES! Send needs. Midtown, Box 917-SR, Maywood, N.J. 07607.

COLOR SLIDES

35mm COLOR SLIDES, 10,671 individually sold, described encyclopedia-catalogue. 10¢. Wolfe Worldwide, Dept. 7-69, Los Angeles, California 90025.

SUMMER INSTITUTES

INTERNATIONAL EDUCATION IN THE U.S. Youth, 16-20, learn from Ph.D. candidate foreign instructors about their peoples of Africa, Asia, Latin America and the Middle East at the SUMMER INSTITUTES OF NATIONS. A series of three week outdoor educational and recreational sessions both in the mountains of California and lake country of Indiana. Meaningful and relevant. 8th year, nonprofit, tax exempt. Applications now being received. Nations, Inc., Box 1146, Berkeley, California 94704.

ADULT EDUCATION

SUMMER PHOTOGRAPHY: 9 one-week workshops; accelerated 2-month general course. National Academy of Photography, Room 13, 225 Broadway, New York 10007.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

WHAT CHANGES APATHY to ENTHUSIASM? Perhaps just one summer session under our expert male faculty. Remedial, developmental instruction in most grammar school subjects. Opportunity for work in French, Latin, Spanish. Grades 3-8. 7/6—8/22. Also winter school and Becket Adventures. C. D. Warren, Director, Becket Academy Summer School, East Haddam, Connecticut 06423. Tel. 203-873-8658.

SUMMER GUIDANCE & STUDY INSTITUTE—June 30th-August 16th. Unique, individualized Vocational and Educational Career Plan determines realistic goals for boys in grades 7-12. Accredited college-prep courses in English, 3 languages, sciences, math, history. Remedial Reading. Classes limited to 5. Driver Education. Broad cultural program. Swimming, golf, tennis, riding and other recreational opportunities in White Mountains vacation area. Inclusive fee covers everything. Scholarship aid available. Director: John H. Flynn, Fryeburg Academy, Fryeburg, Maine 04037. Tel. 207-935-2040.

FREE-SCHOOL SUMMER SESSION on Saturna Island, Canada. Play and learn in freedom. Five weeks, $350. Write Saturna Island Free School, Saturna, B.C.

CHAPEL HILL SUMMER SCHOOL. Girls. Boarding. Grades 7-12. Advanced review courses in regular subjects. Remedial Reading, Math. Art Workshop. Typing. Driver Education. Excellent library. Afternoon activities include riding, swimming, sports. Mr. S. A Ericksen, 327 Lexington Street, Waltham, Massachusetts 02154.

STRICTLY EARTHY PAINTING in heavenly surroundings. Room, board, techniques. Brochure. BLUE RIDGE ART SCHOOL, Route 7, Roanoke, Virginia 24018.

SUMMER TUTORING for Cape Cod vacationers. Experienced preparatory teachers. Box J, Osterville, Massachusetts 02655.

SCHOOLS

LEARN PUBLIC RELATIONS—see "PERSONALS."

CAPE COD PREPARATORY. If your son is FAILING or not working to his POTENTIAL, why not consider a private school that specializes in working with motivation problems and the bright underachiever. Grades 9-12 and P.G. ACCREDITED. Outstanding college placement record. Beautiful campus. Oceanography. Water sports. Robert S. Faria, Headmaster, Mashpee, Massachusetts 02649. Tel. 617-428-8323.

SANFORD. A well organized coeducational boarding and day school offering a sound background for college. Country campus. Advanced courses. Special study help. Art, drama, music, sports, riding. Accredited. Box 110, Hockessin, Delaware 19707.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCHOOLS

PIONEER YEARS (2nd) preparatory school which combines scholarship with adventure, work, involvement, creativity. Staff background: Foreign Service, business, education, Peace Corps, salting Peace Corps approaches (Spanish study in Mexican village) into standard pedagogy. Mountainous campus former Peace Corps training site. Near Dartmouth. Challenging birth with advantageous scenery . . . all secondary to warm, outstanding education. Vershire School, Vershire, Vermont 05079. 802-685-4547.

BOYS ARE INDIVIDUAL. At Perkiomen they won't get lost in the crowd. In small classes, grades 9-12, boys receive sound college preparation, enjoy individual attention. Graduates attend leading colleges. Sports for all. Social activities. Coed summer school. Catalogue: Director of Admissions, Box F, Perkiomen School, Pennsburg, Pennsylvania 18073.

STUDY-TRAVEL-COMMUNITY SCHOOL—For teenagers who want control over their education—the world as their classroom. Dick Hiler, Box 201, Putney, Vermont 05346.

MANLIUS SCHOOL. Accredited college preparation. 100th year. Grades 8-12. ROTC develops ability, initiative, integrity. Reading. Study Skills. Varsity, intramural teams, all sports. Gym, Golf, Skiing, Band, Glee Club, Art, Music, Social Activities. Driver Education. New Dorm. Nonsectarian. Also Summer School-Camp. 130 acre campus near Syracuse. Write: Major H. G. Cantrell, 13 St. John Avenue, Manlius, N.Y. 13104.

JUDSON IN ARIZONA. Boarding. Fully Accredited. College Prep and General Courses. Coeducational. Healthful desert climate, Grades 5-12. Informal western life. Small classes. Excellent staff. All sports. Horseback riding. Art. Music. Brochure. David D. Wick, Headmaster, Judson School, Box 1569, Scottsdale, Arizona 85252.

SCHOOL AT KIRKRIDGE—On Appalachian Trail overlooking Poconos. Opening this fall. Grades 10-11, boarding 20 boys, 16 girls. Intercultural, venturesome, nondenominational and widely ecumenical, related to Kirkridge retreat-and-study center founded 1942. All-teach-all-learn community including expert teachers for college preparation, social relevance, late-teen self-realization. 85 miles from Manhattan and Philadelphia. Write SCHOOL AT KIRKRIDGE, Box 2, Bangor, Pennsylvania 18013. Phone 215-581-8954.

COLLEGES

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE — see "STUDIES ABROAD."

HAVE YOU CONSIDERED CANADA? Come to young people's country! Canada's University of Notre Dame welcomes you to Nelson, B.C. Four hours by automobile to Spokane, Washington and a short hop to Vancouver, British Columbia, or Seattle. Notre Dame is a quality university with small classes and unusually close student-professor contact coupled with a heavy concentration of seminar and tutorial classes in the last two years. 60% of our graduates go on to pursue higher degrees. If you want four terms a year, don't come to us! We have only one term, starting in mid-September and ending in April, allowing students an advantage in seeking summer employment. Fully accredited, located in the heart of the rugged, fantastically beautiful Alpine Mountains of British Columbia where hunting and fishing abound, Notre Dame is a skiers' paradise. The Canadian Alpine Ski Team headquarters is on campus. An outdoorsman's dream. This is young people's country! If you were a "C" student in high school, we will consider you for admission, but you must be prepared to work hard. We don't dilute our program for athletes, nonscholars or educational tennis bums! Students will be considered for fall admission up to August 15th. B.A.: English, Art, French, Math, Philosophy, Psychology, Sociology. B.Sc.: Botany, Chemistry, Math, Medical Records, Physics, Zoology. Pre-Professional Programs in: Agriculture, Engineering, Commerce, Dentistry, Medicine, Forestry, Nursing and Physiotherapy. Full tuition, room, board and fees, $1,245 a year Canadian Funds. For a speedy reply address inquiries to: Notre Dame University of Nelson, c/o Post Office Box 1367, Eureka, California 95501.

MARK HOPKINS COLLEGE is now considering applications for September admission from young men and women eager for a new learning experience. Brattleboro, Vermont 05301.

COLLEGE DROP-OUTS: We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Educational Development Center, 23 Adelbert Street, Berea, Ohio 44017. Dept. SR.

COLLEGES

LOOKING FOR THE OUTDOOR TYPE? They all come to Belknap in the New Hampshire mountains for their A.B. degrees. For a top liberal arts education. And the opportunity to ski, climb mountains, and join in activities from soccer to reporting. Women only: medical laboratory technology program with year at nearby hospital. Write catalogue J, Belknap College, Center Harbor, N.H. 03226.

FOR THE GOURMET

DELECTABLE CHIP-DIPS from Maine! Ask shops for Look's "Atlantic" Brand Lobster Dip, for example. Look Canning, East Machias, Maine.

ANY RECIPE $1 (refunded if unavailable). Please allow 10 days. Renie, 14737 Leadwell, Van Nuys, California 91405.

PERSONALS

FOR PARTIALLY SIGHTED PEOPLE, Xerox prints Reader's Digest 2½ times larger than original size. To send a gift subscription, mail us your address and the name and address of the recipient. Enclose a $48.60 check for a year ($25.65 for 6 months). Or we can bill you later. Write: Xerox Systems Center, Dept. #4, P.O. Box 3300, Grand Central Station, N.Y. 10017.

VISITORS TO IRELAND may have seen the products of AVOCA HANDWEAVERS. Here, you can see them in profusion at CAROL BROWN'S, Putney, Vermont 05346.

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF EXCELLENCE IN WRITING: Professional. Executive. Academic. Address: Director, Professional Communication Center, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

ALASKA SPORTSMAN MAGAZINE, a slice of "Life On The Last Frontier." Twelve color-packed, exciting issues only $6. Also, THE MILEPOST, the mile-by-mile guide to the Alaska Highway, Just $2.20. Alaska Sportsman, Box 4-EEE (SR), Anchorage, Alaska.

AMAZING NEW WAY to own your own business. Send for free copy. Modern Franchising Magazine, 1033-SR First Avenue, Des Plaines, Illinois.

MANGOS—Aristocrat of tropical fruits, and Persian limes, shipping now through August. Avocados from July 15th. Airport Fruit Shipper, Miami International Airport, Miami, Florida 33159.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Comprehensive new "Guide to Employment Abroad" covers all possibilities, 60 countries. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas" and special reports on summer jobs, government careers, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial, newspaper and social work overseas. $2.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or payment refunded. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York 11730.

PROTECT YOUR HEALTH ABROAD—Exclusive World-wide Medical Directory. Over 500 select English speaking Doctors; set fees; 24 hour service; check cashing privileges; valuable overseas health information. Send $4.00 to Omni-Med, 217 South 7th Street, Springfield, Illinois 62701.

MAMSELLE IN MANHATTAN. Unique consulting service for young women moving to NYC. Assists in finding apartments, roommates, employment. For brochure, Box N-640, telephone 212-755-8817.

PICTURESQUE DUTCH TILES. Delft motifs handpainted in Holland. Direct from importer's stock. Illustrated folder. WESTRAVEN, 120 Liberty Street, New York 10006.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. China, Glass, Silver. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC 10016.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut 06069.

APT GIFT for English majors, journalism graduates: "ESCHEW OBFUSCATION" PLAQUE, 8½" x 4", $1.50, deluxe, $2.50, grandiose, $5.00. Wry Idea Company, Rye, N.Y. 10580.

PERSONALS

OLD BOOK, "Missionary and Mandarin," sought by SR staffer. Box M-872.

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE—Forty-fourth annual session, August 13th to August 27th, at Bread Loaf in the Green Mountains of Vermont. Lectures, workshops, conferences in fiction, nonfiction, poetry, children's literature for writers, teachers, students, and those who want to hear good talk about writing. For bulletin: Bread Loaf Secretary, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont 05753.

GLOVE CLEANING BY MAIL. $1.00 pair. Free glove mailing envelope. Roblin Leather, 190 Glencove Avenue, Glen Cove, N.Y. 11542.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import. Purcell, $5, $8.95 up! Student Special. Corelli, $3.95; Recorder Music Methods. Guitar Music. Free catalogue. 6-9-A, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC 10019.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 10022. 212-EL 5-3464-5-6.

WHITE-FOOT COTTON SOCKS for men who can't wear all-white. Tops in black, charcoal and navy. Perfect for Father's Day. 3 pair $5. Zenith Medical Products, P.O. Box 85, Forest Park, Illinois 60130.

UNIVERSITY OF PALM BEACH, expanding its library facilities, will gladly accept donations of books/sets/encyclopedias/libraries. Financial contributions for new library (tax exempt) may be earmarked for special rooms, chairs, building name. References. Write Chairman, Library Facilities, University of Palm Beach, 660 Fern Street, West Palm Beach, Florida.

CITIZEN EXCHANGE CORPS helps Americans find out what Russians are really like. Three week study-exchanges. Leave NYC July 5th, August 2nd and 23rd. Citizen Exchange Corps, SR 6/7, 10 West 46th Street, NYC 10036/212-LT 1-8113.

NOW—Attractive 12 month supply quality watch band calendars. $1.25. Lake House, Box 722-S, Springfield, Illinois 62705. Guaranteed satisfaction.

THE 3-OF-US at MFA pick mutual funds very well. Written up by CLEARING HOUSE, magazine for bankers. Get brochure. Mutual Funds Advisory, 382 Miracle Mile, Coral Gables, Florida 33134.

ENJOY LEARNING AND WORKING in the informal atmosphere of Goddard Arts Center, June 29th through August 24th, 1969. Representational Painting with Cy Sloan, Abstract Painting with Joe Fulop. Plan to stay a week or longer in the Vermont hills. Discover or develop your abilities in painting and drawing. Chamber music, Lieder, vocal ensemble, recorder, keyboard, sculpture, ceramics and jewelry as well, all with skilled artist-teachers. For further information, write Ray McIntyre, Director, Box S, Goddard Arts Center, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

"MEADOWLARK". GAIN HEALTH: Mentally, physically, spiritually. Program: Relaxation methods, counseling, art exploration, meditation. Facilities: Lodging, nutritious meals, expansive grounds, pool. Inquire: Evarts Loomis, M.D., Director, Meadowlark, 26126 Fairview Avenue, Hemet, California 92343.

ENCOURAGE READING: New control budgets viewing time. TV MONITOR, Box 446, New Canaan, Connecticut 06840.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711.

KODACOLOR PRICE-BREAKTHROUGH—Perfect prints, 8 or 12 exposure rolls $2; 20 exposure, $3. Full credit unprintable negatives. Money-back guarantee. Plus postage paid both ways. Send $2 and film; write for mailer. Mystic Color Lab, Box S-144, Mystic, Connecticut.

NOW—LEARN PUBLIC RELATIONS at home! For an exciting career—or to improve your own business. Taught by skilled professionals, by mail. Practical, easy; only course of its kind. Write: Dept. RA, American Institute of Public Relations, 141 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois 60604.

(Continued on page 64)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 63)

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue (at 67th), New York 10021. 212-RE 4-3902. Established 1887.

SOCK IT TO ME—over 225 underground buttons 1/25¢, 5/$1, 50/$5, 125/$10 and 1,000/$75. Bumper stickers, beads and jewelry, too. Free catalogue to all! Stores: free sample. Big-Little Store, 1077 Mission, San Francisco, 94103.

HARPSICHORDS with the most fascinating sound by North America's leading builders, Sabathil & Son, 1084 Homer, Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

ASPEN SCHOOL of Contemporary Art—Film, Photography, Poetry, Prose, Painting, Drawing, Sculpture Workshops. Stimulating summer Colorado Rockies. Write: Box L-275.

WHAT ARE THE five ugliest words in the English language? Here are some top contenders: War, Disease, Prejudice, Hunger, and Ignorance. For 52 years, the American Friends Service Committee . . . a Quaker organization . . . has worked throughout the world to hold these age-old scourges of mankind at bay. A big job? You bet and we need your help! To learn how you can give it, write: American Friends Service Committee, Box S-4, 160 North 15th Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19102.

"EXPLORATIONS"—Magazine of existentialism, humanistic psychology, Zen, psychotherapy, mysticism, personal growth, self-discovery. Box 1254, Berkeley, California 94701.

KENNEDY '72 bumper stickers 4/$1.00, buttons 5/$1.00. Drum, Box 609-S, Fairfield, Connecticut 06430.

ROSICRUCIAN Secret Teachings are offered to those who seek to use them for the perfection of their inner faculties and in the mastering of the daily obstacles of life. The Rosicrucians, an international group of thinking men and women, will be happy to send a FREE copy of the fascinating book, "The Mastery of Life," to those who believe worthiness and sincerity determine the right for one to have such knowledge. Let this book guide you to the conservative plan whereby you may widen your scope of Personal Power. Simply address your request to Scribe Y.H.J., The Rosicrucians, San Jose, California 95114. Please include zip code if part of your address.

TWO NUNS wish to use—free—your summer residence, any time. Box N-661.

A.I.D. DECORATOR selling living room furniture immediately. Varied and sophisticated items. No dealers. 201-674-3868.

RARE, GREVY ZEBRA SKIN for sale. From Kenya's northern frontier. Phone 212-749-6676.

ENTREPRENEUR, 28, Dartmouth A.B., Chicago M.B.A., departs June 26th business trip, Europe, North Africa, Middle East. Will accept assignments. Box N-656.

2 DRESS MANNEQUINS for $150. Call evenings: 212-755-0875.

BIOGRAPHIES. Hitler, Stalin, Cleopatra, Jesus, Five Jewish Heroes. All five, $3. Mercury Books, 1512 Walnut, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19102.

WANTED — Information on Centenarians. HD Books, 4644 Geary Boulevard, San Francisco, California 94118.

WEAVING—Hand loom wanted. Dixon, Frances Avenue, Rothesay, New Brunswick, Canada.

DOMINICA, W.I.—Self-exploration workshop. East-West. SR Box N-689.

FOR A GENTLE mental massage, try Tac-Tickle. $1 from WFF 'N PROOF Publishers, Box 71-A0, New Haven, Connecticut 06501.

SITUATIONS WANTED

GIRL, 18, summer help with family, travel. References exchanged. Box N-587.

EDIT MANUSCRIPTS—writer—background in arts, especially music—psychiatry, sociology—fiction, textbooks, articles. Expert typist. NYC. Box N-472.

HUMANITIES PROFESSOR, 32, disillusioned with academic life, seeks new rewarding career. Box N-641.

TRINITY COLLEGE, Connecticut male, capable sophomore, desires summer position, New York area, Prefer brokerage, banking, research. Box N-665.

COLLEGE TEACHER, M.F.A., seeks summer teaching, West coast or Maine. Box N-633.

SECRETARY TO AUTHOR-PROFESSOR, NYC, seeks employment in San Francisco. Box N-676.

DIETITIAN, 30, imaginative, personable; seeking position/experience preferably Paris. Other interests: literature, writing, arts, crafts, humanitarianism. Box N-662.

RESPONSIBLE TEACHER, 22, female, desires travel in Europe with family or unusual summer job. References. 617-876-7517.

RESEARCHER-TRANSLATOR, German, French, English seeks creative future with NYC area publisher. Europe and U.S.-educated. Available June 18th. Box N-646.

MALE DESIRES POSITION, teaching/administrative, in small/junior college. Box N-658.

"MARY POPPINS," 26, B.A., seeks family traveling Europe. Box N-649.

ASPIRING WRITER or teacher, 26, M.A. English June, B.A. Journalism, seeks appetitive situation. USC, Box U-88, Columbia, S.C.

COLLEGE DEVELOPMENT DIRECTOR, strong PR, fund raising background, seeks major responsibility Philadelphia area educational health or intergroup organization. Box N-644.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

SATURDAY REVIEW L.A. OFFICE has opening for secretary with advertising background. Call Fred Beck, 213-386-2763.

SUMMER JOBS—Over 58,000 summer jobs (also 8,000 permanent) open right NOW in U.S. and Overseas. Gives specific job data, salaries, addresses, etc. Hurry! Jobs are filled early. Used and approved since 1952. Regular price $5.00. Special—rush $4.00 now for new 1969 "Summer Job Directory." Resume manual $1.00 or FREE with order. Summer Job Center, 173-SR North 9th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211. (Add 25¢ regular mail, add $1.00 first class.) Also "Summer Opportunities for Teenagers" (includes jobs; part-time work; travel, sports, special interest, foreign camps, etc.), $3.00. Supply limited.

PRIVATE, COED LIBERAL ARTS college, midwest, seeking woman Ph.D. for political science faculty. Reply: Box N-552.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA wants You! Good jobs. Adventure. Forms and Australian Handbook (1969) describing Australian assisted passage, passport-visa, advantages, opportunities. $1.00 Buckeye, Box 1032CE, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Europe, South America, Australia, Far East, etc. 2,000 openings all trades. Construction, Office, Engineering, Sales, etc. $400 to $2,500 month. Expenses paid. Free information. Write Overseas Jobs, International Airport, Box 536-U, Miami, Florida 33148.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

MOTHER'S HELPER WANTED for August in Hamptons, N.Y. Help housekeeper care for sweet 8 year old girl. Must drive. Salary. Box N-695.

TYPISTS, STENOS EXPERIENCED. Manpower Inc. needs you for temporary assignments. Work a day, a week or longer. High hourly rates. See telephone directory for address in your city.

TEACHERS AND ADMINISTRATORS: For over 50 years The Abbott Teachers Agency has specialized in educational placement: Private and Public Schools; Junior-Senior Colleges. Brochure on request. 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. Unlimited opportunities. Latest government information and forms. $1.00. Austco, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

JOBS ABROAD. Year round and summer for young people. Over 15 countries, 9 paying job categories offered. Complete student programs available. For 34 page JOBS ABROAD magazine with applications send $1.00 to: ISTC, Section 2, 866 U.N. Plaza, NYC, N.Y. 10017.

TEACHER OR SUPERVISOR or Athletic Director to assist with administration of boarding school for boys. Saint James School, Berlin, Connecticut 06037.

ACADEMIC POSITIONS—U.S. and Foreign. All levels and subjects. Call or send your resume or 25¢ for list of hundreds of positions. Private School and College Bureau (Since 1925), Suites 422-24, 342 Madison Avenue, Dept. SR, NYC. 212-OX 7-4341.

JAPANESE HOUSEKEEPER—Non-smoker, age 45-55, for single person. Beautiful location, private beach, near Bahai Temple, Wilmette, Illinois. Write SR Box N-683.

PRINCIPAL WANTED. Carlisle Public Schools, Carlisle, Massachusetts. Grades K-8, 600 pupils. Salary up to $17,000 to start, plus re-location expenses. For application contact: Fred Lawton, Superintendent, 409 Massachusetts Avenue, Acton, Massachusetts 01720. Call collect 617-263-3311.

DRAMA DIRECTOR, male, single, over 21. Creative. Coed camp in Poconos, Pennsylvania. Excellent salary. Write P.F.C., 110 Benson East, Jenkintown, Pennsylvania 19046. Call collect 215-CA 4-2100.

LIBRARIAN for Town Library. Send qualifications and salary expected to The Trustees, Southern Pines Library, Southern Pines, N.C. 28387.

COUNSELORS—Boys' Camp, Berkshire Mountains, Massachusetts, needs instructors in Archery, Sailing and Small Crafts. Camp Lenox, 37 Wood Valley Lane, Port Washington, N.Y. 11050. 516-MA 7-6417.

WEEKLY NEWSPAPER wants news-ad assistant; learn manage, release owner for semiretirement. Man-wife possibility. Times, Mooresville, Indiana 46158.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale—Furnished

SPACIOUS TUSCAN VILLA with antique furniture and elegant garden for sale. Box N-600.

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

DELUXE LAKEFRONT HOME in year round recreation area 2 hours Boston. Available September 1969 to September 1971. David French, Sunapee, New Hampshire 03782.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent

WATERFRONT—Old house, 6 fireplaces, on ocean tributary on Virginia's Eastern Shore. Golf and shopping convenient. Will add heat for right tenant. References exchanged. Floyd Nock, Onancock, Virginia 23417.

For Rent—Furnished

MONTEGO BAY—JAMAICA. 3 bedrooms, 3 baths, pool, car, help. 3 acres, magnificent view. Available July, August. $1,800 per month. SR Box N-670.

For Summer Rental

WASHINGTON, CONNECTICUT—Great new house. Woods, river, seclusion. Needs loving summer tenant. 203-868-2162.

POUND RIDGE, N.Y. AREA. Modern ranch type 3 bedroom, completely furnished, fully carpeted home, terrace. 2 acres. SR Box N-612.

BOOTHBAY REGION MAINE—Available July. Secluded, 3 bedroom, modern conveniences. Private float. Generously furnished. Excellent for family. SR Box N-474.

CHALET OR COTTAGE, Vermont, secluded hilltop. Weekly/monthly. Box M-840.

OCEANFRONT, NEW, MODERN 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, fireplace, wide porch. Lounge, restaurant and pool nearby. Spectacular location. $2,000 per month. July and August, $1,000 September. Mrs. M. P. Weare, The Cliff House, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

CHARMING COLONIAL HOME, July. Barbara Kingsbury, Swanzey Center, N.H.

CONNECTICUT—Remodeled barn, 100 miles NYC. July-August. Box N-684.

SCONSET, NANTUCKET ISLAND. Attractive 5 room cottage, all facilities, fireplace. Available full summer season or part. Contact 212-994-7626.

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE, N.H.—Large, old 5 bedroom lakefront house. Mr. Owen, 202-RE 7-5900/202-363-1134.

ARTIST'S HOME, atop Smoky Mountains. June through August. $280 month. Box N-634.

VERMONT CHALET, SUGARBUSH—Ultramodern 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, living, fireplaces, sundeck, fully equipped kitchen. Overlooking scenic Mad River. Swimming pool, 18 hole golf privileges. Fishing. Restaurant, cocktail lounge. Few weeks still open. $175 weekly. SR Box N-667.

KITTERY POINT, MAINE—Large house, private beach, painting studio, fireplaces. 100 acres. July, August. 617-876-7093.

ANY TIME *June to August 24th. Twin cabin, northern* Ontario, Canada. 200 acres; ½ mile on large lake. Rustic, well equipped. Canoe and outboard. Ideal for family (4-6). References required. Box N-654.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD. Charming modern 3 bedroom house. August 1st-16th. SR Box N-674.

PORT CLYDE, MAINE. Seashore furnished cottage available July. Adults only. SR Box N-690.

HOUSES WANTED

SYRACUSE AREA—Executive/bookish family wants country home. Within 30 minutes Syracuse. 4 bedrooms. Minimum 5 acres—designed or natural beauty. Buy. C. Davis, R 2, Gouverneur, N.Y. 13642.

PHYSICIAN'S FAMILY desires interesting year-round house, commuting distance Portland, Maine. SR Box N-698.

HOUSE WANTED

Furnished/Unfurnished

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR and wife desire to rent beachhouse Los Angeles area, beginning September. Will housesit with loving care. J. S. Brown, 1052 9th Street, Berkeley, California 94710.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

LONDON TOWNHOUSE. Anglo-American couple with son aged 9 wish to exchange charming London townhouse in fashionable Knightsbridge Square, one minute from both Harrod's and Hyde Park, for small house near beach in Southampton, Easthampton or similar area, from July 15th to end August. Would consider August only. Maid and car provided in London. Highest references. Box N-660.

CASTLE IN SPAIN—Cullera Valencia oceanfront 3 bedroom penthouse furnished, mountain backyard; for rent—or exchange comparable NYC area country house, weekends. Phone 212-877-6052 or SR Box N-694.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

For Summer Rental

FABULOUS MIDTOWN APARTMENT, NYC, August sublet. $275. Luxury A/C building. Box N-631.

NEW YORK CITY—Columbia University studio apartment, suitable married couple, air-conditioner. $160 month, June 12th-August 30th. 212-749-5242.

APARTMENTS FOR SALE

EDGEWATER BEACH LUXURY CONDOMINIUM Apartments—500 feet of Gulf of Mexico beach frontage, Longboat Key. Preconstruction prices 60 days starting at $45,000. Sauna, Exercise, Hobby rooms. Write for brochure. Edgewater Beach, 4621 Gulf of Mexico Drive, Sarasota, Florida 33577.

APARTMENT WANTED

To Rent—Unfurnished

SR STAFFER'S frenzied need: 3 room rent controlled apartment, NYC, midtown, East side. Box M-201.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. *Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.*

LAND FOR SALE: Northern Vermont beauty available without billboards. Brooks, Views, Skiing, Lake Frontage, Timberland, Farms, Summer or year round residences. Free Brochure. Write Box N-614.

260 ACRES, Shoreham, Vermont, Lake Champlain—one division 1,700 ft. lake frontage, piped water, aerial map, survey, roads. $215,000.

FOREST DALE, VERMONT—Lake Dunmore. On high plateau (secluded). Rustic lodge, furnished. 10 bedrooms, 2 baths, office, dining room, huge living room, fireplace, kitchen. 234 acres, wooded area, natural spring swimming pond. $70,000, quick sale. Jack Hall, Rutland, Vermont 05701.

CANADA—165 acres. Modern house and buildings. Ideal for small farm or retirement home. Beautiful view of shore. Box N-682.

CENTRAL VERMONT recreational land. Views, electricity, accessibility: 5 acres. $1,950. Andrews, Box 337, Barre.

PROPERTY WANTED

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS AREA—Rural retirement. Year round, small, usable home. Acreage, view essential. Please be specific. SR Box N-468.

CAMPS

CAMP BIOTA—Six weeks exciting fun, knowledge. Limited enrollment. Boys 9-14. Natural science. Lake, cabins. Survival, creative crafts, canoeing, fishing, swimming, archery, riflery, riding. A.C.A. Nashville 615-766-2494. Dr. and Mrs. Forrest S. Evans, Joelton, Tennessee 37080.

NORTHWOODS ADVENTURE at Indian Waters, Hayward, Wisconsin. Boys 7-17. Wilderness canoe trips and sailing. Special programs for younger boys. Mature supervision. Preston Zimmerman, 7950 South Paxton Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60617.

TALENT DEVELOPMENT OUR SPECIALTY: Music, Dance, Drama, Creative Writing, Fine Arts, Sports. Coed 6-18. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 23, New Jersey 08318.

SUMMER SHAPE-UPS on Cape Cod. Seascape for overweight girls, 11-18. Lancer for overweight boys, 9-18. Physical fitness under ideal conditions: pool, ocean and lake swimming, scuba diving, sailing, skiing, archery, tennis, riflery. Nutrition re-education and medical care with individual counseling. Monthly winter follow-ups. Brochure SR: J. A. Spargo, M.D., Box 377, East Brewster, Massachusetts 02640. Tel. 617-389-2553.

BAHAMA ISLAND ADVENTURE—Diving, exploring deserted islands, treasure hunting, sailing, etc. Living aboard yacht. Excellent supervision. Coeducational—ages 12 to 20. $125 per week. Write Water World Summer Camp, P.O. Box 2117, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33303.

JUDGMENT RIDGE—Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8-16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding if desired ($65 extra). 20 horses. Swimming, guitar, dulcimer, creative arts, sports, farming, construction. Individualized programs from regular to pioneer, etc. A.C.A. accredited. Under 65 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. No tips. Wright, Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547, 4880.

VACATIONS

SALT BOXES ON CAPE COD. Large, private, sandy, saltwater beach. Dock, boats. Sailing, fishing. Excellent golf and tennis nearby. Modern design cottages on Bass River in quiet pine woods—each with kitchenette and fireplace. Duplexes and separate cottages for 2 to 6 persons. Maid service. $7 to $12 per person per day. Convenient to all Cape activities, stores, restaurants. For brochure, write: Lilian S. Kenrich, South Yarmouth, Massachusetts. Phone 617-398-2821.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For information write Information Bureau, Dept. 15, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

SHIPMATES WANTED—"barefoot" and congenial. Join Schooner Cruises. Remote West Indies, Grenadines, Windwards, Leewards. 11 days, $240. Windjammer Cruises, P.O. Box 120, Dept. 120, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

SERENE OUTER ISLAND, quiet fourteen-guest inn. Private baths, gas heat. The Golden Gull, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

HISTORY COMES ALIVE . . . during one of our Heritage Weeks! Tour historic sites including: Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Ft. Ann, others! Visit unequalled Shelburne Museum, scenic Lake Champlain. Stay at charming village Inn, air conditioned and cooled. Superb food, beverages. All-inclusive 7 days fee from $169 (double), $199 (single), includes guides, gratuities, taxes, No car needed. Call 802-247-5766 or write BRANDON INN, Box H-205, on the Ethan Allen Highway, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

YORK—4 beautiful, uncrowded beaches, surfing, yachting, boating facilities. Explore historic Colonial village (1653), rugged coastline, "Big A" mountain, Cape Neddick Park with 121 acres, antiques, giftwares. Wonderful accommodations, excellent restaurants. Write York Chamber of Commerce, Box 101, York Beach, Maine 03910.

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO. The Duffys' by the Sea, a tropical guesthouse where convivial people sometimes solve world problems—but more often forget them. Excellent beach. Sympathique bar. Reasonable. Box 12232, Loiza Station.

(Continued on page 66)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATIONS

(Continued from page 65)

SPRUCEWOLD LODGE AND COTTAGES on Maine coast. Saltwater pools, private ocean beach. Cocktail lounge. Delicious meals. American and Modified American Plans. Folder. Write Robert S. Thornton, Boothbay Harbor, Maine 04538.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, tennis, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle, Islamorada. Phone 305-664-2811.

SOUTHERN VERMONT—Take a country lane up our picturebook hill and discover The North Wind, serene, secluded, hilltop-high. Superior accommodations, imaginative cuisine, relaxed atmosphere. Pool and lake swimming, tennis, riding, golf, archery, summer theatre, Marlboro Music Festival. And—a restful, rustic view from a cool and quiet terrace. From $80 weekly American. Family Plans. Rental chalet. Illustrated brochure. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont. 802-464-5416.

JAMAICA, OCHO RIOS AREA. Where it is cool throughout the year. Two specially built Villas on sea. E.P. or A.P. rates available. Adults only. Write for colored brochure to "Resort Villas," P.O. Box 299, Kingston, Jamaica, W.I.

SEMINAR IN ARTS AT TANGLEWOOD. A two week arts experience for adults, centering on a program of concerts at Tanglewood, dance programs at Jacob's Pillow, art exhibitions and theatre at nearby Williamstown and Stockbridge. Participants also attend rehearsals and performances of Boston Symphony Orchestra, chamber music concerts, and theatre rehearsals. Each day includes free time for relaxation, study, touring, and discussion periods. Programs start July 14th, July 28th, August 11th. Basic fee, $150 per person for two weeks. Room and board, transportation, and some admission tickets are additional. Write Boston University Tanglewood Institute, G-69, 855 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts 02215.

INDIAN CAVE LODGE and Cottages. Informal summer resort, directly on lake, planned recreation. Swimming pool. Delicious meals. Cocktails. Supervised children's play. $85 up week, including meals. Color folder, write Dept. 36, Lake Sunapee, N.H. 03782.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

SEASHORE RESORT—one of the world's greatest. On picturesque, landscaped acres. 18 hole championship golf course. Heated swimming pools. Championship tennis. May through October. Write The Wentworth, Dept. 23, Portsmouth, N.H. 03801.

POCONOS—Scenery, serenity, serendipity. Modern housekeeping cottages, pool, family fun. Week, month. Rondan, Swiftwater, Pennsylvania. 212-ES 7-0737.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT in one of the few small country inns left. Set in a tiny picture-book village. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Open year 'round. Betty & Jim Lee, Barrows House, Dorset, Vermont 05251.

AMERICA'S FINEST Parent-Child Resort—Green Acres Hotel features complete and separate facilities for adults and children. 40 counselors, individual nursemaids for tots, resident physician. Smart entertainment, art lessons, indoor and outdoor pools, family-size suites. Informal. NYC: 212-WA 4-0830. Write Green Acres, Loch Sheldrake, N.Y.

WHITNEY'S . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Box R, Jackson, New Hampshire 03846.

VACATION. Cliff House and Motels. Spectacular location atop Bald Head Cliff. Quiet, informal. Dining Room. Cocktails. Heated Pool. Golf. May into October. Ogunquit 5, Maine 03907.

VACATIONS

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts 02568.

COOL AND CAREFREE by a clear blue lake. Cottages or new chalet units. Meals included. Water skiing, tennis, canoe trips, entertainment, sauna, lobster bakes. Pets allowed. AAA recommended. Write for color folder. Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

WINDHAM HILL FARM—Small, quiet country inn, off beaten path, offering hill-country living, good food, scenic tranquillity. Folder. West Townshend, Vermont 05359.

A STONE'S THROW from beaches, harbor and shops. This traditional New England hostelry is noted for excellent fare. Nightly entertainment in cocktail lounge. Harbor House, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554. A Treadway Resort.

FAMOUS SUMMER THEATRE nearby superb seaside resort less than two hours' drive from Boston. Excellent cuisine, cocktails. Private pool. The Lookout, Box 2, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

PROSPECT HOUSE HOTEL-Golf Club. Panoramic, cool lakeside setting near Rutland (opposite Alexander Woollcott's Island). Pleasurable dining, unique cocktail lounge. GOLF, fishing, safe beach, boating. Riding, tennis, dancing, movies, antiquing, special events. $76-$105 weekly. The Charles Bakers, Hosts. Reservations suggested. Write for FOLDER. Box 900, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont.

LUXURY SCANDINAVIAN VILLAS—St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Near finest beaches. 212-LE 2-7700.

AUTHENTIC TYROLEAN VILLAGE in White Mountains. New $800,000 Alpine Inn, Motel, Family Chalet accommodations. Heated pool. Free golf nearby. Fishing, tennis, dancing. Dining rooms, cocktail lounges. Open year 'round. Mittersill Alpine Inn, Franconia, N.H. 03580. A Treadway Resort.

CRESTMONT INN, 96 Lake Drive, Eagles Mere, Pennsylvania 17731. Complete family resort. Tennis, golf (par 3 and 18 holes), swimming (heated pool, lake), theatre. Tot, teen programs. Rooms, cottages. Fine meals. Moderate rates. June 13th to September 15th. Folder.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Secluded country inn on lovely old estate. Pine woods, gardens, orchards. Near beautiful Cove Beach. Rooms with meals. Private baths. 617-693-2298 or 914-476-7803. Lambert's Cove Inn, RFD, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts 02568.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

SCENIC GRANDEUR. Two 18-hole golf courses. Central touring location. Proven pollen free. Write for folder, Dept. 15, Chamber of Commerce, Bethlehem, N.H. 03574.

LEARN TO SAIL. Rental sailboats, instruction. Brochure. Mystic Wharf, Mystic, Connecticut 06355.

RESORT LUXURY in North Woods lodge and motel. Excellent meals, cocktails. Swimming pool, golf. On picturesque Arnold Trail to Quebec. Sky Lodge, Moose River, Maine.

CASUAL PLACE FOR PARTICULAR PEOPLE—Boulders on Lake Waramaug, Berkshire Hills' largest natural lake. Country inn and cottages. New Preston, Connecticut 06777.

RUSTIC LODGE on the Green Mountain skyline. Luxury suites, spacious cabins. Swimming pool. Mountaineering and touring center. Now open all year. Long Trail Lodge, Rutland, Vermont 05701. A Treadway Resort.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—week aboard auxiliary schooner, "Richard Robbins." Maine bays and islands. Brochure. Capt. George Allen, Blue Hill, Maine 04614.

WILEY INN—PERU, VERMONT. Relaxing country Inn on 22 acres. Heated Pool. Brochure available. 802-824-6600.

VACATIONS

MOUNT DESERT ISLAND—Comfortable summer hotel on shore of beautiful Somes Sound. Boating, tennis, golf, mountain climbing. The Claremont, Southwest Harbor, Maine 04679. Telephone 207-244-6636.

FLORIDA KEYS IN SUMMER? Positively. Cooled by summer trade winds, Rainbow Bend Fishing Club offers spacious air-conditioned oceanfront apartments, sandy beach. Fish, swim, snorkel, birdwatch, sail. Folder, Box 2447, Marathon Shores, Florida.

COCKTAIL LOUNGES, LOUD MUSIC, traffic lights: Interested? Miss the boat as all this remains behind as you vacation ten miles at sea on a serene outer island among softwood forest, majestic cliffs and clean air for all. Brochure. The Island Inn, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE, Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut, 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

RESTFUL BUT ACTIVE RESORT nestled in the Green Mountains. Same management 31 years. $98 weekly up per person including meals. Golf, tennis handy. Swimming pool, shuffleboard. Little Theatre. Dorset Inn, Dorset, Vermont 05251.

ISLAND NEAR SARASOTA—Sort of "South Seas-ish." Luxury motels, beautiful beaches. Chamber of Commerce, Box 188-Q, Longboat Key, Florida 33548.

VACATION ABOARD MYSTIC WHALER! Glorious, adventuresome days UNDER SAIL . . . New England coast, summers; Drake's Passage, Virgin Islands, winters. Always smooth sailing. All-new U.S. flag windjammer. Greatest Vacation in America! Brochure: MYSTIC WHALER, Mystic, Connecticut. 203-249-9341.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $70 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

GASCON RANCH, Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn and motel with or without meals. Open to November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Dept. 2, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

LAKE MICHIGAN/UNHURRIED FAMILY VACATION 40 acre wooded estate. Untamed sand beach. Children's program. Tennis, pools, bicycles. Barn theatre, concerts, film festival. Resident artist. Sleepy Hollow, North Shore Drive, South Haven, Michigan 49090.

THE HERMITAGE—Secluded, small country inn, a connoisseur's delight. Folder. Wilmington 5, Vermont 05363.

ERUDITE CLIENTELE, children's haven, informal family vacations. Lake Shore Farm, Northwood, N.H. 03261.

BEST FOOD IN VERMONT is found at the Green Mountain Inn in Stowe. Since 1833. Rooms and everything else, too.

HEALTHFUL VACATIONING—Reducing, Fasting. Natural Foods. Brochure: SHANGRI-LA, Bonita Springs, Florida 33923-SR.

INDIA HOUSE, NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS. Attractive turn-of-the-18th-century residence, a comfortable home base for young and old lovers and discoverers of Nantucket. 8 clean, cheery rooms, private baths. 5 minutes to beaches, sailing, galleries, surfing, antiques, tennis. Singles $12, doubles $22-$24 daily E.P. Lower after September 15th. Gourmet breakfasts, dinners from July 4th. Open April-January. 37 India Street. Tel. 617-228-9043. You'll love it!

CHRISTMAS FARM INN. A small Colonial inn in the White Mountains with a friendly atmosphere, spectacular views, swimming pool, sports. Excellent meals, nicely served. AAA. Doris and Dick Welch, Owner-Hosts. Jackson, N.H. 03846. Tel. 603-383-4313.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATIONS

13 LUCKY PEOPLE—Thirteen Acres. Thompson Ridge, N.Y. 914-874-2801. Quiet, charming resort. Dietary laws.

WHALER'S INNE. Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey, seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $10-$16; 4 persons, $16-$20. Reserve by mail or phone.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling. Modern cottages (non-housekeeping) for 2 to 6 guests. $16 to $22 per day, per person includes 2 delicious meals. Lower June rates. Open June 14th. D. R. Thompson, Owner-Manager, Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts 02552.

HEAR THE WILD LOON—Rustic family accommodations on Indian Lake's wilderness shore, Adirondacks. American Plan. Brochure. 56th year. Timberlock, Sabael, N.Y. 12864.

UNIQUE HIDEAWAY RESORT in deep woods directly on a sparkling lake. Ideal vacation spot for lovers of water and other sports, hiking, fine food, Hi-Fi music, true relaxation. Rustic lodge, cottages and honeymoon cabins. Near Tanglewood, CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts 01238.

BERMUDA—Secluded city accommodations. Inland Guest House, Box 421, Hamilton, Bermuda.

IDAHO MOUNTAIN RANCH. Fishing, Swimming, Riding, Children's Activities. Robinson Bar Ranch, Clayton, Idaho 83227.

FATHER—DEAR FATHER: Too long have you worked and slaved for us—it is time we showed our appreciation for Father's Day—we are going to break your apron strings and help you escape to the Hither Hills of Montauk, bask in the carefree atmosphere of Gurney's Inn where 101 souls are eager to cater to your every whim. Gurney's Inn, Montauk, Long Island. Open All Year. Joyce & Nick Monte, Keepers of the Inn. 516-668-2345.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

SCHOLARS' WORKSHOP—Cuernavaca. Year-round instruction. Kindergarten through high school. Apartado 134, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

SUMMER VACATION-STUDY PROGRAM in early music and musical instruments in San Miguel Allende, Mexico. All levels of instruction. Write Collegium Musicum, Music Department, Memphis State University, Memphis, Tennessee 38111.

MAINE WRITERS' WORKSHOP on lobstermen's harbor. Limited enrollment. Box N-613.

STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE offers American college students stimulating academic year program in HEIDELBERG (upperclassmen); and in castle near STUTTGART (underclassmen) September-June, $1,950; American credit system; quarter-length European Seminars in Berlin; two six-week SUMMER COURSES. Write Schiller College, 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany, or U. R. Laves, Director, U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118. Phone 405-842-5979.

IMPORTANT TO PARENTS of Exceptional Children. Large successful Independent School for exceptional children in southwestern England is proposing to establish an extension in the form of a Village Community. This carefully planned modern Unit will provide a continuation program that will meet the needs of those adolescents who require long term assistance post school to enable them to function to the limit of their potential, intellectually and socially; fully qualified, experienced educational, social and technical staffs will ensure that the villagers are provided with the best possible environment for individual development. The Principal of the school will be visiting the United States in 1969 to meet interested parties but preliminary enquiries will be answered by writing to Pitt House Schools Ltd., Hr. Lincombe Road, Torquay, or telephoning Torquay, England, 25741.

ART STUDENTS: Residential Course—Painting, Drawing, Stained Glass, Lithography. Applications now being considered year starting 9th October. For information apply to the Secretary, Burleightfield House, Loudwater, High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, England.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE — see "STUDIES ABROAD." Language—Literature—Art.

EUROPE BY STUDENT SHIP. Attend shipboard language classes, art lectures, international forums, travelogues. Enjoy deck sports, movies, jazz and folk festivals. Low fares; 9 all-student transatlantic sailings June-September. Write: Council in International Educational Exchange, 777 United Nations Plaza, Dept. SR-13, New York 10017. Telephone 212-661-0310.

FOR STUDENT TRAVEL or Study or Family Stays . . . small groups . . . leisurely pace . . . lively, flexible programs . . . leaders of caliber, taste and wit . . . 12th year. Students Abroad, G. Lange, Director, 200 East End Avenue, NYC, N.Y. 10028. 212-EN 9-1395.

FRANCE . . . Art Study, country life, tours. July-August. Ages 13-17. Write: Colescott, 61 Av. de la Marne, Montrouge 92, France.

EUROPE—H.S. STUDENTS. $750 six week study-travel programs in France, Spain, England, Austria. Includes flights, room, meals, tuition, excursions, supervision. European Language Institute, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York 10017.

THE HEBREW UNIVERSITY of Jerusalem Summer Courses 1969. Courses given in English July 8th-July 29th, August 5th-August 26th. Introduction to the Archaeology of the Holy Land • The Archaeology of the Negev • The Archaeology of Jerusalem • The Dead Sea Scrolls • Religion • Introduction to Biblical Literature • Biblical Wisdom Literature • Modern Hebrew for Intermediate and Advanced Students • Special Course in Biblical Hebrew • Arabic • Seminar on the Middle East Today • The Contemporary Middle East • Israel's Political Institutions and Foreign Affairs • Israel's Society—Kibbutz and Moshav. History and Structure of Education in Israel • Israeli and Near Eastern Musicology • Arts of the Jews • Introduction to Yiddish Literature • An Introduction to Yiddish Language and Jewish Culture. Office of Academic Affairs/American Friends of the Hebrew University/11 East 69th Street/New York, N.Y. 10022/212-988-8400.

TRAVEL

FANTASTIC OPPORTUNITY IN FRANCE—Live (as paying guest) with a friendly French family in modernized 18th century mansion on beautiful 50 acre estate 10 minutes' drive Limoges. Wonderful food. Side trips. We meet you in Paris. $545 monthly, all inclusive. Lessons if desired. Write Mme. Thevenin, Solignac, Haute Vienne, France.

GREECE AND THE MEDITERRANEAN. Our all inclusive prices start from $490 for two weeks. Also, combinations of Greece and Scandinavia and Greece and the Balkans. Write for brochures. Greek Island Tours, Ltd., 52 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10004. 212-943-5469.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

CHARTER FLIGHT HANDBOOK. 1,100 organizations named. Particulars free. TIB, P.O. Box 105s, Kings Park, N.Y. 11754.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.25. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21ZDS Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

HAVE YOU CONSIDERED a private East African Safari? You experience more, have the best possible photographic opportunities, become absorbed and leave refreshed for a reasonable amount. Limit 2 couples at 60 dollars a day per person. Colquhoun Safaris, Box 168, Thomson's Falls, Kenya.

SAETOURS—the pleasure way of travel for singles. Splendid European vacations from $666. Box 3486, Savannah, Georgia 31403.

TRAVEL

TOKYO-JAPAN SEMINAR—July 13th to August 2nd, 1969, $499 includes professional seminar, all transport (jet), 2 days hotel. Brochure can be obtained from Association of Bar Associates, Box G, Willingboro, New Jersey 08046.

GOING ABROAD? Store your car safely in New York. Indoors, insured, inexpensive. Newbold Garage, 2000 Westchester Avenue, Bronx 62, N.Y. TAlmadge 2-9336.

MEXICO—UNBELIEVABLE TRAVEL BARGAIN—Hacienda Spa Penafiel, Tehuacan, Mexico. From $5.56 per day per person—including delicious breakfast, dinner, attractive room with private bath and round-trip motor transportation from Mexico City. Facilities include: golf, swimming, mineral waters, Turkish baths, Swedish massage, gymnasium, horseback riding, ping pong, bowling. For full details send for brochure. Hoteles Mexicanos Dubin, Genova 30, Mexico City, Mexico.

SAIL TO THE ISLANDS of Maine on Gloucester Schooner, "ADVENTURE." An unusual, informal, fun filled vacation, $135 weekly, all inclusive. Brochure. Capt. Jim Sharp, Box 696-G, Camden, Maine 04843.

CASTLE-HOTELS, FLEA MARKETS. Delightful European guidebooks. New revised 1969 "Castle-Hotels of Europe"—450 castles-monasteries, palaces offering accommodations, 16 countries, 250 illustrations, maps. $2.95 paperback, $4.50 hardbound. "Europe's Flea Markets, Budget Antique Shops"—80 markets, 10 countries, street maps. $2.95 paperback. Both paperbacks $5.50. Robert Long, 634s Bellmore Avenue, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

AUTO BABYSITTERS OF NYC. INDOOR parking. Rates LOWER than unattended outdoor airport/pier parking. Pick up and delivery to and from airports, piers, hotels. Branches throughout NYC. Savoy Garages, 827 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 212-493-9800.

FRIENDLY NATIVE GUIDES show you CANYONLANDS by jeep, jet boat and float boat. Tag-A-Long Tours, Dept. H, Moab, Utah 84532.

BASKETVILLE—World's Largest Basket Stores. In Vermont—PUTNEY (Rts. 5 & 91); MANCHESTER (Rt. 7); VENICE, Florida (Rt. 41). Browse among our incredible selection of baskets, bucketware, woodenware, gifts. Beautiful artificial flowers, foliage. Imported and domestic. Write: Folder.

THIS AD + $6.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air-conditioning. Single-$9.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

SAIL THE MAINE COAST. Historic schooner, "STEPHEN TABER." Relaxed, informal vacation. $135 weekly. Reduced rates June and September. All inclusive. Write Capt. Arvil Young, Box 561-G. Camden, Maine 04843.

TUDOR HOTEL, 304 East 42nd Street, New York 10017. On N.Y.'s fashionable East Side. One block from U.N. All transportation, churches, shops, theatres only steps away. All newly decorated accommodations have private bath, television and direct dial telephones. Old English lounge and restaurant is N.Y.'s favorite rendezvous. Singles from $9; double from $12 daily. Special family rooms featuring 2 baths and special rates for extended stays. Write for new brochure. 212-YU 6-8800.

FESTIVALS TOUR leaving August 12th Salzburg and Edinburgh, Fischer-Dieskau in London; tour Austria, English Lakes district, Scotland. $925. Plaza Travel Service, Hotel Plaza, New York 10019.

"GREEN HELL TOUR"—AMAZON. 15th successful year. Amazing 18 day 2,500 mile tour of the Amazon Jungle in "armchair" comfort. $998, all inclusive N.Y./N.Y. Write for brochures. Amazon Explorers, Department SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

SAVE MONEY IN LONDON. Pocket-size book, "London Discovery 1969," features money-saving discount certificates where Londoners themselves eat, shop, have fun. Save on restaurants, clothes, antiques, car rental, theatre tickets, etc. Send $4.95 (ppd) to London Discovery, Dept. SR-8, P.O. Box 2028, Detroit, Michigan 48231.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1835

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Manhandle (2 wds.)	10 13 70 97 110 136 58
B. Considering (3 wds.)	3 92 150 157 173 174 7 47
C. Beaked parsley.	88 118 128 138 94 101 156
D. Give ear.	178 9 44 55 59 77
E. Fur of a karakul lamb of Russian breeding.	115 121 123 155 19 61 64 76 133
F. Centimeter - gram - second units of fluidity.	66 68 80 91
G. Apportioned.	104 139 149 168 177
H. Followed by WORD O: Genuine (4 wds.)	25 28 36 107 113 119 4 32 51 72 132
I. "Ah, take the cash in hand and waive the——." (Omar Khayyam)	74 81 122 130
J. Ceylonese langur.	143 35 39 54
K. Malaga red.	125 102 160 12 23 43 169
L. Accidental.	8 17 22 87 99 109 144 170 52
M. Incline from the vertical.	85 40 15 29
N. Allots (2 wds.)	100 142 147 151 27 69 105 162
O. See WORD H (2 wds.)	134 62 96 34 112 163 78 84
P. Flourishing; powerful.	71 154 31 38 6
Q. A people of Malay stock in Luzon.	16 127 153 176 166 180
R. Town in Calvados, heavily damaged during the Normandy Campaign.	79 57 37 21 50 67 89
S. Clever conversational stylist created by John Lyly.	93 167 90 141 161 5 42
T. Ingenious in expression, like WORD S.	165 108 45 48 152
U. Strike.	120 24 106 179 116 145 159
V. "Altho' a subtler Sphinx renew/Riddles of death——never knew." (Shelley, "Hellas")	53 2 73 86 11 140
W. Raise.	49 56 158 20
X. "Ye fathers, provoke not your children to ———." (Ephesians, 6:4)	1 129 111 41 83
Y. Something that is not followed by something else of the same kind (comp.)	46 26 65 148 131 135 63
Z. Give origin or rise to.	114 14 164 146 60 124
Z^1. Attracts and holds fast.	95 126 18 137 30 98 75
Z^2. English poet (1862-1938; "Drake's Drum")	33 103 117 172 175 82 171

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

			1 X	2 V	3 B	4 H	5 S		6 P	7 B	8 L		9 D	10 A	11 V		12 K
13 A	14 Z	15 M	16 Q	17 L	18 Z^1		19 E	20 W		21 R		22 L	23 K	24 U	25 H	26 Y	27 N
	28 H	29 M	30 Z^1	31 P		32 H	33 Z^2	34 O		35 J	36 H	37 R		38 P	39 J	40 M	41 X
	42 S	43 K	44 D	45 T		46 Y	47 B		48 T	49 W	50 R	51 H	52 L		53 V	54 J	55 D
56 W		57 R		58 A	59 D	60 Z	61 E		62 O	63 Y		64 E	65 Y	66 F		67 R	68 F
69 N	70 A	71 P	72 H	73 V	74 I	75 Z^1		76 E	77 D	78 O		79 R	80 F	81 I	82 Z^2		83 X
84 O	85 M		86 V	87 L	88 C	89 R	90 S	91 F		92 B	93 S	94 C	95 Z^1	96 O		97 A	98 Z^1
99 L		100 N	101 C	102 K	103 Z^2	104 G		105 N	106 U		107 H	108 T	109 L	110 A		111 X	
112 O	113 H	114 Z	115 E	116 U		117 Z^2	118 C	119 H		120 U	121 E		122 I	123 E	124 Z	125 K	126 Z^1
127 Q	128 C	129 X		130 I	131 Y	132 H	133 E		134 O	135 Y	136 A		137 Z^1	138 C	139 G		140 V
141 S	142 N		143 J	144 L	145 U	146 Z	147 N		148 Y	149 G	150 B	151 N		152 T	153 Q	154 P	155 E
	156 C	157 B	158 W	159 U		160 K	161 S	162 N		163 O	164 Z		165 T	166 Q	167 S	168 G	169 K
170 L	171 Z^2		172 Z^2	173 B		174 B	175 Z^2	176 Q	177 G	178 D		179 U	180 Q				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 15 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

©Bulova Watch Co., Inc.

No qualifiers.
No small print. Nothing up our sleeve.
The most accurate.

What could account for this extraordinary accuracy?

Something that hums in place of something that ticks.

In place of the usual wheels and springs, the Accutron® watch has a tiny, electronically-driven tuning fork as its basic timekeeper.

The vibrations of this tuning fork split up each second into much more precise little intervals than a balance wheel mechanism possibly could.

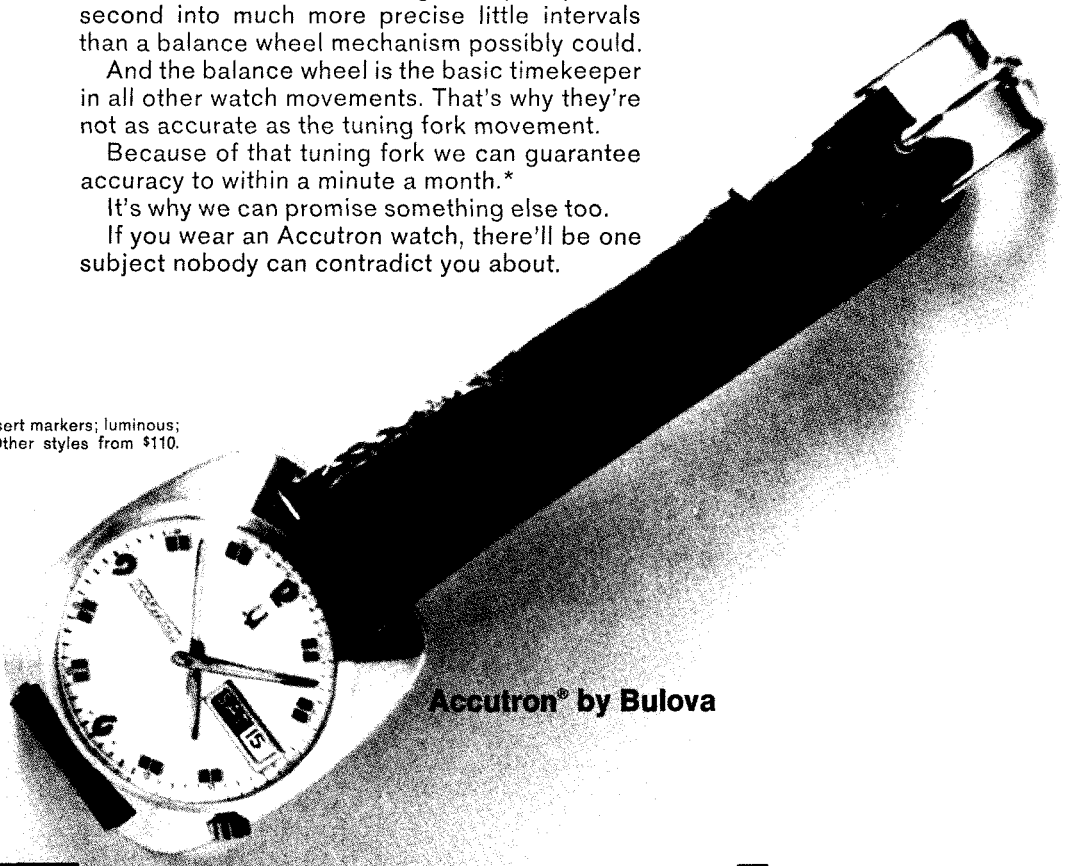
And the balance wheel is the basic timekeeper in all other watch movements. That's why they're not as accurate as the tuning fork movement.

Because of that tuning fork we can guarantee accuracy to within a minute a month.*

It's why we can promise something else too.

If you wear an Accutron watch, there'll be one subject nobody can contradict you about.

DAY/DATE "B": 14K solid gold; black insert markers; luminous; water-resistant; shock-resistant. $275. Other styles from $110.



Accutron® by Bulova

The most accurate watch in the world.

*Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if purchased from authorized Accutron jeweler and returned to him within one year of date of purchase.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UN2.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It's not the gift, it's the thought."

We're not trying to minimize the importance of the thought, but let us not minimize the importance of the gift either.

In the case of dad, look at it this way:

If you give him a bottle of Chivas Regal instead of the usual Scotch, the thought may not mean any more to him.

But let's face it. The Scotch certainly will.

12-YEAR-OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED